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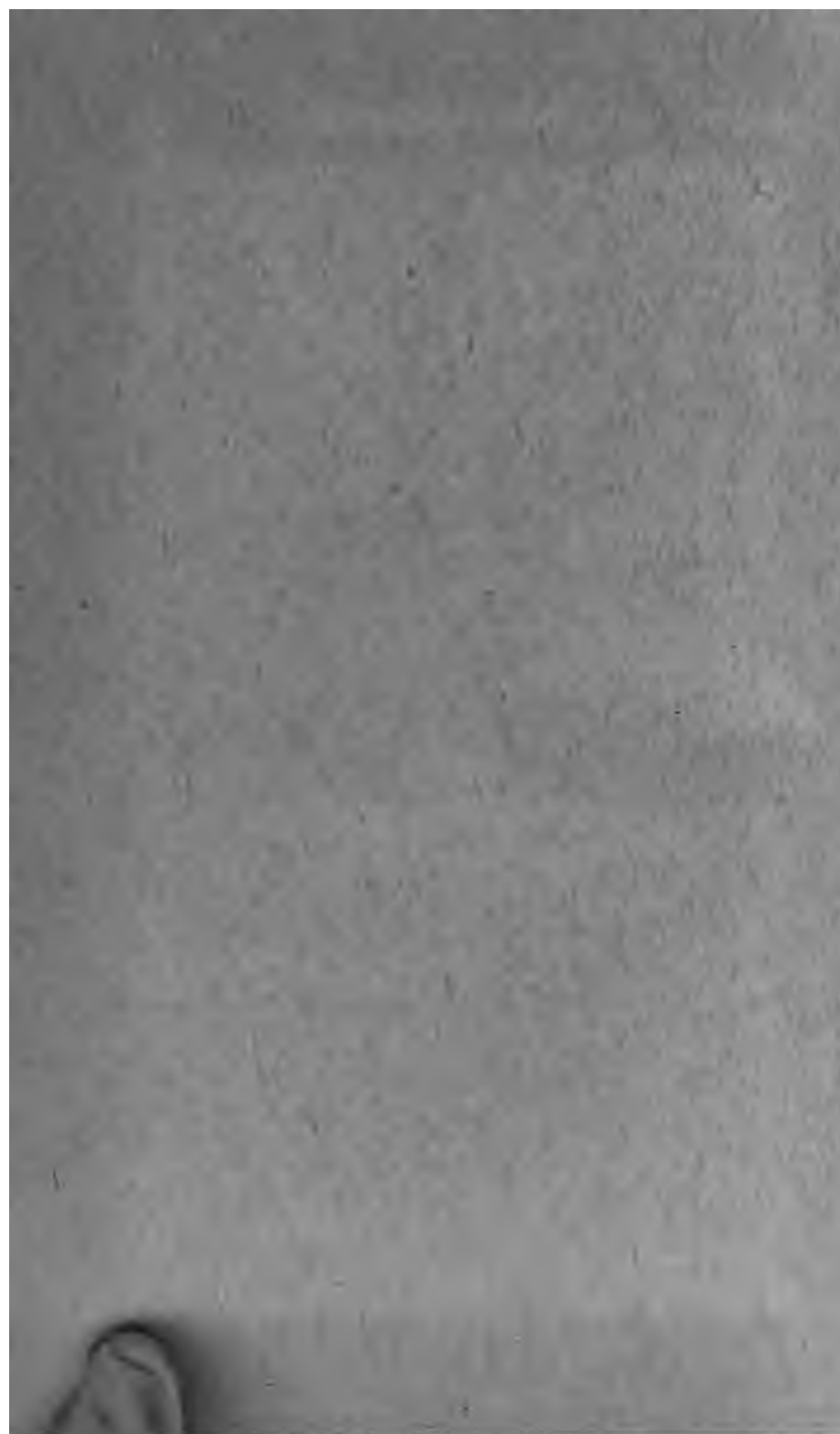
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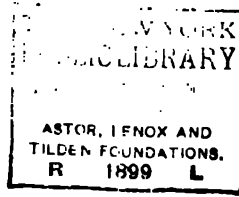
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BOSTON REVIEW.

VOL. II.—JANUARY, 1862.—No. 7.

ARTICLE I.

THE TWO TAYLORS.

It is a curious work which we now enter upon, that of sewing together a coat, the parts of which were "cut and tried" by two different and eminent professors of the same science, living a century apart. It will be seen to be quite symmetrical and good of its kind, but we do not wish any of our readers to wear it if they do not find themselves pretty well fitted after fairly trying it on.

It may be thought, upon first sight, that the coat is considerably longer upon one side than upon the other. This was unavoidable, since there is a marked difference in the manner of cutting by the same measure.

The older Taylor cuts with a bold hand, frankly and squarely, up to lines clearly and straightly drawn. He never hesitates or wavers or stops to make various allowances, on this side and on that, for the inevitable strains and rents which it must experience whenever it is tried upon a full-grown man. The other Taylor, as though conscious of a well-nigh impossible task, puts in many a gore and gather, and cuts by very wavy and finely drawn lines, often by several interwoven and tangled ones, which, however, his unusually keen sight follows round to the same point at last.

It will be found by those who can wear it, that, notwithstanding its one-sided appearance when held up to view, upon

putting it on it hangs exactly even, with the decided advantage (thanks to the spirit of modern improvement and Tayloring in particular) that upon this side the coat will bear a good many extra jerks and pulls without falling permanently out of place or to pieces, so saving from sudden exposure those who are taken with such a passion for wearing tight clothes.

But it is time we give some little account of the two Taylors from whose cuttings we are about to stitch inseparably a few short but important selections. They are, John Taylor, D. D., of Norwich, England, and Nathaniel W. Taylor, D. D., of New Haven, Connecticut. John was an eminent Unitarian clergyman and Professor of Theology. He was born in Lancashire, in 1694, educated at Whitehaven, and after officiating some years to a congregation at Norwich, he was appointed to the office of Divinity Tutor in the newly founded Academy of Warrington. His principal works are at hand, which consist of "The Scripture Doctrine of Original Sin," "The Scripture Doctrine of Atonement," "A Paraphrase upon the Epistle to the Romans," and "A Key to the Apostolic Writings." He was a contemporary with President Edwards, being born nine years earlier and dying three years later. The first, third, and fourth of the above-mentioned works were thoroughly reviewed by Edwards in two hundred pages of the second volume of his works, under the title, "The Doctrine of Original Sin Defended." And we warmly commend these two hundred pages to the reperusal of such as dream that Taylorism, ancient or modern, is "Edwardean," unless they mean to use this word like one of those Latin diminutive nouns which signify a small thing of the kind denoted by the primitive, as *adolescentulus* and *homunculus*.

Nathaniel W. Taylor has so lately passed away from earth that we need only say of him that he was for ten years pastor of the "Centre (Congregationalist) Church" in New Haven, after which he became the eminent Professor of Divinity in the Theological Seminary of the same town. His theological writings, as now published, are very incomplete and somewhat equivocal; and if any persons find themselves disappointed in the vagueness and endless qualifications of the specimen extracts which we are about to take from his works, let them

notice that it is confessed in the Introduction to the fourth and last volume, that "Dr. Taylor did not leave a fully written system or course of theological lectures. . . . The matter is *somewhat different* from that which Dr. Taylor was accustomed to read to his students in his earlier years. . . . The scriptural argument was *so far unfinished* that it is deemed unwise to publish any part of it. The paper on Human Sinfulness comprises all the lectures which the author was accustomed to read on this subject, *with some additional matter.*"

We will begin with THE SCRIPTURES, for in the liberty which is allowed in their interpretation all errors take their departure, like the branching roads from a great city.

John Taylor. — "All truth necessary to salvation is revealed in the Holy Scriptures; and the Scriptures, not the opinions of men, not of learned men, no, not of good men, no, not of many learned and good men, are the rule of our faith. . . . But it is the word and revelation of God alone upon which my faith is to be founded; . . . in the interpreting of which we ought not to admit anything contradictory to the common sense and understanding of mankind: for the Scriptures can be no rule to us, if the understanding God hath given us is not a rule in judging of their sense and meaning: nothing ought to pass for Divine Revelation which is inconsistent with any of the known perfections of the Divine Nature."

Nathaniel W. Taylor. — "This theory concerning the origin of human volitions, considered as a *philosophical* theory, I have already examined, and have attempted to show that it is both unphilosophical and contrary to the decisions of common sense. If this be so, and if the language of the Scriptures, which is supposed to teach this theory or doctrine, will bear any other meaning, then this is not its true one; since we must not do violence to both common sense and sound philosophy, by giving to the language of the Scriptures a meaning which both forbid. . . . The language of the Scriptures is the language of common use, and is to be interpreted as such. . . . These are enough to show that the mere form of expression decides nothing on the point before us, and that we are left to the decisions of common sense and sound reason. If these decide against the doctrine, and we have shown that they do, the point is settled. The language of the Bible does not teach this doctrine. . . . Nor is such a use of language either unusual among men in like cases, nor in any respect unjustifiable or to

be wondered at. The known nature of the whole subject, what God is and what he is not, as a providential and moral Governor; what holiness and sin are, what men are as free moral agents, together with common sense and common honesty, are sufficient to prevent a false interpretation of the language in either case. . . . *Language, words, are nothing; they may be, according even to the best usage, contradictory in the most palpable form, provided the meaning be plain and consistent.*" . . .

"The question then is one on which diversity of opinion is obviously the result of adopting different principles of interpretation."

I have long believed that the grand source of error and of diversity of religious belief lies in this—that the interpreters of the sacred volume have no settled and controlling laws of interpretation. . . .

The language of the Bible is to be interpreted, not to the letter in defiance of the plain dictates of sound reason and common sense; not with the minute accuracy of philosophic statement or verbal exactness; but only with that degree of precision which pertains to all popular speech and writing, and which the nature of the subject, the connection, and other circumstances determine. . . . For the most part the sacred writers are even careless of everything, except so to exhibit truth as to secure its influence on the popular mind. Provided their general meaning, or, more correctly, some general comprehensive truth, be clearly and impressively presented, it betrays no concern to guard against captious objections, subtle misconstructions, nor even verbal incongruities. Words, so to speak with them, are nothing."

One is tempted to stop here and inquire, if this is to be the grand controlling law of interpretation, what becomes of the doctrines of the Trinity, of Atonement, and of Eternal Punishment, and even that of the creation out of nothing? And why have reason and common sense led the different nations, and the great minds of the different ages, to such widely different conclusions, even in regard to such great questions as that of one God or many? But our aim in this connection is merely to call attention to this as a marked feature of this theologian. It is ever recurring like a man's shadow. Whenever any disputed question arises, this is the keen blade that cuts the Gordian knot; e. g., under the head of "The Consequences of Adam's Sin to His Posterity," this significant sentence paves the way.

“Caution is requisite *in this case, as in most others*, lest we give to the general forms of Scripture language a more particular meaning than they are designed to convey. It is, if I mistake not, from the want of this that most of the theological controversy in the church arises, and especially on the subject now under consideration.”

We turn now to the subject of “ORIGINAL SIN.”

John Taylor. — “It appeareth, therefore, for anything I can see, that the true answer to this question, how far we are involved in the consequences of Adam’s sin, is this: we are thereby, or *thereupon*, subjected to temporal sorrow, labor, and death: all which (thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift!) are in the Redeemer turned into great advantages, as to our present spiritual improvements; and at length we shall, if obedient to the Son of God, and sanctified by the methods of salvation established in him, not only be delivered from them all, but we shall also reign forever with him in glory.” . . . “Immediately upon the annulling the first covenant, he advanced a new and grand scheme for restoring mankind, and exalting them to eternal life: and death must be considered as transferred into this new and gracious dispensation; otherwise it will be inconsistent with it. In this view death will be, upon the whole, a benefit; and we may account for all men’s being made sufferers by the disobedience of Adam in the manner following. That judgment, which was pronounced upon Adam for his sin, came upon all men: or, the Judge decreed, that the sentence passed upon Adam should, as to the things inflicted in themselves considered, light upon his posterity: just as if a father, for some irregularity in his first child, should determine to lay a restraint upon him, either in diet, dress, diversions; and at the same time should judge it expedient to make it a rule with all the other children he may afterward have: in this instance it is easy to see how the judgment to condemnation, pronounced upon the offence of the first-born, cometh upon the other children, even before they are brought into the world, without any injustice, nay, perhaps with a great deal of goodness on the father’s part: upon the first it is a proper punishment; upon the rest it cometh as wholesome discipline: and yet through the offence of one they are debarred some pleasures or enjoyments. By the offence of one the judgment to condemnation cometh upon all the rest; by one child’s offence restraint reigneth and by one child’s disobedience the many that come after him are made sinners, or sufferers, as they are deprived of some enjoyment which they might be fond of, but which the father saw, everything considered, would not be for their good.” . . . “Thus it is true that all

mankind are subject to death, not through their own personal sins, but the one offence of Adam." . . . "For as upon the account of one man's disobedience mankind were judicially constituted sinners, i. e., subjected to death by the sentence of God, the Judge: so it is proportionably right and true, that by the obedience of one, mankind shall be judicially constituted righteous by being raised to life again."

Nathaniel W. Taylor. — "It will be admitted by those from whom I may differ on the topics just stated, that the language of the Scriptures, at least so far as words or forms of statement are concerned, gives us only the general fact, that the sinfulness of mankind is *in consequence* of the sin of Adam. But it is maintained that this general form implies the other more particular facts. This I deny. It may be true, that God determined that if Adam sinned his posterity should be sinners, and also, that had Adam *not* sinned, some, or even all of his posterity should sin. God may determine that the small-pox should be introduced into a community by one man; and still it may be true, that were it not to be thus brought, it would be introduced in some other way. So also it may be true, that the death of mankind is a consequence *indirectly* of Adam's sin, and *directly* a consequence of their own sin." . . . "Another fact is conspicuous from this narrative, [of the fall,] that death and other evils consequent on Adam's sin, both to him and his posterity, are not the result of a strictly legal process. . . . These evils are inflicted under an economy of grace, and are blended with manifold mercies. . . . Even death, the greatest of them, may be, and often is, a blessing, being an entrance into bliss eternal. . . . Though an evil, it was not a penal evil — it was an evil as included in a system of moral discipline for sinners under grace; it was an evil, and, as such, a *consequence and proof* of sin and condemnation, but not a legal penalty. . . . Neither may we infer as a revealed doctrine, that death comes on men in no sense for their own sin. For had not their sin been certain, God might not have doomed them to certain death. If it be said that infants have no sin of their own, and therefore do not die for their own sin in any sense, I answer, this may be true, and yet the Scriptures may have used that general phraseology which decides nothing respecting infants. Their case may have been unnoticed, and the Scriptures have expressly decided in general terms that men die in the character of sinners. On this supposition, death, though it comes in one respect as the consequence of the personal sin of each, comes as a mark of God's displeasure with each — comes as a *proof* of sin in each; still as it does not come in the way of a strictly legal process, it may also be connected with Adam's sin as well as with their own."

Having in this general way admitted a connection between Adam's sin and the sinfulness of his posterity, he proceeds to the *mode* of the connection, and, as usual, makes his admission look very like an Indian gift. He says :

"It is obvious that one thing may be supposed to be the consequence of another in many ways or *modes* of consequence, and that simply to affirm that one thing is *by another* or *by means* of it, or is a *consequence* of it, decides nothing in respect to the particular mode of the connection. It is, if I mistake not, in this general and indefinite manner that the Scriptures exhibit the connection between Adam's sin and the sin and death of his posterity."

We turn back again to *John Taylor* on the same subject.

"Man's sinfulness consisting in the guilt of Adam's sin, is language the Scripture nowhere useth ; nor can it be vindicated from these or any other texts. For whereas guilt always denotes the having committed a wicked action, by which a person becomes obnoxious to punishment, it is evident our sinfulness cannot, in the nature of things, consist in the guilt of Adam's first sin ; because, as we could not possibly commit that action in any sense, so we could not, upon account thereof, become obnoxious to punishment. That Adam's first sin was attended with consequences which affect all his posterity, may, indeed, truly be concluded from Rom. 5 : 12-19. But not as if we were involved in the *guilt* of his sin, or *punished* for it. But as *God thought fit*, that death, which came upon him for his sin, should at the same time pass upon all men."

"These words, 'by one man's disobedience many were made sinners,' mean neither more nor less than that by one man's disobedience the many, that is, mankind, were made subject to death, by the judicial act of God. . . . Being made sinners may very well signify being *adjudged* or condemned to death ; for the Hebrew word אשׁר, which signifies to be a sinner, in the conjugation Hiphil, signifies to make one a sinner by a judicial sentence, or to condemn, and so it is often used. . . . Now any one may see there is a vast difference between a man's making himself a sinner by his own *wicked* act, and his being made a sinner by the wicked act of *another*, of which he is altogether guiltless. They who are made sinners by the disobedience of another, without their own knowledge or consent, surely can be sinners in no other sense but as they are sufferers. They are sinners by sharing in the calamities of those that have sinned ; which may be

without any wrong to them *by the just appointment of God*, not as a punishment, but for other good reasons."

Now let us see how very similar to this are both the argument and language of *Nathaniel W. Taylor*. He is introducing a variety of arguments to show that Paul, in Romans 5: 12-19, "does not teach that infants are sinners, nor that the death of which he treats is the legal penalty of sin." His language is:

"We assert that no proof of the doctrine can be found in the passage before us, unless the word of inspiration is self-contradictory. At least we may say, in view of the very peculiar and incredible nature of the supposed fact, that if this passage or any other asserts it, it must be asserted in a form which shall be so unequivocal as to admit of no other construction. The mere assertion has the same aspect of incredibility beforehand, as that infants, at the moment of birth, are accomplished orators, mathematicians, or generals. . . . The question is — whether the apostle means to say that death is the consequence of sin, and thus proves sin in those cases in which they are, according to reason and common sense and the word of God, without sin and incapable of sin. Suppose it were to be said in the language of common usage, that all men take food because they know that it is necessary to sustain life. Could this language be justly interpreted to include infants? It will not be pretended. But why not? Infants take food as well as other human beings. Why then are they not to be included in the above proposition? Plainly because reason and common sense say that they are incapable of the knowledge predicated. But reason and common sense decide with the same infallibility that they are incapable of actual sin. This our opponents all admit. I have already shown that there can be no other sin than actual sin. . . . These decisive reasons exist in the case before us for saying that the apostle, when he said 'all men die because they are sinners,' had no thought of an infant."

Our author finally proceeds to show positively what is the *mode* of connection between Adam's sin and its consequences to his posterity. And he affirms it to be "*by God's sovereign constitution*, in distinction from the mode of strict legal procedure. Or thus, the mode of this connection was *by God's sovereign constitution*," (just what John Taylor seems to mean by "the judicial sentence," and "the just appointment of God," as

quoted above); "ordaining an economy of grace immediately after the sin of Adam, so that his posterity commence their moral probation under a system of both law and grace; *i. e.*, under a system in which law is so modified by grace, that while in its authority to command, and in its power to condemn, it is neither abrogated nor weakened, it is not in all its principles strictly adhered to, or carried out in man's probation on earth, but is in this respect partially, and may be wholly, through grace, dispensed with in determining man's relations to its sanctions, and to the rewards and punishments of a future state."

That these two Taylors hold essentially the same view of the fifth chapter of Romans, as well as the same free and easy mode of interpreting Scripture, will appear from the following comparisons.

John Taylor. — "Nothing more, I think, wants to be explained in this passage but that expression, (ver. 12,) 'and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned,' namely, in Adam; for the apostle doth not here intend to affirm, that death passed upon all men by their own sins. The whole of his discourse plainly shows, that he understood and believed, that death came upon mankind by Adam's one offence. And he sets himself directly to prove it, (ver. 13, 14,) as I have shown before. Death, therefore, must be understood to have passed upon all mankind, not for that all have sinned really, properly, and personally; but they have sinned, are made sinners, are subjected to death, through the one offence of one man, that is Adam. Therefore the apostle's argument constrains us to take these words, 'for that all have sinned,' in the same, or nearly the same, sense with those, 'are made sinners,' (ver. 19). . . . Let it be observed, that by one man, Adam, sin entered into the world. He began transgression, and through his one sin death also entered into the world; and so, in this way, through his one sin, death came upon all mankind, as far even as that all men are sufferers, through his one offence."

Nathaniel W. Taylor. — "His (Paul's) object in the 12th, 13th, and 14th verses, is to show that all the posterity of Adam became sinners, and subject to temporal death in consequence of his sin, and yet in such a way or mode of connection as not to exclude their individual responsibility for their own sin, nor to imply that temporal death was the legal penalty of sin; but in such a way *by God's sovereign consti-*

tution, that the sin, and just (not actual) condemnation of all men to bear its penalty, must be inferred from their connection with Adam as his descendants. . . . Verse 12: He says, 'By one man sin entered into the world.' This is simply affirming, in accordance with the acknowledged historic record, that the sin which there is in the world came into it by the sin of Adam, that is, was in some mode of connection a consequence of his sin. It is not saying, that the sin which is in the world is either universal or not, nor in what way or mode it is connected with the sin of Adam. The apostle next asserts, that temporal death entered the world by sin — 'and death by sin.' This is not saying anything concerning the mode in which death is connected with sin, whether in the mode of judicial retribution, or in the way of moral discipline under a gracious economy, or in some other way which human ingenuity might devise; it is simply the general affirmation, authorized by the original record of the fact, that the death which is in the world, be it more or less, is the consequence of sin."

This style of exposition reminds us of the exegesis which we lately saw, in a small volume of Universalist sermons, on the text, "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell." The writer was very positive that it is not intended here to say that there is any occasion to fear God. It is only saying that God *could* destroy soul and body in hell; that he *would* do so is not so much as intimated.

What if we should similarly interpret the "*by*" in such passages as these: "So *by* the obedience of one shall many be made righteous;" "Even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life, *by* Jesus Christ our Lord;" "The judgment was *by* one to condemnation;" and "*By* faith are ye saved;" making the relation of Christ and faith to salvation a *chronological*, rather than a *logical*, sequence? What if we should say, "This is not saying anything concerning the *mode* in which" Christ and faith are connected with salvation, "whether *by* God's sovereign constitution, in distinction from the mode of strict legal (governmental) procedure," "or in the way of moral discipline under a gracious economy, or in some other way which human ingenuity might devise?"

Is not this an easy way of ridding ourselves of the unpalatable doctrines of real atonement and eternal perdition? In-

deed, this is the logical conclusion up to which John Taylor frankly and unhesitatingly marches. He says, in expounding the 15th verse, —

“For if the many, *i. e.*, all mankind, are made subject to death through the transgression of one man, we may strongly conclude, that the grace of God, and the donation of benefits grounded upon the benevolence and worthiness of one man, that great and most excellent personage Jesus Christ, do abound and overflow to the many, *i. e.*, to all mankind, beyond the mere reversing of the consequences of Adam’s sin.”

And again, speaking of the new song in heaven, “Thou art worthy,” &c., his language is, —

“Now what was it that gave this glorious personage, emblemized by the *Lamb*, his superior worthiness, his prevailing interest in God beyond all others in heaven and earth? It was his consummate virtue. . . . Why? Because thou hast exhibited an instance of virtue, obedience, and goodness equal to a much greater and nobler effect: for thou wast slain, thou hast sacrificed thy life in the cause of truth, in obedience to God, and out of love to mankind, and hast redeemed us, dead in trespasses and sins, unto God by thy blood, by that act of the highest obedience, out of every kindred and tongue,” &c.

But let us return from this digression and take another comparison, showing the striking resemblance between these two men in their view and mode of interpreting the fifth of Romans.

John Taylor. — “The consequences of Adam’s sin upon us, and the consequences of Christ’s obedience, are not of the same extent; for so the apostle saith expressly, (ver. 15, &c). He had said, (ver. 14,) that Adam was a figure, a type of him that was to come; that Adam and Christ do answer and correspond to one another; but not in every respect; very far from that, (ver. 15); ‘but not as the offence [of Adam], so also is the free gift [of God in Christ]; for if through the offence of one the many be dead, much more the grace [the favor] of God, and the gift [the benefits that are] by grace, which is by one man, Jesus Christ, hath abounded unto many;’ that is, he hath in Christ bestowed benefits and blessings upon mankind of his mere favor far exceeding, and abounding beyond, the consequences of Adam’s sin. He hath not only taken off those consequences, but over and above hath conferred a rich overplus of grace, in erecting a new dispensation, furnished

with a glorious fund of light and truth, means and motives. Ver. 16. 'And not as it was by one that sinned, so is the gift; for the judgment was by one [offence] to condemnation, but the free gift is of many offences unto justification;' that is, the grace of God in Christ not only discharges mankind from the consequences of Adam's one offence, but also hath relation to their own many personal offences in order to accomplish the most perfect justification, by setting them quite to rights with God, both as to a conformity to the law, and as to the blessing, eternal life."

Nathaniel W. Taylor. — "The apostle was thus led to advert, in the briefest manner, to the fact of a general resemblance between Adam and Christ. As if he had said, '*As there are certain consequences of the act of one, which come upon all men; so there are other certain consequences never to be lost sight of, of the act of the other, which come upon all men.*' This is the resemblance. The rest is contrast and dissimilitude.' Hence the apostle hastens, as if through impatience, to contrast the consequences in the one case with those in the other, that it may appear how much the evils as evils, in the one, are surpassed by the blessings as blessings in the other. Thus he proceeds to say, generally, in verse 15: 'But not as the offence so also is the free [gracious] gift (*χάρισμα*); for if through the offence of one many have died, much more the grace of God, and the gift by grace (*δωρεὰ ἐν χάριτι*), which is by one man, Jesus Christ, hath abounded unto many.' This was to say, immensely great (as we must suppose) is the difference between the consequences of the one offence, and what must be the results of the grace of God and of the gift by grace. For if by the offence of one many die, (i. e., if many return to dust as the consequences of one sin resulting in their own sin, and of course in their just and actual exposure to final condemnation,) great as the evil is, still the grace of God, and the gift by grace, which is by one man, Jesus Christ, is much greater in its abounding riches as a blessing, than is the evil as an evil. The one as a blessing is so great, it so far as a blessing surpasses the other as an evil, that we may well be satisfied and grateful under a system of such overflowing grace. . . . As if he had said, (verse 16.) there is yet another important difference; for according to the sentence as already explained, although all men directly for their own sin, and indirectly for Adam's sin, became justly exposed to final condemnation by one offence, yet the gracious gift is unto a provision for righteousness for many offences. Or thus, the sentence (*κρίμα*) of death, 'dust thou art,' &c. — the only sentence which God ever pronounced on the whole race; the sentence which implies and proves

the sin and just condemnation of all men — was in the manner explained by one offence, but the gracious gift (χάρισμα) involves one δικαίωμα, an instituted provision for righteousness or justification from many offences.”

We will make only a single selection from each of these teachers on the subject of TOTAL DEPRAVITY BY NATURE.

John Taylor. — “ When he addeth, ‘and were by nature the children of wrath,’ (Ephesians 2,) he cannot mean, they were liable to Divine wrath, or punishment, by that nature they brought into the world at their birth: this is infinitely absurd. . . . He well understood the worth of the human nature; and, in other places, shows it was endowed, even in the Gentiles, with light and powers sufficient to have known God, and performed obedience to his will. . . . Observe he doth not say, their nature was corrupted in Adam, and therefore they did not glorify God; for then they would have had, I will not say a fair excuse, but a just reason for not glorifying God, seeing they would have been utterly incapable through no fault of their own; but the true reason why they did not glorify God was, because they had corrupted their own nature; and they were without excuse, because their corruption and depravity was their own act and deed: therefore, by the strongest evidence, we are obliged to seek for some other sense of the phrase, by nature, than that which relates to the nature we bring into the world, the natural constitution of our bodies and minds. Nature, among several other things, frequently signifieth an acquired nature: a nature which men bring upon themselves by contracting either good or bad habits: this might easily be demonstrated by numerous quotations; but not to insist upon that, by nature, here, may signify really, properly, truly: for observe τέκνα, children, strictly signifieth the genuine children of parents by natural generation. But the word is also used figuratively, to denote relation to a person or thing by way of friendship, regard, imitation, obligation, &c. As the children of God, of the kingdom, the bridegroom, the resurrection, of wisdom, light, obedience, peace, &c. Thus, children of wrath are they who are related to wrath, or liable to rejection and punishment. . . . In like manner the Ephesians are said to be by nature children, (τέκνα φύσει,) natural, genuine children of wrath, not to signify they were related to wrath by their natural birth, or the natural constitution of their souls and bodies; but that they were related to wrath in the highest and strictest sense with regard to sin and disobedience; namely, not as they came under condemnation by the (παράπτωμα) offence of Adam; not as they were made sinners by the disobedience

of one man ; but as they were dead in their own, personal *παραπτώματα*, trespasses and sins, (ver. 1,) and were actually children of disobedience themselves, (ver. 2.) By nature, therefore, may here be a metaphorical expression, borrowed from that which constituteth a true and genuine child in a family ; and consequently is not intended to convey the idea of nature in the proper sense of the word ; but to signify that they were really and truly children of wrath, *i. e.*, stood in the strictest and closest relation to suffering."

Nathaniel W. Taylor. — "When, then, I affirm that all mankind are totally depraved *by nature*, I mean, *that such is their constitution or nature, that in all the appropriate or natural circumstances of their existence, they will uniformly sin from the commencement of moral agency.* It is here to be remarked, that according to this explanation of the doctrine of depravity *by nature*, the depravity or sinfulness of mankind does not *consist in* anything which can be called *nature*, in the primary sense of the word. Nor can this be said without the most palpable impropriety in the use of language, nor without the most palpable absurdity in things. . . . If the proposition that mankind are depraved by nature is true, *in the only possible meaning of the language*, then the proposition that *nature or their nature* is depraved or sinful, if the word *nature* be used in the same import, is most palpably false ; since this is to say, that the cause of depravity or sin, *i. e.*, of all sin in man, is itself sin. . . . It cannot mean that any attribute or property of the soul — anything which is either *created or propagated* as a property of the human mind, is sinful. Aside from the monstrous and revolting absurdity of supposing God to create a sinful nature in man, and to damn them for the very nature he creates, the Scriptures unequivocally teach that all men are now created in the image of God. (James 3 : 9.) . . . Nor does the doctrine teach *that any degree of excitement* in these propensities, or *any desires for their gratification*, prior to the choice or preference of it, is sinful. The man who always triumphs over the excitement of them — who duly subordinates all his desires of inferior good to the will of God, is a perfect man.

"Again : when I ascribe the depravity of man *to nature*, I do not mean that nature is an efficient natural cause ; nor an *occasional* natural cause of human selfishness. This the nature of the predicate forbids, whether the sin be ascribed to nature or to circumstances. . . . To say that one thing is *by* another, does not designate the latter as the efficient natural nor an occasional natural cause of the former. Indeed, this form of expression is probably used more frequently to denote an

occasion or *causa sine qua non*, than to denote an *efficient cause*, while nothing is more common than to use it to denote an occasional moral cause. When, therefore, I say that depravity is *by nature*, I mean simply that nature is the occasional moral cause [is it so in regeneration *by* the Holy Ghost?] of the universal sinfulness of mankind. I mean that *nature* is a cause, therefore, which, though certainly followed with depravity, is yet as truly subject to man's powers of moral agency, as it would be were all his acts perfectly holy. These remarks may sufficiently explain what I intend by the general phrase *by nature*. In regard to the specific statement which ascribes the depravity to our constitutional propensities for natural good, I remark, that I do not intend to exclude the weakness or imperfection of our intellectual powers from all connection with human sinfulness. It may be true that greater perfection in these powers at the commencement of accountable existence would, even with our present propensities for natural good, prevent this depravity; and that, in this respect, the imperfection of our intellectual powers is in some sense connected with it. . . . Why, for example, is it proper to say that a stone is *by nature* heavy, or that *by nature*, when unsupported, it tends toward the earth? Simply because in all circumstances of its existence we know that such is the fact. It is therefore to no purpose to say, if mankind were to be placed in some supposable circumstances, the result might be holiness and not sin. Be it so. In like manner, if a stone were placed in some other circumstances than those which pertain to its proper place in the system, — for example, within the attraction of the sun, — it would not fall, but rise, and it could no longer properly be said that it was *by nature* heavy. So it might be true of mankind, that in some other circumstances than those which pertain to their proper place of existence they might be holy.

"Eph. 2: 3: 'And were by nature [φύσει] children of wrath,' &c. This is popular phraseology, and the only place where sin is said to be by nature. It was common among the Greeks to say φυσικῶς, as we say naturally, in a loose, popular acceptance of the term. But in the same verse Paul shows that he did not mean a nature sinful *per se*, for he states the sin to have been actual, voluntary. It was 'having conversation among sinners,' '*fulfilling* the desires of the flesh and of the mind,' ποιῶντες τὰ θελήματα, (and this though dead, 'dead in sins,' and yet walking,) *doing*, acting out the promptings of the carnal propensity, but not in feeling or having them. Paul was an advocate for voluntary sin, if any. Rom. 2: 14: 'For when the Gentiles do by nature [φύσει],' &c., has been employed by Pelagians as a proof that all are not depraved by nature, but that some do right by nature.

Some Orthodox attempt a defence by saying that the apostle speaks hypothetically, *i. e.*, *when* they do it — *i. e.*, should they do it. But this is hardly fair, and cannot be believed. He speaks of actual cases. I answer: if it did show that some few by nature were not depraved, it would not disprove the general doctrine of depravity. We say, 'All men are mortal' — 'All have died,' and yet Enoch and Elijah did not. So in this case, had there been a few exceptions, Paul would not feel a need of stopping to specify them in stating the general doctrine of human depravity. Universal propositions are rarely true to the letter."

Comment is unnecessary. Such language is too plain to leave a doubt in any reader as to what are the real opinions of these men concerning the native character of man aside from overwhelming circumstances of temptation, habit, &c. Neither will it be needful to quote at much length with reference to the other leading doctrines of the Gospel system, since they must of necessity be modified by, and take their coloring from, the view which is taken of depravity. It is well known that endless "improvements," so called, in theology, have been invented since the younger Edwards and Dr. Hopkins opened the way by maintaining that all sin consists in the *voluntary mental exercises* of the sinner, the latter breaking his fall a little, in his own view, by connecting all such exercises with Divine efficiency as the producing cause. We have thought that when these tinkers in theology shall have fully wrought out the changes in the system to which they logically tend, much that passes under the name of Edwards would be utterly disowned by the great metaphysician and theologian. If, in all the spheres of heavenly glory, certain of these modern improvements in theology, and called Edwardean, should ever meet him and claim his fellowship, he would say to them, "I know you not, depart from me." By this paper it is certainly made to appear that so far are they from being advances undiscovered by President Edwards, they are substantially, though more guarded, the old errors which he opposed and forever overthrew in his review of Dr. John Taylor, Dr. Turnbull, and others of his day.

Yet that it may not rest upon inference that these two Taylors substantially agree in the carrying out of the system, we

will proceed a little further with our quotations, taking next,
THE ATONEMENT.

John Taylor, after a lengthy prefatory examination of the Jewish sacrifices, which he concludes were merely "symbolical addresses to God, expressing by outward signs what is expressed in prayer and praise by words," and "made atonement as the sacrificer covenanted or transacted with God upon the sincerity of his soul," and after quoting, with comments, those Scriptures which assert an atonement, says, —

"I conclude, therefore, that the sacrifice of Christ was truly and properly, in the highest degree, and far beyond any other *piacular* and *expiatory*, to make *atonement* for, or to *take away* sin. Not only to give us an example; not only to assure us of remission; or to procure our Lord a commission to publish the forgiveness of sin; but moreover to obtain that forgiveness, by doing what God in his wisdom and goodness judged fit and expedient to be done in order to the forgiveness of sin; and without which he did not think it *fit* or *expedient* to grant the forgiveness of sin. . . .

"Nor can it be true, that by his sufferings he satisfied justice, or the law of God. For it is very certain and very evident, that justice and law can no otherwise be satisfied than by the just and legal punishment of the offender. . . . Law, in its own nature, must *always* condemn the criminal; and justice, acting according to law, must always precisely inflict the penalty. But the pardoning grace of the Lawgiver is not obstructed by any demands of law and justice. For he can set them aside; and whenever he grants a pardon, he must necessarily set law and justice aside, or take the affair out of their hands, and determine it by his own prerogative and wisdom. [This is an easier way of demolishing Cudworth's "Immutable Morality" than we ever thought of!] Not law and justice, but wisdom and goodness are the rules, and the only rules, of pardoning mercy. And all the world allows that several just considerations may possibly occur to satisfy the Lawgiver, or to *render it expedient* and proper for him, to relax the penalty of the law, and to extend his favor and mercy to offenders. . . .

"If the Lawgiver should insist upon vicarious punishment, or require the innocent to die, or accept the voluntary death of the innocent, by way of commutation for the death of the nocent [guilty], this seems *more* inconsistent with righteousness and justice, and more remote from all the ends of moral government, than simply to pardon

the nocent without any consideration at all. . . . Objection. But if we repent and reform, are we not in a fit state for pardon? . . . What need then of the atonement of Christ? . . . But God must here be considered in a *public* capacity, as a *magistrate*, as the governor of the universe; . . . It is therefore evident, that the governor who consults the public good, ought to guard, qualify and circumstance his pardons in such manner as not to propagate, but, if possible, to extirpate a spirit of disorder and rebellion. . . . Now, whoever attentively fixes his thoughts upon the death of Christ, must there see in the strongest light, how odious and detestable all sin is to God."

Nathaniel W. Taylor. — "This view of justice as the attribute of a perfect moral governor, which is now maintained, avoids the error of those who represent an atonement as rendering pardon consistent with general benevolence. Dr. Edwards and others, maintain that the atonement of Christ satisfies justice in the sense of general benevolence — that it not only supports the authority of law, but renders it consistent with the glory of God and the good of the whole system to pardon the sinner. We have already shown that from this view of the subject, in connection with the doctrine of universal atonement and other views of a large class of divines, the doctrine of universal salvation follows as an unavoidable consequence. According, however, to the view now maintained, an atonement does not render the pardon of the transgressor consistent with justice in the sense of general benevolence, which Dr. Edwards admits to be an *improper* sense of justice, but with justice as the peculiar attribute of a moral governor, *properly* so called, viz., with justice as committed to uphold the authority of the moral governor as *one* indispensable means of the public good. Now it is obvious that many things besides an atonement may be necessary to render the *pardon* of the transgressor consistent with general benevolence. . . . To render it consistent with benevolence in one respect to pardon such a transgressor, viz., as benevolence is committed to uphold the authority of the moral governor, is, therefore, the only and the whole effect which need be or can be produced by an atonement. In other words, the only and the whole effect of an atonement is to render the pardon of a transgressor consistent with general or public justice, — justice as the peculiar attribute of a perfect moral governor. Should it here be said that the act of requiring faith and repentance as the condition of pardon is as truly necessary to uphold the authority of the moral governor as an atonement, this may in some respect be admitted. . . . The requirement of repentance may be necessary to manifest the moral governor's benevolence in some respects,

[Query, Why then is not repentance a part of the atonement, since it has just been said that the effect of atonement is to render the pardon of a transgressor consistent with general or public justice?] so far as this may depend on the reformation of the pardoned transgressor; but it cannot manifest his benevolence in another respect, viz., as absolutely committed to uphold his authority as the indispensable means of the public good. This is the exclusive effect of an atonement. . . .

“Distributive justice is a disposition to treat, and in overt action does treat, subjects according to their personal deserts. But surely an atonement does not, and cannot render pardon consistent with treating the transgressor according to his personal deserts. [Then the pardon of a sinner remains forever inconsistent with God’s disposition to punish him, does it?] . . . The class of divines now referred to, evidently saw and felt bound to maintain the truth, that an atonement must render pardon consistent with justice as the attribute of a perfect moral governor. But their error, their first error, was, that justice as the attribute of a perfect moral governor is in the case of transgression necessarily *distributive justice*, and thus obliges to a retributive punishment, or the infliction of the legal penalty according to personal demerit. Hence the imputation of sin to the sinner’s substitute, with the supposed corresponding result of pardon, and full and exact retribution according to personal demerit. Now this theory, with its connections and results, vanishes at once, not merely as absurd and impossible in the nature of things, but as founded in nothing but a false view of the justice of the perfect moral governor. This is not, as we have seen, in all cases, nor in the case now under consideration, necessarily distributive justice. It is simply a benevolent disposition to uphold the authority of the moral governor by the requisite means; and this, whether in the present case by the infliction of penalty on the transgressor, or by an atonement. If this be not so — if justice require in the absolute sense the infliction of penalty in the case of transgression — then an atonement and pardon on the ground of it would be impossible. All that justice requires is, that the authority of the moral governor be maintained; and since this can be done by means of an atonement as well as by inflicting the legal penalty, pardon through an atonement is consistent with justice. Without distributive justice, and without imputation and its palpable and manifold absurdities, and with an immense diminution of misery and a vast increase of happiness in the universe, the throne of justice stands in all its majesty — for mercy and truth are met together — righteousness and peace have kissed each other. Thus an atonement, while it renders

pardon consistent with *general or public justice*, does not and cannot render it consistent with *distributive justice*."

If these quotations seem meagre on a subject of such superlative importance, the fault is not ours ; for it seems that this great cardinal doctrine of the system of grace was much neglected by the great New-Haven Lecturer. We read with amazement, in the Introduction to the last volume of his published works, "that the Lectures of Dr. Taylor on the Atonement were in so fragmentary and unfinished a state as to make it unadvisable to publish them." And we have had to gather his views as fairly as possible from the Lectures on Moral Government, on Justice, the Trinity, &c.

We find the following utterances on the subject of REGENERATION : —

John Taylor. — "Why must we be born again ? [The Westminster Assembly.] Answer. Because we are born in sin ; our nature in Adam is corrupted, and utterly indisposed, disabled, and made opposite to all that is spiritually good, and wholly inclined to all evil, and that continually. But upon these principles it cannot be our duty to be born again, and consequently not our fault if we are not, because we are utterly disabled to all spiritual good, and wholly inclined to all evil. Accordingly, it is common to find divines asserting, that we are born again by some uncertain, arbitrary, and irresistible workings of the Spirit of God, which operate upon some few, and not upon others. . . . But regeneration, or being born again, born from above, or of the Spirit, is a Gospel doctrine ; and it is as much every man's duty to be born again, as it is to be a good and virtuous man, or a true Christian. For, as I take it, to be born again, or of God, is no other than to attain those habits of virtue and religion, which give us the real character of the children of God. . . . In the very nature of things, we cannot be holy without our own choice and endeavor, and, lastly, because God hath endowed us with understanding, and furnished us with all proper means to enable us to gain a character of worth and excellence. . . . It is absolutely necessary that it (the intelligent being) learn to employ and exercise its powers suitably to the nature and ends of them ; that it be created anew, that it put on the new nature of right action, of true holiness. . . .

"However, that I may not seem to overlook the doctrine of the Spirit's assistance, I shall briefly observe, that although, when the Holy Ghost, or the gifts of the Spirit, are mentioned in the epistolary

part of the New Testament, most commonly thereby the extraordinary effusion and miraculous gifts peculiar to the apostolic age are intended ; yet I make no doubt, the communication and influence of the Spirit of God in all ages, to assist our sincere endeavors after wisdom, and the habits of virtue, is a blessing spoken of, and promised in the Gospel, but never as supposing any natural corruption, or innate pravity of our minds. The influence of the Divine power is necessary to the production of the fruits of the earth, without which our industry, or any other cause, can have no effect. . . . In like manner, the aids of the Spirit of God, who can work upon our minds in ways and degrees beyond our knowledge, are perfectly consistent with our diligence, and are so far from supposing the previous inaptitude of our minds, . . . that our previous desire of the Spirit's assistance is expressly made the condition of our receiving that best of spiritual gifts."

Nathaniel W. Taylor. — "1. The Spirit of God is the author of the change in Regeneration. . . . The *fact* of Divine influence in the production of holiness in the heart of man, meets us as it were on almost every page of the sacred record. *What the fact is, however*, or what it involves in some respects, demands consideration. 2. The change in regeneration is the sinner's own act. 'Ye have purified your souls.' Could it be said in plainer terms, ye have done it? If the Bible tells us anything, if human language can say it, this book tells us that religion in the human heart consists in repenting of sin ; in believing on the Lord Jesus Christ. It is breaking off our sins by righteousness ; it is making a new heart and a new spirit ; it is doing the will of God from the heart ; it is ceasing to do evil, and learning to do well ; it is amending, reforming our ways. . . . Does this language not describe mental action ; the right exercises of the heart? Most undeniably. It ought then to settle this point finally and forever. But this is not all. How careful are the sacred writers to show us the same fact, even when they describe this change in the strong language of metaphor — the language which is so commonly perverted. It is a *creation* ; but it is being created *unto good works*. If there be a remaining doubt on this point, one text will remove it: 'That ye put off the old man, and that ye put on the new man, which after God is created *in righteousness* and true holiness.' It is a creation in righteousness and true holiness. And not only so, but Christians are said to *put on the new man* ; i. e., to do the thing which is said to be created. The thing produced by the power of God is their own act — *the act of putting on the new man*. . . .

"The sinner must take the attitude of an agent, the attitude of a

doer. Something is to be done on the part of the sinner. And the thing, and the only thing to be done on his part, as a moral agent, is right moral action, and he must put himself directly to its performance. And be it remembered, that if God ever changes a sinner's heart, it will be, not when the sinner is trying to make God give him a new heart, but when he is trying to give his heart to God. . . . Do you say that the sinner has no power to change his heart? You contradict one of the facts. A new heart is the right exercise of moral powers. Without the power in the sinner, how can even God give him a new heart; how cause powers to act which do not exist? Or, if you say that God gives the power, still new power is not a new heart; is not a holy heart. . . . But you say, *the sinner resists what God is now doing, and he will resist unless God does more.* Yes, the sinner resists what God is now doing; and what is worse, he always will resist it in every future moment of his probation, if you preach and he believes that he must and will resist it. . . . Why then has God revealed the sinner's dependence on his Spirit? Preëminently — I had almost said solely — to prevent utter despair, and consequent inaction. If it were not true, that God by his Spirit can and may overcome the perverseness of the sinner's heart, what could the sinner hope for?"

JUSTIFICATION.

John Taylor. — "But my chief intention is to establish a double justification, or salvation: for which we have the clearest Scriptural evidence. However, at present, it shall suffice to observe, that there is a justification and salvation by faith alone, without the deeds of law, or any works of righteousness. Rom. 3: 28; Eph. 2: 8, 9, 10. And there is another justification, or salvation, which is not without works, but is the issue of a holy and obedient life. James 2: 24. 'By works a man is justified, and not by faith only.' . . . Now this difference of being justified without works, and being justified by works, is so essential, irreconcilable, that it necessarily constitutes two sorts of justification, or salvation. The first or fundamental justification. This has relation to the heathen state of us Gentile Christians; and consists in the remission of sins, and in our being admitted, upon our faith, into the kingdom and covenant of God; when, with regard to our Gentile state, we were obnoxious to wrath, and deserving of condemnation: this is of free grace, without works. . . . This I call the first justification or salvation, by which we are invested in all the present privileges of the gospel; and in reference to which we are said in Scripture to be elected, adopted, saved, justified, washed, sanctified, born again, born of God, &c. . . . It cannot be full and final

justification, or that justification which gives an unalterable right to eternal life ; because, in order to that, the Scriptures always, and positively and clearly, insist upon works, doing the will of God, or obedience. . . . Our full and final justification is of grace. But yet so of grace, that it will be given only to them that overcome the temptations of the world, and by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory, honor, and immortality.

“ ’Tis highly becoming the universal Father, to bestow benefits in a way which shall promote moral good ; and here the Redeemer hath the noblest work to do, in exhibiting before the world the most illustrious virtue, as above all things pleasing to God, and the ground of all happiness. But the only way, that I can see, of being redeemed from imputed, imaginary guilt, is for the Judge to think (as he is in justice bound) that the supposed guilt is not mine, or that I am not guilty of a sin I never committed.”

Nathaniel W. Taylor. — “ It is sufficient to refer to the epistles of Paul, who so largely treats the subject, especially in his Epistle to the Romans, and that to the Galatians. The prominent design of the apostle is, to deny that any are justified by works of law, and to assert that some are justified by faith ; or that disobedient subjects, (sinners,) and none others who believe, are justified. He thus with the most studious precision of language denies one and the self-same thing (actual justification) in connection with works of law, or with obedience to law, which he asserts in connection with faith without works. The word justification, when he asserts justification not to be by works of law, cannot be specifically justification according to the principles of distributive justice, or the personal deserts of the subject ; for he asserts the self-same thing to be by faith without works, or without obedience to law ; which of course cannot be according to the principles of distributive justice. . . . Nor could he employ it in any other way with truth, for he uses it in a common meaning in two cases, denying justification by works of law, and asserting justification by faith. If, therefore, he intends either more or less by *justification* in one case than in the other, then the meaning of his language properly interpreted cannot be true. . . . The human mind is ever prone to view forensic justification, *i. e.*, justification in which the full authority of law is recognized, as a strictly legal act ; an act according to the mere principles of law ; an act *de merito*. . . . Thus, in the Romish doctrine, the principle *de merito* is formally avowed. To what extent it has been made practical by the Romish hierarchy need not be said. Or if we examine closely the doctrine of the Reformation, which is

claimed to be so directly opposed to the principle of merit or to the strict principles of law, the doctrine of justification by faith only, what is it, as fully unfolded in its more prevalent form of the *imputation* of Christ's righteousness — of what is called his active and passive obedience — to the believer, and made *his* righteousness by a *mystical union* with Christ, so that it becomes as really *his* righteousness, as would be his own personal perfect obedience to law in heart and life, and as *his* invests *him* in every respect in which such obedience would invest him with a claim *de merito* — what is this but a claim to justification solely according to the principles of law, not only those of general, but also of *distributive* justice? But without dwelling on these or other reasons for so doing, I now proceed to confirm the answer already given to our leading inquiry, or to show that justification as the act of God in the relation of the Lawgiver and Judge of men is an authoritative act — making, causing, determining a disobedient subject of his law to stand *relatively* right in respect to its sanctions; not according to the principles of distributive justice, but according to the principles of general justice and of *general benevolence*."

So have we contrasted, in their theologies, John Taylor, D. D., of Norwich, England, and Nathaniel W. Taylor, D. D., of New Haven, Connecticut. We have done it by the amplest quotations from their own works, that they might speak for themselves. We have refrained, to a degree unusual in such an article as this, from comments or arguments of our own, that they might have the larger liberty, and without foreign coloring, of sketching their own doctrinal platforms. That we might not deal in little things to the neglect of the great points in theology, and so derogate from the importance of this topic and of the inferences naturally flowing from it, we have contrasted these two theologians only on the fundamental points in theology. We have presented in parallel their views on the canons of interpretation, on original sin, on total depravity, on the atonement, on regeneration, and on justification.

The extent of their harmony on these points is open and left to the judgment of the reader. After a careful study of the works of these two celebrated divines, we, for ourselves, confess to a great surprise in finding that they so substantially agree in their teachings. They hold their views generally on these points in common, and if we were to choose between their works for text-books, we should prefer those of the elder Tay-

lor, as more simple in style, frank in statement, and full in legitimate deductions. With his presentation of this peculiar theology, held by them so much in common, we know at once what is offered us. If, however, any doubt remained in our minds, it could be easily removed by a perusal of President Edwards's work on "Original Sin," in which he says, "I have closely attended to Dr. Taylor's 'Piece on Original Sin,' in all its parts." In this masterly overthrow of the system of the first Taylor, Edwards has done a double work, and virtually reviewed the second Taylor. For their commonness of views must make his review of the first common to both. And it is one of those strange events sometimes occurring, that in the revolution of a theological cycle those views should now come round as improvements in theology and Edwardean, that Edwards himself encountered in his lifetime and refuted.

ARTICLE II.

ANOTHER OF TENNYSON'S POEMS.

HAS the time come to understand "Maud?" The inspiration of the Crimean War, and almost the twin-birth of "The Charge of the Light Brigade," its reception by the patrons of polite literature was singularly various. Admirers numerous and decided it did not lack. But even the Laureate's almost supreme authority in matters of taste could hardly save it from the censure of coarseness and grossness among some whom he more than any one had educated to the luxurious relish of his matchlessly finished and graceful poetry; while the guardians of the public morals here and there looked askance at certain rather questionable ethical drifts which they thought that they discovered under its turbulent and discolored surface. The poem is in fact a curious mixture of opposites. Sweetest singing of soft-toned, plaintive warblers hush into faint and far-off echoes its wailing, clashing bursts of passion, — interludes of pathos and delicate beauty which turn the reader directly back to the dainty

measures of "Cenone" and "The Lady of Shalott." Judging, as one sometimes essays to do, of the *physique* of an author from his work, parts of "Maud" would inevitably suggest the poetic ideal of blue-eyed sixteen wandering through shadowy copses by babbling brooks, bearing about the same relation to manhood which gristle does to bone. But then again the really characteristic portions of the poem fit much more nearly into a conception of its writer which quite took us by surprise, the other day, in conversation with a travelled friend, and which he brought away from the immediate neighborhood of Tennyson's home. A lady, walking along the road which leads to it, saw a tall, broad-shouldered, and altogether stout-built pedestrian, in a rusty suit and shockingly slouched Kossuth, swinging a cane, a little in advance of her. Directly, he dropped in at a way-side grocer's and came out with a small parcel in his hand. The lady's curiosity was enough excited to induce her also to stop at the door of the shop, and inquire who the gentleman might be. "Oh, that is a Mr. Tennyson," replied the shopman, "who lives up yonder on the hill; and he just called to take a box of sardines home with him as he passed." The gods, too, must eat as well as we mortals; and one would think that poetry like some of this must be nourished on considerably heartier food than the Olympian ambrosia. There is sufficient circumstantial evidence in the pages before us to dissipate all scepticism concerning the authenticity of the lady's lively sketch.

These contrasts are skilfully and effectively managed, giving us a canvas (to borrow a moment from a sister art) of charming pastoral summer-life in its central perspective, but inclosed within outlying scenery which the wildest of forests and lightning-splintered mountains can alone furnish, overhung with a thunderous atmosphere that throws its sombre sultriness portentously over the bright lights of the intermediate spaces. Yet there is no want of harmony in this very unlike handling. The action of the poem only gives expression to different moods of the same spirit. The storm never thoroughly clears up, even when it comes nearest to fair weather.

Criticism is often a sharp knife-blade stuck into a loosely riveted haft. It is apt to cut its holder's fingers as well as other things. The popular essayist, Peter Bayne, is particularly se-

were on this poem. It is his "strong conviction that 'Maud' was the result of no very deep or natural feeling on the part of Tennyson." Hence he condemns it as a sort of factitious product, made to order, not spontaneously pouring itself forth as water from a living spring. But equally confident reviewers have contended for the same radical defect in the "In Memoriam," and argued the point at length, that genuine grief could not be spread over so large a surface of lamentation. Mr. Bayne, on the other hand, denies this stricture, and puts his position with the utmost directness:—"With precisely the same decision as I affirmed of "In Memoriam" that in every aspect and by every test it is great and marvellous, do I affirm of "Maud" that it is a failure." The first affirmation we heartily indorse. The second may be equally true; but the case is scarcely closed by this somewhat over-positive verdict. This verdict is rested on three counts: the poem is commonplace; secondly, it is not original; thirdly, it is not beautiful. The first two specifications seem to be but one essentially. But does the critic demand of the poet that he should break absolutely new ground whenever he turns a furrow, on pain of being refused the laurel wreath? By what showing then is "In Memoriam" an original work? Its prototypes "Lycidas" and the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" are familiar to readers of good English. Nothing is more hackneyed than elegies for the dead in all literature. And this proudest of elegiac monuments itself is only a rebuilding, on a grander scale, of the four wonderful stanzas,—

"Break, break, break
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!"

It is rather hard in this late century to open undiscovered and unwrought mines of the precious metals, as the author of the "Idylls" himself obviously understands, to say nothing of such lesser creators as the writer of "Edwin of Deira." Robert Browning comes nearer absolute originality than any living poet in our language. It is a rare power when possessed, though not a very special help to popularity, as he has proved. But if "commonplace" is fatal to poetic success, what is to become of Wordsworth and his creed, that the height of artistic merit lies not so much in setting forth for admiration

images and thoughts of a strange and arresting novelty, as in clothing old and well-known themes with new attractions, showing "how much may be hidden under the film of familiarity?" The patriarch of Rydal Mount could no more abide this test than could the gentle poet of the "*Sofa*" and the "*Time-piece*." If the "commonplace" be charged on the treatment of the theme in "*Maud*," rather than upon its selection, we flatly deny the allegation. As to the last specification of a want of beauty, we submit that poetry is not shut up to this one end of describing graceful objects in strains of nightingale music. It must follow its subject in congenial methods. Truth to nature is truth to weeds as well as roses, to roughness as well as smoothness, to repulsive as well as inviting and captivating views of life. Poetic like plastic and pictorial art has a legitimate field among the one as the other of these realities. But Mr. Bayne admits, even for this unfortunate exception to Tennyson's usual excellence, that "certain aspects of feeling are not incorrectly rendered, and that here and there the melody is exquisite and the color glowing." The critic is chary of his praise. Possibly it is essential to the independence and authority of this kind of writing that it shall more or less play the part which the old monarch assigned his page—who was to repeat daily in the royal ear the admonition, that kings too are mortal. We, therefore, as belonging to the guild, shall not deny that there are spots on this sun, which, however, it affords us no special pleasure to map out in very strong colors. But it is time to tell the story of our poem.

This may be shortly done. *Maud*, the high-born, the beautiful, and the gentle, is wooed by one whom she has known from childhood as worthy of her, except in the conventional disparity of social position. The picture of her free, bright youth is graphic :

"Maud with her venturous climbings and tumbles and childish escapes,
Maud the delight of the village, the ringing joy of the Hall,
Maud with her sweet purse-mouth when my father dangled the grapes,
Maud the beloved of my mother, the moon-faced darling of all."

An author less sure of himself would not perhaps have adventured this last qualitative; but the classical association of the meek queen of night should redeem the phrase from objec-

tion on the score of common or scientific prejudice. The suit is hampered with inequalities of fortune, a lordling of a rival, and the opposition of a proud, insolent brother of Maud, who is slain, in a self-provoked rencountre by her suitor's hand, for his impertinent interference, just as the young couple are coming to an understanding and confession of their mutual affection. Of course this bloody *dénouement* terminates their intimacy, and sends the homicide adrift upon the world, imbittered in heart and ruined in hope, to accuse society of the false opinions and standards of action to which his anticipations have fallen a victim. The accusation is terribly severe. The exposure of the artificiality and measureless duplicities and viciousness of the current civilization is almost as minute and frightful as a police report. So thoroughly has the corruption of the times gone through the very bone and marrow of the age, that the outbreak of war is hailed as a cautery to stop the mortification, — as the only agency that can reawake in a demoralized land the sentiments of honor and patriotism, of virtue and humanity. With the memories of last April still fresh in mind — the general feeling then expressed in sermon and conversation, that we were in need of just this check to our own increasing national deterioration, and a sentiment of thankfulness then experienced, and not yet outlived, that even by so fearful a method we had found out that we were not all serfs and cowards — taking this our own recent history into the account, we are not prepared to condemn the ethical bearings of this poem ; but rather think that it can be much more intelligently understood by our people now than when it first asked our attention. We recall some sensations and indignations which we fancy were much like those out of which this seething inspiration sprung into being, in words of flame and vengeance.

“ Why do they prate of the blessings of Peace ? we have made them a
curse,

Pickpockets, each hand lusting for all that is not in its own ;
And lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain, is it better or worse
Than the heart of the citizen hissing in war on his own hearthstone ?

“ But these are the days of advance, the works of the men of mind,
When who but a fool would have faith in a tradesman's ware or his
word ?

Is it peace or war? Civil war, as I think, and that of a kind
The viler, as underhand, not openly bearing the sword.

"Sooner or later I too may passively take the print
Of the golden age — why not? I have neither hope nor trust;
May make my heart as a millstone, set my face as a flint,
Cheat and be cheated, and die: who knows? We are ashes and dust."

The censor's pen runs scathingly along these stanzas on the trail of the crimes of a vicious prosperity, — the poor "hovelled and hustled" like brutes in cities; the staples of life adulterated and poisoned; liquors drugged till the murderer's brain is crazed with the "vitriol madness;" mothers killing their babes for a burial-fee;

"And Sleep must lie down arm'd, for the villanous centre-bits
Grind on the wakeful ear in the hush of the moonless nights."

The very jubilee of pandemonium seems to have reached its height, as the poet again demands,

"Is it peace or war? better, war! loud war by land and by sea.
War with a thousand battles, and shaking a hundred thrones.

"For I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder round by the hill,
And the rushing battle-bolt sang from the three-decker out of the foam,
That the smooth-faced snub-nosed rogue would leap from his counter
and till,
And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheating yard-wand, home."

These surely are not Arcadian measures. They tear along with a freshet-force "casting up mire and dirt," — what else could they do, rushing through such alluvial? No one can charge the writer with exaggeration who knows the rottenness of our older civilization. The question must lie further back, if anywhere — as to the propriety of treating these matters poetically. We shall not discuss this point, but merely record our creed concerning it, that if poetry is to help reform as well as please our race, as we firmly maintain, then it need apologize to no belles-lettres amateur for attacking the wickednesses of the times with whatever weapon shall have strength and sharpness enough to deal deathly blows. Rose-water and kid gloves will not much help this business.

A calmer mood arrests this torrent of invective, and turns our sympathy to the wretchedness of the individual sufferer,

with whose complaints is mingled a sad and sardonic philosophy,—the cloud without the silver lining. This is beautiful :

“ A million emeralds break from the ruby-budded lime
In the little grove where I sit—ah, wherefore cannot I be
Like things of the season gay, like the bountiful season bland,
When the far-off sail is blown by the breeze of a softer clime,
Half-lost in the liquid azure bloom of a crescent of sea,
The silent sapphire-spangled marriage-ring of the land.”

And this has more of the old fate than of a Christian submission in its spirit :

“ For the drift of the Maker is dark, an Isis hid by the veil.
Who knows the ways of the world, how God will bring them about?
Our planet is one, the suns are many, the world is wide.
Shall I weep if a Poland fall? shall I shriek if a Hungary fail?
Or an infant civilization be ruled with rod or with knout?
I have not made the world, and He that made it will guide.”

The atmosphere is oppressive, and we will escape it, with our too heavily laden companion, into some more pleasant reminiscences of his better and happier days. The sprightlier sentiment drapes itself in a lighter verse.

“ A voice by the cedar tree,
In the meadow under the Hall!
She is singing an air that is known to me,
A passionate ballad gallant and gay,
A martial song like a trumpet's call!
Singing alone in the morning of life,
In the happy morning of life and of May,
Singing of men that in battle array,
Ready in heart and ready in hand,
March with banner and bugle and fife
To the death, for their native land.

“ Maud with her exquisite face,
And wild voice pealing up to the sunny sky,
And feet like sunny gems on an English green,
Maud in the light of her youth and her grace,
Singing of Death, and of Honor that cannot die,
Till I well could weep for a time so sordid and mean,
And myself so languid and base.”

They meet, and exchange a single pressure of the hand which sends its magnetic thrill through every pulse :

" And thus a delicate spark
Of glowing and growing light
Thro' the livelong hours of the dark
Kept itself warm in the heart of my dreams,
Ready to burst in a color'd flame ;
Till at last when the morning came
In a cloud, it faded, and seems
But an ashen-gray delight."

The poet shows his knowledge of human feeling by ingeniously hinting the reasons which may have produced this gleam of sunlight :— is it strange that the cooler morning-thought should have suggested that perchance it was only pity of the young man's friendlessness ; or perhaps just a kind recognition of early companionship still pleasantly remembered ; or possibly a pride of conquest not unknown to ladies fair ? He is cunning in arguing the point against himself — is he the first or the last who has done this weakness ? — in fancying how

" A face of tenderness might be feign'd,
And a moist mirage in desert eyes ;"

while at the same time not unaware, it would seem, of some injustice or morbid suspicion in his special pleading :

" For a raven ever croaks, at my side,
Keep watch and ward, keep watch and ward,
Or thou wilt prove their tool.
Yea too, myself from myself I guard,
For often a man's own angry pride
Is cap and bells for a fool."

So it was now, at any rate ; for the high-bred heiress confessed, if not in words yet in what is more eloquent, her womanly nature. 'Tis an exquisite picture, full of true life.

" She came to the village church,
And sat by a pillar alone ;
An angel watching an urn
Wept over her, carved in stone ;
And once, but once, she lifted her eyes,
And suddenly, sweetly, strangely blush'd
To find they were met by my own ;
And suddenly, sweetly, my heart beat stronger
And thicker, until I heard no longer
The snowy-banded, dilettante,
Delicate-handed priest intone ;

And thought, is it pride, and mused and sigh'd
 'No surely, now it cannot be pride.'"

Can there be jealousy where there is not genuine and strong affection? These passions are subtly and strangely related. The profoundest dramatic power has found its richest field of labor in working out the connections between these divinest and most infernal of human susceptibilities. Our artist dashes in, just here, a brush-full of the black-green shading. She has another suitor, —

"This new-made lord, whose splendor plucks
 The slavish hat from the villager's head."

Her lover is mad. He is just in the mood to abuse everything, and he does it somewhat indiscriminately; but one of his victims deserves all he gets, — a

"broad-brimm'd hawker of holy things,
 Whose ear is stuff'd with his cotton, and rings
 Even in dreams to the chink of his pence,"

who has come down into the country to preach down the war. The race is not yet run out on each side the Atlantic. And if the servile spirit of their prophesyings shall prevail to poison the healthier blood of the people, and demoralize still more the public heart, in these contests of the last days with gigantic wrongs, possibly some of us may live long enough to begin to feel that we can make the prayer our own —

"Ah God, for a man with heart, head, hand,
 Like some of the simple great ones gone
 Forever and ever by,
 One still strong man in a blatant land,
 Whatever they call him, what care I.
 Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat — one
 Who can rule and dare not lie."

The jealousy is as groundless as the earlier suspicions of Maud's insincerity. She steals away from a midnight dance and festivity at the Hall to find her affianced in the garden under its walls, where, as he awaits her coming, the poet takes occasion to put into his lips one of the sweetest of his own faultless lyrics. We must not mar, by dividing it, this charming colloquy with the fragrant denizens of their young mistress's

bower — the rose, and lily, and larkspur, and violet, and passion-flower — all waiting with one not now a stranger to them for an “airy tread,” while

“Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away;”

and we cannot give it entire, at this advanced stage of our paper. They meet, the brother and “babe-faced lord” closely following; hot words, blows, a duel — the “Christless code” — within an hour; the brother lies in his blood, confessing with his last breath, “The fault was mine,” — which is not enough to wash out from the slayer’s hand the crimson stain.

“And there rises ever a passionate cry
From underneath in the darkening land —
What is it that has been done?
O dawn of Eden bright over earth and sky,
The fires of Hell break out of thy rising sun,
The fires of Hell and of Hate.

* * * * *

And there rang on a sudden a passionate cry,
A cry for a brother’s blood:
It will ring in my heart and my ears, till I die, till I die.”

We do not detect any extravagance in the conception or expression of the emotions of this subject of such startling alternations of fortune. We very much wonder at the remark of the critic already criticised — that the only counterpart of this character of our poet is Poe’s Raven — a grotesque conceit which, we fancy, was suggested to that writer by a verse already quoted, the seeming sharpness of the comparison proving too strong a temptation for his self-mastery to suppress. The situations are not improbable, and the passions put in motion are the strongest which thrill and convulse man’s heart. The fluctuating tides of hope and fear are delicately managed. One might not choose this person for a bosom-friend, — that is, every one might not; but this is only falling back on the wise saw, that tastes differ. It does not impeach the naturalness of the delineation. The thorough minuteness and truthfulness of the painting is severely pre-Raphaelesque; as when the victim of sorrow and disappointment picks up a sea-shell on the beach and thus soliloquizes. Who writes so, save Tennyson?

" See what a lovely shell,
Small and pure as a pearl,
Lying close to my foot,
Frail, but a work divine,
Made so fairly well
With delicate spire and whorl,
How exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design !

* * * *

" The tiny cell is forlorn,
Void of the little living will
That made it stir on the shore.
Did he stand at the diamond door
Of his house in a rainbow frill ?
Did he push, when he was uncurl'd,
A golden foot or a fairy horn
Thro' his dim water-world ?

" Slight, to be crush'd with a tap
Of my finger-nail on the sand,
Small, but a work divine,
Frail, but of force to withstand,
Year upon year, the shock
Of cataract-seas that snap
The three-decker's oaken spine
Athwart the ledges of rock,
Here on the Breton strand !

* * * *

" For years, a measureless ill,
For years, for ever, to part —
But she, she would love me still ;
And as long, O God, as she
Have a grain of love for me,
So long, no doubt, no doubt,
Shall I nurse in my dark heart,
However weary, a spark of will
Not to be trampled out.

" Strange, that the mind, when fraught
With a passion so intense
One would think that it well
Might drown all life in the eye, —
That it should, by being so overwrought,
Suddenly strike on a sharper sense
For a shell, or a flower, little things
Which else would have been past by !

And now I remember, I,
 When he lay dying there,
 I noticed one of his many rings
 (For he had many, poor worm) and thought
 It is his mother's hair."

The yearning of memory and affection for its lost treasure makes the heart ache with the vividness of its delineation.

"A shadow flits before me,
 Not thou, but like to thee;
 Ah Christ, that it were possible
 For one short hour to see
 The souls we loved, that they might tell us
 What and where they be.

"It leads me forth at evening,
 It lightly winds and steals
 In a cold white robe before me,
 When all my spirit reels
 At the shouts, the leagues of lights,
 And the roaring of the wheels."

We pass stanza after stanza of exquisite pencilling of this agitating, agonizing soul-life, until, in very wretchedness of sympathy, we wish *this* boon might be granted one for whom earth has nothing more of promise :

"Would the happy spirit descend,
 From the realms of light and song,
 In the chamber or the street,
 As she looks among the blest,
 Should I fear to greet my friend
 Or to say, 'forgive the wrong,'
 Or to ask her, 'take me, sweet,
 To the regions of thy rest?'"

But the desolation deepens ; and few of the great masters of human nature have ever laid open, with a more terrible accuracy, the interior of a spirit blasted by the curse of a life-failure like this. A tinge of insanity mingles with his moaning, — reason hunted out of his brain by the blood-hounds of memory and despair that are ever on his track, although he is one "more sinned against than sinning." A hope flickers over his soul, like a torch blown in the strong wind, that the world may find a medicine and a tonic for its disordered, debilitated

condition in the "coming wars;" a salvation for its weary children from such mischance as now sows broadcast its seeds of anguish. We fear the hope is built too far beneath the sky for a deliverance so devoutly to be desired. Something may thus come to the relief of our common humanity, however; we will expect it, even if our anticipation do not find a complete fulfilment.

"And it was but a dream, yet it lighten'd my despair
 When I thought that a war would arise in defence of the right,
 That an iron tyranny now should bend or cease,
 The glory of manhood stand on its ancient height,
 Nor Britain's one sole God be the millionaire:
 No more shall commerce be all in all, and Peace
 Pipe on her pastoral hillock a languid note,
 And watch her harvest ripen, her herd increase,
 Nor the cannon-bullet rust on a slothful shore,
 And the cobweb woven across the cannon's throat
 Shall shake its threaded tears in the wind no more.

* * * * *

"Tho' many a light shall darken, and many shall weep
 For those that are crush'd in the clash of jarring claims,
 Yet God's just wrath shall be wreak'd on a giant liar;
 And many a darkness into the light shall leap,
 And shine in the sudden making of splendid names,
 And noble thought be freer under the sun,
 And the heart of a people beat with one desire;
 For the peace that I deemed no peace is over and done,
 And now by the side of the Black and the Baltic deep,
 And dreadful-grinning mouths of the fortress, flames
 The blood red blossom of war with a heart of fire.

Let it flame or fade, and the war roll down like a wind,
 We have proved we have hearts in a cause, we are noble still,
 And myself have awaked, as it seems, to a better mind;
 It is better to fight for the good, than to rail at the ill."

Not along "the Black and the Baltic deep" is this experiment of reviving the heroism of an imperilled land now on trial; but along our own coasts and island borders — possibly much farther to the Northward too, before it is over — than most of us have anticipated. But if it is to be so, and with yet more formidable foes than thus far embattled, then so be it: and God save the right!

ARTICLE III.

PARK'S LIFE OF EMMONS.

Memoir of Nathaniel Emmons, with Sketches of his Friends and Pupils. By EDWARDS A. PARK. Boston: Congregational Board of Publication. 1861. 8vo. pp. xx., 468.

IF the subject of this memoir does not live among our descendants, it will not be for the want of a *vates* to spread his achievements and sound his praises. Seldom does departed greatness, in any line of activity, find a more painstaking and exhaustive chronicler. We suspect the erect little pastor of that quiet country charge would wonder at the development he is here made to present, were he within the reach of mortal wonderings; and that, if he could have looked over the manuscript — as he is said to have listened to his own funeral discourse several times before its delivery — he would have drawn his severe pen through some of these paragraphs, possibly pages. Besides his individual record, the author has packed together a regular omnibus-load of adherents and disciples of the central personage, with others not even thus remotely related to him, who, in small type or larger, according, we infer, to their comparative importance, seem to be enjoying themselves very pleasantly, at the public expense, all along this route, much in the mood of a Mutual Admiration Society. It may be all right for a Publication Board, sustained by the benefactions of the churches, to issue books of a much larger size and cost than legitimately called for, to furnish thus a medium for the advocacy of some pet theological theory; but the rightness would be more apparent were the Christian public frankly apprised that such use would be made of their subscriptions to its treasury. If the institution in question shall revive to active operations from its present comatose condition, some attention to this hint would gratify many of its helpers and constituents. We candidly think that a more appropriate title for this portly and miscellaneous book would be — “The Life and Times of Hopkinsian-

ism, by an admiring descendant." That it is not even more portly and miscellaneous, we have the best reasons for knowing, was not owing to the want of additional *copy*.

The volume opens with one of the Professor's characteristically elaborated and subdivided tables of contents, for which, if intended to facilitate his reviewers' labors, we sincerely thank him. It reminds one of the main courses and side-dishes of the bill of fare of a first-class *table d'hôte*. You see at a glance that the market has been well gleaned of substantial and lighter viands. You can have almost anything to order; although, when it comes to the proverbial proof, the promise of the programme sometimes falls much below the stimulated expectation. To change the figure — the house here constructed is extensive, but the portico is immense. The excessive amplification of the whole affair would indeed surprise us did we not recollect that the present theological incumbent at Andover qualified himself for that chair by first filling the post of rhetorician in the seminary which is set on an hill. His logical acuteness is well known to the churches. But the severer practice of the polemic has not clipped the wings of his earlier fancy — witness the discovery, in the minister of a New England farming town, of that distinguished Oriental sage,

"Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)"

whom we should have looked for anywhere as soon as among such plain and puritan folk. But the *last* line of the literally far-fetched quotation could not be spared:

"And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest." (p. 381.)

Certainly we intend no disrespect to the living or the dead: we directly disclaim such a construction. The author has given us a valuable contribution to the ecclesiastical history of our country. We can testify that it is a very readable book. This, under the circumstances, is a sufficient compliment to the ability with which it has been prepared. But the profuse panegyric, which, like the vine of Joseph, runs over these walls, has tempted us beyond what we were able to bear. We venture to say that the accomplished biographer has committed a literary error, which the substantial and conceded merits of his subject ren-

dered entirely superfluous. Dr. Emmons has his own legitimate claim on the remembrance and high esteem of posterity. Personally and professionally he was a marked man in his day. It is not necessary nor correct to concentrate in his individual life and work the springs of nearly every important movement which now is beneficially influencing this land and some others. The reader of this memoir will sufficiently understand our meaning. For others, we will explain the matter a little in detail.

The trouble is not so much with specific statements and instances, as with the impression continually made on the mind, that we are looking at the facts brought forward through a strongly magnifying medium. We do not question the truth of the particulars adduced ; but we do not like to be always seeing them several times larger than their natural size. As a public-spirited and far-sighted man, Emmons kept fairly up with the front file of the Christian progress of his times. He preached and printed philanthropic discourses ; wrote letters advocating important enterprises ; travelled considerably, for that fast-anchored age, in the same behalf. So some dozens of his contemporaries did also, if not with equal, yet with energetic zeal and effect ; for successive chapters in whose histories, the same running-titles would very well answer which here follow one another with so imposing tread. "His early interest in Missions," domestic and foreign, was intelligent and deep. But the case is so skilfully and elaborately *put* in these sections — "The connection of his efforts with the formation of the American Board ;" "The influence of Hopkinsianism on the early friends of the American Board ;" "The special interest of Emmons in Home Missions ;" "The influence of his writings in evangelizing our new settlements ;" that, though a variety of other names figures in the account, when you have finished its recital, the feeling is uppermost, that if the Franklin divine had never come upon the stage, all these excellent undertakings would not have come about, at least in our day. Others may have helped in laying the track ; but where the engine was built and the steam generated may be no longer mooted.

The indebtedness of New England to the theologian of Franklin as an educator has long been gratefully and amply acknowledged. The one hundred men whom he disciplined in that

secluded study have told the world, in deeds as well as words, how much one man can accomplish in exciting and directing the intellectual and moral forces of the community through his own and others' power. The first and only time we crossed the threshold of that humble parsonage, a sentiment of genuine reverence and admiration thrilled and awed us, as the thought of the noble work there honestly, manfully done gathered up something of its just proportions. But familiar as we have been for years with the Mendonian traditions, it struck us as a novelty almost as new as the slabs and lions out of Nimroud, when we found how essentially not only the Andover Seminary, but those in Bangor and Auburn and Yale, as also Hamilton, Williams, Dartmouth, and Amherst Colleges, were beholden to the same rural source for their inception or perpetuation. Doubtless he was greatly interested in all these projects. But carefully perusing the pages which are devoted to the elucidation of the conspicuous headings of these sections in the "Synopsis" preliminary, nothing appears in the way of illustration beyond such general notices as this :

"As the seminary at Andover was started by men who had felt the magnetizing influence of Emmons, so was the seminary at Bangor. He was not a diplomatist. He did not arrange the details of a scheme for managing the pecuniary or the disciplinary interests of a theological school ; but no one can read the ensuing Sketches without the impression that these pupils of Emmons were inspirited by him to a great work, and that the Institution to which they so nobly consecrated their strength, owes a debt of lasting thanks to their stimulating teacher." p. 210.

If our author has no faith in the "federal headship" of Adam, he certainly has in the "federal headship" of Emmons. We should think the doctrine of "imputation" in a fair way to regain its ancient honors if carried out as fully at other points as in this imputing the deeds of the "hundred pupils" to the transmitted force of their divinity-tutor.

An active controversialist, Emmons published sermons and essays of sterling worth, though not numerous, against the infidel and liberalizing tendencies of the time. These are marshalled, in battle array, with that peculiar emphasis of verbal reiteration which the masters of style so well know how to em-

ploy for cumulative effect as thus ; — “ His early services in the Arminian Controversy.” “ His early services in the Antinomian Controversy.” “ His early services in the Unitarian Controversy.” “ His early services in the Controversy with the Universalists.” “ His early services in the Utilitarian Controversy.” “ His early services in behalf of the Theology of Religious Revivals.” “ His early services in behalf of a Philanthropic Theology.” These *services* were excellent, though not immediately direct in one or two specifications ; as, for example, in promoting the Revival movements of the churches. But again, the drawing and shading of the subject are so managed as to give a sort of omnipresent and omnipotent agency to the biographer's favorite in looking after and helping on these interests. We would write with a proper restraint ; but studying this volume, line by line, from beginning to end, and that with decidedly favorable prepossessions, we are pursued by a feeling that it has made its hero a kind of ecclesiastical Providence in these Congregational regions, not only for his own generation, but for ours and several more to come, as well. Nor can we reconcile this ubiquitous and all-inspiring instrumentality in generating our present spiritual growth with that “ anticipatory spirit,” in the apprehending of evils to flow from many of these very sources, which furnishes the tenth chapter with such details as these : “ His apprehensions of evil from Sabbath Schools.” “ His apprehensions of evil from the National Tract Society.” “ His apprehensions of evil from all National Religious Societies.” “ His apprehensions of evil from the General Associations of Ministers in a State.” “ His apprehensions of evil from the Plan of Union.” “ His apprehensions of evil from Protracted Meetings.” This category unquestionably gives a very true portraiture of the careful and conservative mind of the staid and recluse scholar of whom it treats. The point of our criticism is this — that the man who had so many “ apprehensions of evil ” from the new measures which were asking countenance and certification from the churches can scarcely command our credence as the main motive power of these improvements in Christian mechanics ; and we frankly confess that the adroit “ art of putting things ” which signalizes this narrative does not help our difficulty.

Dashing, as we have, unwittingly, yet not without good precedents, into the midst of these things, we now go back to the beginning, to notice — that the biographer is quite as ingenious in analyzing the formative causes of the sturdy and acute nature which he describes, as in tracing back to it the results of its existence and action in after-times. It looks a little like the old historiography which generally started with the first verse of Genesis ; but probably there is a philosophical relation between the topography of particular townships and the mental structure of their natives — although as the collocation of rocks and ridges, wood and water, and so forth, is a fixed quantity, and the mental structure aforesaid of their people is endlessly various, it would not seem justifiable to carry the law of cause and effect, at this point, into too individual an application. Much more value is assignable to the habits of industry and hardihood which young Emmons secured on his father's farm, than to the local features of East Haddam where he first drew breath, or to the verses in which the pensive poet of Salmon River has celebrated its beauties. Any literary man, preacher or author, is fortunate who thus receives his earliest impressions of nature and men from the simple ways and fresh scenery of a rural life. Emmons grew up just where the future pastor of a flock like his might well prefer to find his incipient training. But the “*Matchit Moodus noises*” might have been suffered to sleep in the same dignified dimness of half myth and half history where reposes the wonderful account of the battle and migration of the Windham frogs, and other Connecticut prodigies. These were strange sounds issuing from the earth, which the Indians, of course, listened to in terror as the mutterings of their irate god, but which answer to our slight earthquake-shocks in these days, rattling the pewter and starting a chimney-top. It looks like a juvenile ambition of discovery, or parade of information, to put in all this mystification as really affecting the intellectual and spiritual development of a man like Emmons ; nor can the episode be invested with seriousness enough to check a mischievous smile even by so grave and stilted a parallel as this :

“ It has been supposed [erroneously, however, the meaning is] that as John Calvin gives in his writings no evidence that he ever felt the

influence of Mont Blanc and the Lake of Geneva, and of the legends connected with them, so Nathaniel Emmons was insensible to such superstitions as were connected with the Moodus Noises." pp. 5, 6.

— a *belles-lettres* flight which we should have looked at several times before venturing to put it under the twinkling optics of our ancient critic of college themes. The figure which this "Matchit Moodus" here makes is another illustration of the straining of our author to make the most of everything that can magnify and intensify his theme—a "constant aim at piquancy of effect," as Ruskin says of some of the Northern builders.—Has the recent eclat thrown around the divine of Newport, as the chief *dramatis persona* of the "Minister's Wooing," stimulated the Professor to attempt, in another way, a little of the same *sensation-writing* in behalf of the not much more imaginative divine of Franklin?

We are aware of the presumption of thus questioning the literary taste of so high an authority in the schools. But the republic of letters is, or should be, a pure democracy in which mere prestige and prescription are not recognized as the law of the realm. We have ever cherished a true veneration, and a strong personal, if not dogmatic admiration, of Dr. Emmons. With small abatements, he more nearly actualizes our ideal of a New England parish minister than perhaps any one of the goodly company whom the compiler of the "Annals of the American Pulpit," with a taste as delicate as his industry is unwearied, has placed in the galaxy of our Congregational *stelligeri*. The abatements would lie in the direction of his too rigid sequestering of himself from the common intercourse of men, and his almost absurd refusal to put his hand to outdoor labor even to save a load of hay from a sudden rain. It is curious that so severe a disciplinarian should have feared to work a part of the day in his garden, lest he should become too fond of this recreation, and so neglect his study. A little more fresh air in that sanctum would have done it no harm. If (as we are here assured) his theology was not of the cast-iron type, some of his personal habits certainly were. Not to be able to do without a waiting-man for a half hour through the day were a bondage to another's flesh, if not one's own,

from which we should fervently pray to be exempted. But these and similar traits are harmless idiosyncrasies. There was a sincere and noble man underneath them. His self-respect hit the fair medium between an abject and a haughty temper. It secured the respect of others, not to his three-cornered hat, or his silver shoe-buckles, or the military precision of his gait, but to the transparent rectitude of character which it represented. It is related that the late Dr. Sharp, of Boston, was one day taken to task by a parishioner for walking so erectly, as if it were an indication of a proud spirit; when the doctor aptly replied — that “God made man upright.” There is no humility in round shoulders, and knees that have lost all their spring. Our country parson evidently thought so. He knew his rights, and the proprieties of his station. On one of the regular pay-days of his salary, the treasurer of the parish failed to wait on the minister with the half-yearly stipend. Eleven days expired, and no funds were forthcoming. The new man of finance was standing upon his dignity, and intended to be called upon for the payment of the parish dues, without respect of persons.

“At last the treasurer saw the neat carriage driving up to his front door, and the three-cornered hat in the carriage. The doctor alighted from the chaise, holding his reins and his whip. He knocked. The door was opened. ‘Is Mr. A. at home?’ ‘He is.’ ‘I should be glad to see him.’ Mr. A. came, and stood before his minister. ‘Good morning, sir,’ was the minister’s word. ‘Good morning, sir,’ was the treasurer’s reply. ‘I have been expecting,’ added the minister, ‘for eleven days to see you at my house. Good-bye, sir;’ and he added no more, but his fleet horse took him back straight to the parsonage, and the treasurer followed him before noon, carrying the delayed salary, and resolving to try no more experiments.” p. 339.

The old gentleman was keen at a repartee. A pantheistic physician of the neighborhood once encountered him in a sick room (for substance) thus: —

“‘Mr. Emmons, how old are you?’ ‘Sixty, sir; and how old are you?’ came the quick reply. ‘As old as the creation,’ was the physician’s answer. ‘I was in the garden with Adam and Eve.’ ‘Well,’ replied Dr. Emmons, ‘I have always heard that there was a *third person* in the garden with them, but I never knew before that it was *you*.’” — p. 338.

Emmons did not wholly eschew novels, and was particularly fond of dramatic reading. "A good tragedy" he considered an excellent preparation and model in sermon-writing. His mill ground fine, and his bolting-cloths let very little bran through. He read upon the topics of his immediate study, rather than in a general way. To write his sermon on the Law of Paradise, he perused the whole of Blackstone on the laws of England. Some of his political preaching must have been hard for the opposition to take. We remember a fiery spirit who, in an exciting debate in a clerical conclave, sprung to his feet with this *Irishism*: "Moderator, it is more than I can stand to sit still and listen to the gentleman over the way." We should think any unfortunate Jeffersonian would have felt very much so, if penned up in an old-fashioned pew while the doctor was preaching his "Jeroboam" discourse. The chapter upon Emmons as a preacher is one of the best in this volume. It was his main business. Sometimes he would review a book in the pulpit, exposing its metaphysical and moral fallacies. His style was direct and concise: much logic — little rhetoric. The name of "Dr. Reasoner," given him by one of his disciples, describes his method. Everything about him was natural and simple. He did not overlook the children on a Sunday; nor, in fact, on the week-days, as they very well understood. We were not a little surprised to learn that he possessed much extemporaneous power, and used it habitually: but it appears that the afternoon applications of his carefully-written morning arguments were seldom put on paper beyond the statement of the successive "inferences;" that these were filled up, on the spur of the occasion, with much fluency and point; and that the discourses as now printed were so far forth composed at a late period of his life, thus accounting for the discrepancy between their yet remembered piquancy as delivered and their present comparative want of this characteristic. This further explains a local tradition, that he frequently did not begin his manuscript for the Sabbath until after breakfast of that day. Still, it was pretty rapid quill-driving, with all the rumination of the previous week, to write out the twenty-five minutes' half for the morning's use. A steel pen would have rendered it a physical impossibility. One advantage which this late commencement

gave him was the opportunity to take up any unusual providence of the week, even at the very end of it, for the Sunday discourse—a habit which he often turned to excellent and striking account.

That Emmons belonged to the small class of what are called decidedly original men is beyond dispute. But as a thinker we must be allowed still to place him rather among the sharp and narrow, than among the massive and comprehensive minds. His view ran further perpendicularly than horizontally: its depth lacked a proportional breadth. The theological house which he planned reminds us much more of one of those very tall and thin structures which are seen sometimes in cities on a vacant lot, as if waiting to be built up against by something else, and in the upper stories of which one could hardly sleep without the fear of a toppling-over before daylight, than of a spacious, square, well-spread mansion, set down where lots are sold by the acre not by the foot. We must be allowed to say, that the exceedingly elaborate effort, extended through seventy of these pages, to eclaircize "His Theological System," has not succeeded, with all its citations in single or double columns, and with the skilful commentaries thereto appended, in changing this opinion.

A still-surviving and witty champion of Hopkinsianism was asked to tell what the doctrine thus labelled is; to which he answered that "It is what makes people *hop*." We have long thought that this was about the fact; in other words, that its definitions, statements, arguments—that which differences it from the received orthodox faith—have in them more of smartness than solidity. It is too near the close of this paper to enter upon a discussion of Emmons's peculiar views, and his modifications, at a few points, of the Hopkinsian formulas. This would more appropriately belong to a review of his System of Divinity, than of the narrative of his personal life. But as the biographer has seen fit to open the general theological debate in this connection, a few remarks suggest themselves as neither irrelevant nor unseasonable.

The practical results of a dogmatic system, on a fairly expanded and extended scale, are its ultimate test. Emmonsism, as promulged by its author, gave so great prominence to the

doctrines of Divine sovereignty, a vicarious atonement, special Divine grace in regeneration, and the truths generally which lie on that side the gospel, that its opposite outlooks towards a latitudinarian scheme did not open the way at first to the inroad of serious errors. The personal influence of the elder Edwards, Bellamy, and some others of a like theological type, and the effect of their training of the churches, particularly in conjunction with the revivals of their day, set the Franklin teacher strongly in this direction, which he followed out quite beyond the limits of a legitimate orthodoxy into several untenable ultraisms. It is historical, that his preaching, and that of his nearer followers, had and has this character; so much so that their extreme advances along this range of positions is *the* thing by which they have been remembered among the common people. Their staple of pulpit-instruction has been considered as very rigid and uncompromising upon these aspects of the Divine government. But there is another set of dogmas in that system which are as inseparable from it, and which, not balanced as originally by those judicial views of God's relations to men, fall straight over into the embrace of a ruinous liberalism. We are living to see this sadly realized.

It is but a short slide from the celebrated *dictum* of this school, that "sin consists in sinning," to the *tabula rasa* theory of the moderates. Emmons himself, though he "catechised the children" (p. 341), is currently credited with the curt and pointed remark that "original sin is an original lie." His printed words are tantamount to this:

"Nothing can be more repugnant to Scripture, reason, and experience, than the notion of our *deriving* a corrupt heart from our first parents. If we have a corrupt heart, as undoubtedly we have, it is altogether *our own*, and *consists* in our evil affections and other evil *exercises*, and not in any moral *stain*, *pollution*, or depravity derived from Adam." — p. 378.

But he saved himself from the charge of making infants therefore incorrupt and innocent, by running back the date of this actual sinning to the first moment of their existence as human souls. It was the easy and natural result of time and advanced culture to throw down this last quite insufficient bar-

rier ; and then, holding on to the " sin consists only in sinning," we have the theory of human nature of the liberal pulpits and professorial chairs of both the heterodox and *quasi* orthodox. Thus, there is nothing sinful in a man but what he himself personally does — so says the Hopkinsian. Very true, responds the Socinian ; and it is certain that we do not begin actively to sin for some time after birth. Therefore, between birth and the indeterminate boundary-line of the years of accountability, what is left but the " sheet of white paper," waiting doubtless to be badly blotted through wrong examples and influences, but not otherwise prone to evil at all? Young Hopkinsianism thus strikes hands, across a narrow border, with Unitarian, Universalist, Swedenborgian, and we know not how many other forms of error. And if it attempts to check its too sheer descent by putting out an indefinite, quavering caveat of " unbalanced moral sensibilities," these easy Athenians will not object to admitting that phrase among their delphic terminology, meaning nothing more, as a definition of the consequences of the Fall upon mankind, than what they are entirely willing to concede, for the sake of pleasant company.

Now, we are just enough behind the times to stand fast yet by the answer — that " the sinfulness of that estate whereinto man fell consists in the guilt of Adam's first sin, the want of original righteousness, and the corruption of his whole nature, which is commonly called original sin, *together with* all actual transgressions which proceed from it." And we purpose to keep our footing here, at the risk of being also transfixed with a feathered shaft like this, shot (as we fancy) not " at a venture," but with a very distinct aim :

" The Franklin Calvinist . . . had no time, therefore, for entertaining his hearers with a theory of their having committed a sin in Paradise. They rose in rebellion when he announced that they would, if they could, dethrone God ; but they would have loved to hear him declaim on their having really and actually eaten the apple six thousand years ago. He believed it to be one thing to press on men the charge that they themselves are now, of their own choice, ready to crucify their Lord afresh ; and a very different thing to utter mystical words on their generic participation in the crime committed in the heart of Asia, before the birth of Cain. . . . If Emmons had taken delight

this fashionable Calvinism, he might have astonished his auditors with his sesquipedalian nomenclature, and earned a shining name for his polished orthodoxy." p. 426.

— a paragraph which shows that the art of caricature is not confined to Brooklyn Heights.

The earlier Emmonites defended a theory of Natural Ability that not only asserted man's constitutional capacity to be all that his Maker requires, (which is true,) but also his actual power to meet, unassisted, every claim of God upon him. "He taught that God never requires of men, what they have not the natural power to do:" of course, *all* the power requisite, if this heading of the section signifies anything to the purpose. He taught that "men have natural power to regenerate themselves" (p. 374); "that men are active and not passive in regeneration" (p. 428) — the word used is not *conversion*, of which this would be true. "They need no other principle, power, or ability to do all that God requires, than they naturally possess: are as able to do right as to do wrong . . . are as able to obey any command of God as to disobey it . . . are able to obey every command of God." (p. 375.) Framed, however, as these strong expressions were into the stringent counterparts of God's sovereign decrees of electing grace, his direct agency in determining human choices, and a regenerating impulse on his part which, in fact, amounted almost to a Divine compulsion of irresistible conquest — these daring statements were much hampered in doing the injury of which they were capable. Here, again, time has wrought adversely. From hundreds of our pulpits the hawsers have been cut which moored them up to these firm fastenings of God's throne and grace. These doctrines in which those fathers delighted, which, in their view, so exalted Jehovah and abased the sinner, are not set forth in distinctness sufficient to hold men back from a false, presumptuous self-reliance, while still they are told that they are able entirely to do all that God demands of them. Very well; they will do it, at their own convenience. If they have the affair so completely in their own hands, almost any vacant hour will suffice to adjust it. Not very much is said now about the Holy Spirit's official work in salvation, as absolutely necessary to this end. How should this be so indispensable, if man has

all the natural ability wanted in the premises? Consequently, men do not fear, at present, as they used to, about grieving away forever that Spirit by these self-confident procrastinations. Hence, a reckless impenitency which will do its own work when it pleases; and because it knows that it cannot do much in the way of holiness, it naturally enough infers that there is nothing very radical or thorough which needs to be done in order to enter the kingdom of heaven; that "a change of heart" is only resolving to be a Christian, that is — passing an inward resolution that you are one already. So orthodoxy glides again down this easy slope into something with "which no liberal Christian will be much disposed to disagree." [Vid. Boston Review, Volume I. p. 520.]

Our biographer has largely set in order, in parallel columns, the apparent contradictions in positions maintained by Emmons: we think that he has shown more perspicacity here than success in his endeavors to prove that the contradiction is only in appearance. So, we presume he would interpose a note at this point — to the effect that Emmons held a very emphatic sentiment of the *moral* impotency of the sinner. It is worth asking, how much of native power you have left (which deserves the name of *power*) after you have subtracted the moral impotency from the natural ability. "What's in a name?" Constitutional capacity for religion is one thing. We all have it. *Real power* to make ourselves "sons of God" is a fiction of the schools. But the schools carry it as a metaphysical distinction; and the pulpits follow, as affecting a knowing, philosophic air; and the pews are flattered into a persuasion of their decided self-sufficiency; and humanity becomes its own Saviour.

Will the reader follow us carefully here? When Emmons so stoutly defended this "exercise" scheme of his, locating all sin in man's sinful acts of will, and denying that we are "by nature children of wrath" — he had no idea what a harvest of proud, self-reliant fancies would ripen from this seed. But here is the fact. He is quoted and lauded by our recent theologues for these strongly argued points which the most liberal divinity among us welcomes; but the other side of his theology is left stranded along-shore as behind the age: of course, ^{ice.} such speak comparatively. No connection with the first sin, say, ^{authorize}

cidental — no disposition therefrom arising to go astray — no real responsibility for anything save one's own volitions — all evil and good in these alone, so far as our character and destiny are concerned — hold on to these *dicta*, and lay the main stress of the pulpit upon them ; and instead of making men realize their guilt and peril, you do precisely the reverse. What Emmons did in converting men, he did not do by this arm of his battle, alone or mainly. He preached the whole of the doctrine contained in the evangelic text, with an equal stress laid on the supernatural work declared in it, — “ But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name : which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.” We are amplifying this topic somewhat to a repetitious length. But it needs to be understood how the human element in our creed is prevailing over the Divine ; whence the start and what the method of this process. We are not arguing a theory, but setting down history. Dr. Channing's descent from the Newport to the Federal-Street platform may be profitably studied in this connection.

These pages renew the argument which ascribes our salvation through Christ “ directly and immediately to a more winning perfection than justice ; to the free, untrammelled, unnecessitated Grace of the Monarch.” (p. 389.) This is the Andoverian claim, in the premises. We object to this putting of the case, implying, as it does, that the received Calvinism of our creeds and confessions attributes the sinner's redemption to anything higher or more ultimate than just this very *grace*. The biographer of course knows this ; and we decline being put by his words into the issue of justice *versus* grace. His cross-questioning is more artful than truthful.

“ Did Christ bear the legal penalty which was due to us ? ‘ Yes,’ many Calvinists reply. ‘ No,’ was the reply of Emmons ; for *after* our penalty has been borne once, distributive justice forbids that it be borne the second time, and therefore, on this theory, our freedom from punishment results *immediately* from strict justice ; not from sovereign grace.” p. 389.

How challenge the “ therefore.” It is not one of Paul's rivets. ^{as} ~~this~~ ^{that} held that Christ so literally, and in every way, bore the

penalty of sin as therefore to suspend the action of God's love and mercy, "free, untrammelled, unnecessitated" in redemption. So far from this, the whole procedure begun in sovereign grace alone. That originated this counsel of eternity which had its fulfilment at Calvary. But the gospel does put Christ's atonement in such a relation to God's just claims upon the individual transgressor—his "distributive justice"—that salvation comes through Christ's satisfying these demands of law, in precept and penalty, upon his condemned soul. God's grace is magnified, not in ignoring the righteous grasp of justice upon the offender, and saving him through some impulse of general benevolence, or "public justice," as the phrase now is, but in devising a plan of justification which shall meet the sinner in his individual default and ruin, and reconcile, in his salvation, the claims of law and the securing of life everlasting. If Grace provides for Justice a satisfactory substitute for its adjudged victim, and superintends with sleepless love the entire details of our actual rescue from the second death, how is this being saved by Law and not by Grace? That Jesus took our law-place as he did, was simply "because God *so loved* the world." We claim for our doctrine a peculiar property in the familiar stanza:

"Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan."

"Are our sins literally imputed to Christ? 'Yes,' many Calvinists answer. 'No,' was the answer of Emmons. . . . Has Christ rescued us from the guilt of sin? 'Yes,' respond many Calvinists. 'No,' responds Emmons. . . . Is the meritorious obedience of Christ literally imputed to us? 'Yes,' many Calvinists affirm. 'No,' is the word of Emmons." p. 389.

We do not care to fill in the reasons which the biographical theologian ingeniously puts in the lips of the older, in this still "shorter catechism." It must suffice to say that the "Yes" of "many Calvinists" to these interrogatories is not affirmed in the sense here forced upon them, so as to make them teach that our salvation is one of justice *instead of* Divine, almighty grace. Our former reply covers the whole ground. We hold no such commercial imputation of sin or righteousness as to authorize

the inference that, through this imputation of the former to Christ, we must be freed from its burden, mediately or "*immediately* by exact justice, *and not* by sovereign grace;" or, so as that through Christ's obedience, "we must receive its positive recompense from retributive justice, *not* from sovereign grace." We hold, with Paul to the Romans, such a doctrine here as teaches — "that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might GRACE reign through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord." (5 : 21.) Of course, says Stuart, (*in loco*,) δικαιωσιν here means "righteousness in the sense of justification, *i. e.*, God's righteousness — that which he gives or bestows . . . *grace which superabounds* has exercised its sway in procuring a remission of the sentence of condemnation and bestowing that justification which is connected with eternal life." These are transactions in law and justice, as well as in grace; and *in those because in this*. Our author essays to work a logical pestle, in this section, to the apparent pulverizing of our old English divines and their unworthy successors, which will not cause us to depart from our foolishness so long as we have the goodly fellowship of the Pauline epistles. Logic is good. But we had as lief worship a dry stick as this idol of some of our schoolmen. Its forms are not the absolute compass and circuit of all spiritual truth. Christ's revelation refuses a servile submission to its cramps and screws. If demonstration be demanded of its unrelia- bleness as a final arbiter, enough of it is at hand in the extreme inferences which Emmons accepted from his own premises of "disinterested benevolence." Living men have heard this deduction from his logic stoutly maintained — that if God had told Satan before his apostasy that it was on the whole for the Divine honor that he should rebel and be a lost spirit forever, Satan should have *therefore* preferred rebellion and crime forever to the holiness in which thus far he had rejoiced; which, reduced to its logical expression, is — "a holy willingness to be unholy" — a scientific residuum, but an insult to common sense.

We shall not complain, but we distinctly affirm that the impression evidently sought to be conveyed to the prejudice of the orthodoxy of our Protestant standards, in this memoir, is historically without foundation. If theological discussion is to go on

under cover of perversions and suppressions of avowed beliefs, of misconstructions of declared sentiments and imputations of directly disclaimed conclusions, such as recent publications from this prolific source have given us, we shall soon have the hypochondriac's fantasy realized, who imagined that his head had been taken off, and reset on his shoulders facing backwards. We decline this very delicate operation for ourselves, being satisfied with our present outlook. We intend to protest against it for those who are not here to do it for themselves. Why are not the representatives of the Westminster divines entitled to the same liberty of self-interpretation as the Franklin disputant? Pages of this volume are taken up in exonerating him from the charges of fatalistic and Antinomian heresies by arraying quotations from other of his writings which go as far the opposite way. Thus, by a sort of theological chemistry, the oxygen and acid are thrown into a neutral salt which, under the present manipulation, is in some danger of losing its savor. Suppose such authors as Owen, and Griffin, and Woods, might be suffered to explain themselves with the same fulness, and that a fair compendium of what they really taught could thus be put into the hands of our readers of divinity as an exposition of genuine Old School doctrine? One thing is pretty certain — that the Neo-Calvinists among us, who are levying such mighty war in Introductions and Quarterlies and Treatises for a faith which shall give Reason its proper place, would be compelled to admit that *this* has long ago been done much more scripturally than they are likely to do it, and that, like the valiant Moor's, this particular "occupation" of theirs would be "gone."

This volume suggests more queries than we have space or power to satisfy. Is it, for instance, to be taken as a virtual installation of the Franklin divinity, with eclectic variations, upon the "Abbot Foundation?" We have heard this conviction expressed, with some surprise, by friends of the biographer. But then, again, are not the "variations" so serious as to quite adulterate the genuineness of the product? We fancy the "dozen or so" original Emmonites yet surviving would hardly taste the pure flavor of their vintage in this compound. We have a considerably clear idea of what the Franklin doctor held

as Christian doctrine. He never used words to *conceal* his thought. We devoutly wish that all his professed admirers would as fearlessly lift the veil.

ARTICLE IV.

RIGHT CULTURE IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

BROUGHAM once said that it was his confirmed belief that mankind had learned half they ever knew before they were seven years old. The school-room is entered at the age of four or five, and left at the age of fifteen or sixteen. A considerable portion of both halves of the knowledge to which the statesman refers must be secured after the school-days have begun, and before they are ended. This makes the question concerning an appropriate school-culture very important. That culture must principally relate to what are commonly called the intellectual powers. For the school-room is not directly meant to make stout men and women, or whole-souled and consistent Christians. Its chief design is to make scholars. So that legislators, boards of education, school committees, and teachers deserve to be impeached if they do not guard the school-room against everything which prevents the right opening and happy maturing of the intellect, with as much care and zeal as the mariner protects his compass against substances which shall keep it from guiding him to safe seas and desirable havens.

How shall these intellectual powers be drawn forth and exercised? Some have given the lead to a mental faculty which more properly follows, and acts upon the materials its forerunner has gathered. This is to violate nature instead of copying it. The culture of the school-room will be right, when the powers of the mind are passing to their maturity in the order which nature designs; just as the culture of the farm will be right, when the preparation of the seed, deep ploughing, thorough

harrowing, and careful drilling have the relation to each other, that a wise experience dictates.

There is what may be called the period of the memory in human life, that is to say, a time when the culture of the memory is the easiest. This period comes early, covers a large portion of school-life, and precedes the age of judgment. It is the season in which the materials for the future action of the judgment are to be gathered. If we should attempt to mature this before we have ripened the memory, we are running as much in advance of nature as the so-called philosophers, who declared the laws of the physical system before they had noticed the facts from which these laws were to be generalized. A metaphysician of considerable distinction has said, "We cannot form abstract notions independently of the aid of the memory; we can neither exercise the power of reasoning nor of imagination without it." It follows, that when the memory is well developed, the chances for the proper and large growth of the reason become more sure. So that it is doubtless safe to say, that in many cases the judgment may lie comparatively unexercised, and yet a school-room culture be right. There is a suitability to the structure of the human mind in the phrase—"getting the lesson by heart." It may be labor. This labor may be the best medium through which we shall reach the result which Scripture intended, when it said, "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth." Old Candace said that "she felt it in her bones," when anything had become a real fact in God's government, instead of a reverie of the fancy. So must the child feel it through his bones, if he is ever to grasp the great ideas of intelligence, in distinction from merely dreaming about things. There is no wing of a seraph to bear him along. The pilgrims who took an accommodation line of coaches to the celestial city, always were set down close to the dangerous rapids. But those who took the "Bunyan route," who met the difficulties and overcame them, came out farther up the stream, where there was a beautiful and safe crossing.

Religion and the highest literature are alike in this, that the violent take them by force. There are certain books widely circulated, that have been called "Improving Books." They may be "improving" in this, that they repeat in a simple way

what most persons knew before. But a generation that is to push itself out into the wide realm of knowledge, that is to advance itself and advance the race, needs more "improving books" than these simplified manuals. The law of improvement is but another name for the law of labor. Drill is no more necessary for the soldier than the scholar. The simplification necessary is that which makes the progress gradual and sure, so that the child shall not overleap any of the rounds of the ladder; but never that miserable help which brings the rounds so near that it is not needful for him to climb. Pressing through difficulties which must crush or be crushed, prepares for an easy and triumphant course of strong thought and action, as going through systematically arranged discords brings us to the sweetest and highest harmonies. There is a heroism of the school-room as well as of the battle-field. There may be benefit in the reception and retention of things, the reason of which we are not competent to see. Augustine used to say that he "believed in order to know." And when he had fastened upon certain points of faith, whose metes and bounds he could not accurately define, then he careered away into those luminous ranges of truth which his strengthened eye could survey. This Augustinian maxim seems to be adopted by Sir William Hamilton, and is the leading line to that pyramidal system of thought which rises above the desert a German rationalism was making, and draws attention to itself as the intellectual wonder of the age. In this period of memory, many a thing is stored away which might be marked with this Augustinian and Hamiltonian label, and which leads to a large knowledge of other things, and finally to a knowledge that is very clear of itself. To neglect this period is to reduce greatly the chances of an accurate scholarship. The good scholar comes not often from those who begin to study late in life. The reason is not that he has not sufficient time, but that he has passed through what we have called the period of the memory without laying the foundations that belong peculiarly to it. The good scholar is not often from those who have squandered this season in forcing the judgment, or brightening that imagination which Stillingfleet calls "a shop of shadows." For he is putting the last first and the first last, which God may do, who is able to bring some-

thing out of nothing; but which none of his creatures must attempt who hope for a finished intellectual culture.

Johnson used to say of Garrick, "Davy always makes his Latin from the meaning, and not his meaning from the Latin." He was just such a scholar as the play-reader of early life would be likely to be. The proper teacher for the school-room is one who gets his meaning from his books, and is not content with fastening a *sensé* of his own upon them. He is the servant of his text-books, because they are so much better authority than he ever could be, when left to his own notions. He uses the key that opens their treasures. He pours forth the fire from his own soul to give to their clouds the silver lining. He freights the memory with golden stores, while others, who diminish the value of this noble faculty, care only to see it laden with cheap wares. He is the helper through the "Sloughs of Despond" which lay along the early path of the pilgrim scholar. He is to watch carefully the period of the memory, and make it a working one, that the pupil may naturally and easily advance to the period of judgment which often begins to act spontaneously. It is said that Rufus Choate, no matter how pressing his business, used to commit, even to his latest day, some choice literary lines. He could never have done this had he not employed earlier life in making his mind the retentive storehouse of such precious things. The astonishing power of Edward Everett over his audiences is traceable to the school-rooms of Dorchester, where he was engaged, not so much upon comparative philology, as upon words themselves; where he acquired such an accuracy of memory that it is to him like the "charity which never faileth;" where the exactness of translation fitted him, in these late periods, to translate the life which Americans so greatly value into those glowing words, in which it shines and burns and captivates even more than upon the field of contest, in the halls of a Continental Congress, or upon the slopes of Mount Vernon. He left the University unusually young; but so systematic was his scholarship, while there, that he could repeat pages of Locke at any time. He is an admirable representative of that eminent scholarship to which the appropriate discipline we have spoken of leads. The celebrated Richard Bentley was the pride of England's erudition. In the branches

of higher criticism, our language never has produced his equal. He tells us that his early life was employed much upon words, and that, when the master told him to keep his eyes upon his books, he did not know that he was turning them off for the very purpose of fixing his lesson more firmly. This early training gave promise of his astonishing later skill, so that he was as much at home amid old records, as many are in those whose dates and authors the slightest thought may settle, always treading on firm ground, and making his opponents before he left them as sure as he. Independently of these examples, we all know the worth of a good memory in everything that relates to the facts of history, the close familiarity with the literary treasures of both poetry and prose. The eye of the scholar should be always fixed upon this facility of remembering. We would have these lessons so mastered that they will not be a mere patchwork, one third the scholar's, one third the author's, and one third that which the teacher supplies. It were well if our scholars could become a reflection of the endlessly brilliant Macaulay, who could repeat (it is said) the whole of "Paradise Lost;" or of Humboldt, who was never known to forget anything; or of the retentive old lady who, when her minister treated her to a sermon that she had faithfully listened to years ago, took his hand most cordially as he went out, and said, "Parson, why did you not tell the story you told before, which I thought was the best part of the sermon."

We do not mean to depreciate the judgment. It is only the order of development of which we write. In some exercises of the school-room, both memory and judgment will be collaterally used in producing the best scholarship. We are sure that the education of the Commonwealth, its normal system of training, has done a good service in applying the judgment to those points where we can do nothing without it. The mathematical scholar without a well-disciplined judgment is an impossibility. Sir William Hamilton says that mathematical science is the easiest thing to the judgment; that moral abstractions give it its severest exercise. His familiarity with abstruse metaphysics may have called him away somewhat from the higher processes of calculation, and prejudiced him

concerning the proper relation which each has in testing the mental strength. We are sure that the long details of mathematical problems, the higher points of the calculus, form the "thought-lands" that most thinkers do not venture upon, and where the boldest intellects only are found. The scholar must think largely if he would calculate long. Whether he shall pass from the rule to the practice, and from that to the principle, or from the principle to the rule, may be a question. But there can be no question that he must understand the principle upon which the rule is grounded, or his progress will be like the chariots of Egypt from which the wheels were taken, and which drove heavily. This makes teachers necessary who are not confined to a mere repetition of words and figures; who may not always be required to range farther, but who can do it when occasion calls. But with such teachers, the best in the world if they understand themselves and the human mind, the danger is that the things which call for the judgment will be pressed into the period which God has appointed for the memory, and thus the judgment be forced at the future expense of the scholar. These tasks for the judgment, whether they be moral or mathematical, had better come in later rather than that this should be done.

There are times and seasons for everything. There is a history which may early be taken up; and a philosophy of that history which may enrich a later period of study. "You must repent of your sins," (said the negro to his master) "before you can tell what Paul means in the Romans." There is something to do besides the great work of teaching the mind to think for itself. It is to be replenished with the mighty thoughts that have been flowing along the tide of time, many of which have flowed out from the throne of God; which systematically stored away are ready for the future refining processes of the reason, and being fused in the alembic of one's own intellect shall start forth again in new and brilliant forms, with a wider range and a quicker impulse. There is an hour when the mind is to be a vast sensorium of impressions, where the leaves of the book, like the leaves of the trees, are to drop their treasures, and the flowers of human and divine thought, like the flowers of the field, are to yield up their fragrance for this absorptive soul;

when the whole array of things and beings stands ready to impress its image upon a seemingly passive substance. Then an hour will come when this well-furnished being shall begin to react upon the universe which has been acting so powerfully upon himself; to mark the book with the lines of his own thought, and add to the worth and beauty of another's conception the rich finish of his own; to create new spheres for others to range in, that the processes of reception and creation may keep repeating themselves, while time shall last. To-day, the mother has spoken to her child the simple word, "Be good." All which is included in that "good," may be very indistinctly conjectured; but it will come along with the varied occasions of life, and will range itself under the sentiment which a mother's love so richly and warmly embedded. Our higher courses of education often postpone matters to a late period which require the exercise of the judgment in its riper forms. Some of the colleges of the country require no English composition till the last term of the second year; none, until the second year. Most of them always have deferred the studies for which a mature judgment is demanded as far along in the course as is practicable. The reason is, that the materials may be gathered upon which the understanding shall act. While our age is advancing, it must not forget the lessons of experience, or be inattentive to the demands of human nature.

The watchword then for early life is close, careful study. It will not, with ordinary care, be likely to injure us. The periodicals now complain of danger to the physical system from the pressure of the school-room. It is a dream that this waste of physical energy has arisen from too steady and long a strain of the mind; that is to say, if the strain has been upon the part which corresponds with the period of life that nature has reached. If we have misapplied the strain, used for close reasoning and nice judgment the hours which God meant for another purpose, — then, indeed, our scholars will need the long vacations, the lazy evenings and mornings, and the freedom from every such thing as prayer and reading the Bible, for which some of our periodicals and lecturers clamor. There is no danger, in all the study which is now required, of increasing New England's physical feebleness. People are rather dying for the want,

than the excess of mental application. The systematic development of the mind, the rising from large memories to wide and triumphant reasonings, multiplies the well-springs of life. If parents and guardians will take care of their homes, see to the proper food of their tables, the air of their chambers, the quiet of the nights, and the joyousness of the plays, the teachers may press the pupil to the studiousness of a Humboldt, with the prospect that, like his, it shall increase to the ninetieth year, leaving the eye undimmed and the natural force almost unabated. There is far more danger that the schools will send forth a generation that is not made strong by its deep and broad range of study, than that they will send forth one whose spirit is willing to study, but whose "flesh is weak."

The loss to the world in the course of its education is that men have not been pressed successfully to thorough learning. The immortality of Burns would have been worthier had his mind been better stored. The genius is intense, illumining every subject with a light beyond and above its own, sparkling and flowing and sounding and whitening like some Montmorenci Falls amid the sunbeams it reflects and the spray it throws. But had his instruction been different, his youth allured into other learning than that which the banks of the Ayr supplied, what costlier trophies he might have won than those disclosed to him in the song of the blackbird, the sheltered wood, the cloudy winter's day, the flashing lightning, and the howling storm. What might not have been expected from him, had he found an entirely different professional teacher from the old cottager who (he says) was renowned for this, that she had the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantraps, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery. A thorough education would not have fettered this magnificent genius, while it would have saved him from much of the waste of power which his truest admirers must always lament. Milton's muse soared none the less loftily and beautifully for the exuberant learning with which he had covered its wings. Had Burns's muse been thus garlanded, though it could hardly have been more brilliant than in some of its circlings, yet it would

have sung nearer heaven's gate, and had no occasion to say as it took its flight to regions unseen by us, that it left much behind which was a matter of lamentation rather than joy. One of the honored names of English oratory is that of Brinsley Sheridan. He was a match for Pitt in some spheres of mental power. The exercise of the reasoning faculties was with him to a great degree spontaneous and easy ; but the working, storing period of memory had been almost lost. He would not study. Hence, in the most celebrated trials, he was obliged to confess to his employers that he knew but little ; that they must find him facts, and he would set and color them so as to carry the point with court and jury. He would have shaken a community to its very foundations, and carried resistlessly away the most intelligent assemblies, had his stores of knowledge borne any proportion to the brilliancy and force which he could give to a fact of every-day life. These cases cannot be claimed to show the unimportance of an attention to the period of memory : they prove convincingly just the contrary. With such persons talents are buried because they will not take the trouble to put them to usury at the period when that investment has the promise that it shall keep compounding itself to the end of their days.

It will be easy now to see where we should place the physical and religious culture of the school-room. They are both to be considered as collaterals or side-forces, to be employed in connection with the great primary intellectual object. The physical culture may be brief. External concomitants may be made to promote the correctness and clearness of thought. It is said that Washington Irving used to wash and shave himself, and put on his best clothes, when he wrote those pieces which shine as the light. We would keep the body from standing bent at right angles, not for its own sake, but for this — lest the angularity should be communicated to the thoughts ; and because there is a full supply now of angular beings to give a sufficient irregular variety to the mental world. We would insist upon a clear and free air, and moderate warmth, and blinded windows, not simply to save eyes and lungs and difficulties of the spine, but that we may have an unslumbering corps of scholars, prompt to hear, prompt to move at call,

prompt to remember law, quick to take advantage of others' ideas and mould them over into their own. We value physiology not as teaching how to make plump bodies merely, but that a scholar may see where his unnoticed and uncared-for organization may be only friction to the sweep of his mind. We are sure that many people would be better if they did not know that they ever breathed, or that there was an atmosphere, or that they had any heart and lungs, or that there were any books which told them what invited sickness, and what would give vernal bloom and health. The efforts to save people from sickness and death are often in the end very destructive. Therefore we would leave this physical culture much to the boy's spontaneous action, unchecked, free as the mountain air. Give him the good seat, the moderate light, the temperate atmosphere, without putting him upon too much thought of the need of such things, and avoid the monstrous folly of forcing him to an exercise for which he has no heart. Let him go, with the reins thrown upon his neck. Let him run, and wrestle, and throw, and push, with a toil harder perhaps than that to which you would put him, but useful and joyous, because all the time changing his muscles and freshening his frame.

A teacher once came to us, saying, "What shall I do with this boy who has been fighting another because he called him hard names?" "Did this lad who *called* the names," we said, "come in, full of life, mentally excited, flushed with enthusiasm, ready to argue his case before your tribunal?" "Yes!" "Well, then, we believe we must say, that you had better let the fight take its ordinary course, for probably the slow fellow has been pounded into a mental activity which days of your efforts would not produce." These contests of the play-ground are not like the bully-fights of a city. They are soon over. Boys and girls let alone, turned out to hop or skip, slide, skate, or run, will be prompted by nature to secure the best physical vigor and freshness. The principal connection of a school with physical culture is to provide a place for study, where the energy and freshness which, undirected, unforced, has been secured outside, may not waste and decay. Sometimes the community seems crazed to multiply new helps for

physical training, forgetful of the great fact that the mind, active, thinking, and earnest, makes the current of life flow full, strong, healthful, along our veins. The grand idea for a scholar as for a Christian is to think but little of himself, and to spend his spare bits of time in anything rather than in rummaging over his bodily sensations to see if he cannot find the beginnings of trouble. Turn the child out, not for duty, but for sport. Rejoice in his mud-dams, his snow-houses, his coursing against the wind, his flying kites, his mimic soldiering, his wrestlings, and tumblings, and all his varied spontaneities. Else, while you attempt to deprive the muscles of the free outbursts of the inner life, and fashion a body of yourself, you may leave it as miserably maimed as the Indian when he has flattened the head, or the Chinese when they have shrivelled the foot, or the Parisian belle when she has reduced the waist to the minimum that life can endure. The best part of the article in a late "Massachusetts School-Teacher" on physical culture was this: "At an early period I followed the rule given to rise from the table hungry, but did not secure health. After several years I began to eat and drink about as much as I desired, and experienced a cessation of indigestion and the many ills to which it gives rise." Juvenal doubtless had something like this in his mind when he wrote in one of his "biting satires" that if you drive out Nature with a double-pronged pitchfork, she will be sure to come back again and demand her rights.

The religious culture cannot be left to this natural action. The Saviour, who knows best, tells us, that the heart left to itself does not develop things which are very favorable to an intellectual life. Therefore an actively controlling process here is necessary. The question is settled by the voices of history that a mind without a religious nurture is only a half-developed mind. The religious ideas are necessary, or the sphere of literature and science will be very incompletely occupied. A witty mind, that can sparkle in comedies or shine in small conceits, may be fostered in the school, without religion. But the tragedies of Shakspeare could never have been created except by a mind largely infused with the religious element. It is remarkable that although Voltaire ignored religion in his lighter pieces, he uses its ideas profusely in his higher and

tragic compositions. It probably was a truth, when he told the pious old lady who said she was afraid to stay with him in the house during a thunder-storm, that he had written more in favor of religion than her devout life had spoken. The infidelity of the school-room unchecked would palsy its intellectual life. The school-room is the proper place to check it. It is monstrous to say that this subject is to be attended to only in our churches and homes, when the home has often no religion and when large masses of the children never see the inside of a church. Daniel Webster said, at the time of the revision of the Constitution of Massachusetts, that the Commonwealth was bound to provide for its children a spiritual as well as an earthly light; and he might have added the reason—because the earthly will not burn and glow without the celestial. Coleridge says that he once told his school-master that he should not get his Bible-lesson, for he was an infidel. “Hold out your hand, then,” said he. Coleridge adds: “I remember this, that the whipping was ‘*sound*,’ and that it undermined my infidelity much better than an argument, which would only have flattered my pride.” Now this may not be the way to break the religious sluggishness of a modern school-room, but it must be broken up if it shall give us a symmetrical and strong intellectual life.

“ Strong links and mutual sympathies connect
The moral powers, and powers of intellect.
Still these on those depend by union fine,
Bloom as they bloom, and as they fade decline.
Talents, ’tis true, gay, quick, and bright, has God
To Virtue oft denied, on vice bestow’d :
Just as fond Nature lovelier colors brings
To paint the insect than the eagle’s wings.
But of our souls, the high-born, loftier part,
The ethereal energies that touch the heart,
Conceptions ardent, laboring thought intense,
Creative fancy’s wild magnificence,
And all the dread sublimities of song,
These, virtue, these to thee alone belong ;
These are celestial all, nor kindred hold
With aught of sordid or debasing mould :
Chilled by the breath of vice their radiance dies,
And brightest burns when lighted at the skies ;

Like vestal flames, to purest bosoms given,
And kindled only by a ray from heaven."

It is sufficient to specify this connection of religious with intellectual instruction. The sectarian objection is hardly worth our notice. The religious element enters largely into American life, and the American scholar will hardly find himself at home in the lyceum, the court-room, or the periodical, unless the words and phrases of the Bible are quickly thought of, and aptly introduced. As for the prayers, a man would be afraid of his own shadow, who could fear that they would much strengthen any particular religious sentiment. They are too often so meagre in the senate-chamber and the school-room that you may say respecting them as a hearer once said of his celebrated pastor, that he liked him wonderfully, for his sermons never meddled with politics or religion.

These observations upon the school-room must close. It is long since we left it. If we could claim any title to scholarship, we should trace it as much to the discipline of the school-room, as to the later discipline of the college. The old instructors were not such fossils as they are sometimes deemed to have been. They had a strong "thought-life," and that life they were sure to communicate with more or less gentleness according to the brain upon which they had to operate. The old school-room may adopt the last words of Webster, and say, "I still live." It lives in the discipline it gave. So will the modern school-room live. It may not have titles; but it will have strong thought and pure feeling and cultivated language, which are to form the glad stream that is to make this desert world blossom as the rose.

ARTICLE V.

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE COUNTRY HISTORICALLY DEVELOPED.

The History of the United States of North America from the Plantation of the British Colonies till their Assumption of National Independence. By JAMES GRAHAME, L.L. D. 2 vols.

History of the Colonization of the United-States. By GEORGE BANCROFT. 3 vols.

Speech of Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy : Delivered at Savannah, March 21, 1861.

The Uprising of a Great People : The United States in 1861. By COUNT AGÉNOR DE GASPARIN.

WE place these works at the head of our remarks, not to indicate any purpose of making them objects of formal review, but rather to make reference to certain authors whom we accept as authorities, and to mention some landmarks of divergent social progress in the land, while considering the present condition of the Republic.

We have reached a grand epoch in the national life. The forces native to it, and those long associated with it, act no longer together, but separately and apart. In the organized system, there is repulsion, and convulsed action. The sections and energies of the country are wrought up to the tension and vigor of a life-and-death struggle, and the result hangs in suspense. Whether, in the fierce encounter, vigor shall become exhausted and life extinct, or whether obstacles shall be thrown off and the Republic make a signal advance in the career of greatness, none can tell. In one thing, however, all true men may rejoice :

“ We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time ;
In an age on ages telling :
To be living is sublime.”

Before passing to our theme, we wish to say a word respecting the works mentioned. Of the Colonial histories, that by Dr. Grahame exhibits a greater sympathy with the religious principles and spirit animating the early settlers, in the particular forms in which they held and asserted them ; while that of Mr. Bancroft, viewing these somewhat generally and vaguely, develops more fully their action in securing the enfranchisement and political liberty of the people. Both works are excellent in style and tone, entering *con amore* upon their great theme, and pursuing it with an easy mastery of the numerous details and the general flow of life, to its termination in the Revolutionary War. Thorough inquirers, and especially followers of the ancient New England faith, should become familiar with the former of these works, as well as the latter.

Mr. Vice-President Stephens is well qualified by talent, and by position as a leading statesman of his section, as well as by perfect frankness, to interpret the principles and spirit of the Southern Confederacy ; while the work of De Gasparin shows that the position of the North is sufficiently *prononcé* to be comprehended by any and all who care candidly to inquire after it. The uprising of the people in November 1860, and the yet mightier uprising of April 1861, are events conspicuous in the view of all the world.

Historical inquirers find in the lives of nations this process of development. First, there is a period devoted to *growth*. Under energies always acting, within and around, the great work is to develop native elements, mature inherent powers, and prepare to act. Next, *maturity* arrives ; the period to manifest the kind of life nations possess and what results they are fitted to accomplish in the world. They reveal themselves as true or false to their fundamental principles, act on others according to their characters, and commit their names to the scrolls of history. There is another stage. In the course of providence, exigencies arise ; sudden danger springs up within ; hostile powers assail from without ; life and all held dear are about to be lost. Prompt effort is necessary. Self-sacrifice is demanded. Life must be put at stake. This is the period of *heroism*, the stage of noblest life. At such junctures, recorded honors

gather around the names of the patriotic and true, while the unfaithful are consigned to contempt.

Two centuries and a half ago, the original materials of the United States were transported to the shores of the New World ; — the men, the principles, and the animating spirit. For a century and a half, the special work of the nation was to grow and develop native traits and powers ; to assimilate and crystallize on colonial centres, and then unite.

Somewhere about fourscore years ago, the Republic was organized under the present constitution of government. The time since elapsed constitutes the period of the nation's manhood. Mature powers have been displayed ; and, with organic unity and force, the nation has acted on the world. As to the character of the influence exerted, opinions differ.

Carlyle we may suppose to be a fair representative of the best sentiment of Europe : " Brag not yet," he says, " of our American cousins. Their quantity of cotton, dollars, industry, and resources, I believe to be almost unspeakable ; but I can by no means worship the like of these. What great human soul, what great thought, what great noble thing, that one could worship or loyally admire, has been produced there ? None ! The American cousins have yet done none of these things." This is characteristically, but not quite correctly, said. A not incompetent British authority, Lord Brougham, has recorded his judgment, that George Washington is " the greatest man of our own, or of any age." That name, at least, America has given to the world. Edwards the elder, serene, subtlest, grandest thinker of his age, educator of great minds, and layer of foundations essential alike to governments and morals, America has given to the world. And not a few others ; not least among them, Daniel Webster, king of men and pillar of the Republic, the product and pride of New Hampshire ; these, the " American cousins " have reared and given to mankind.

Yet the allegation made by the European critic, we must admit, is not altogether incorrect. The exhibitions of American character, the past three-fourths of a century, in general, have been commonplace and unheroic. The energies of the people have been exerted mainly in the line of material interests ; in

an exceptional way, only, have they wrought in the higher domain of intellect and spirit. Still, it is well to consider that this was the very work necessary to be performed. To have attempted the advanced work, or anticipated the full results of European refinement, under the recent institutions of the United States, would have been only to repeat the primitive folly of sending "decayed gentlemen and goldsmiths" to settle the wilderness of the Chesapeake, and then demand that the colony keep from starvation. Such folly has not been committed.

But now, upon so brief a manhood, plainly the hour of destiny has struck. The Republic is authoritatively summoned to its heroic period, and with eager minds the people have heard the voice sublime. Is there not an unwonted power stirring in the deep domain of the nation's heart? Down beneath the sphere of business, pleasure, ambition, where the grand powers and passions dwell, is there not the uprising of hitherto unconscious energies, the awakening of new aspiration and resolve, the felt prophecy of deeds to be performed that shall tell on the the ages, and shine resplendent over the whole field of history? So, at least, we read the scenes enacting around us.

On the first of March 1861, the country was an ocean becalmed: the winds were dead, the tide-pulses had ceased: all was profound quiet, except where, at the South, crafty treason had reared its head, and was stealthily creeping over the land. The supreme government was treacherous or asleep, and the Republic without earthly guardian or protector, was passing unconsciously forward into the toils of death. Like old King Duncan crossing the threshold of Macbeth's castle, under the power of infernal incantations and unhallowed ambition, assassins were about to destroy its life. A stifling air filled the land. The young, vigorous nation seemed about to die and make no sign. But treason miscalculated; Providence had other designs.

On the twelfth of April, in the early morning, there arose, on the darkness covering the harbor of Charleston, S. C., a line of light, springing from the Southern horizon, piercing the vault above, and falling, with an explosion, on the waters. It was a signal gun, and the precursor of a fierce storm-sleet of iron and

fire, from the batteries of insurgent hosts. Gathered under the folds of the national banner, there were fourscore men occupying a little fortress, striving to maintain the nation's honor, and protect its life. But, for thirty-four successive hours, the storm fell on the valiant band; the flag, that had floated over the harbor from the origin of the government, was shot away; the fortress fell, and treason prevailed. Traitors deemed their object assured, their power consolidated, the national capital in effect taken, the government overthrown. But those guns not only, as intended, awoke the energies of the aristocratic and slaveholding sections, they reverberated over the entire land; they awoke the power of the insulted government, and a loyal host of twenty millions rose up armed for the conflict. Henceforth, heroism or cowardice, honor or infamy, is to mark the character of the land.

The science of history teaches that the law of cause and effect holds sway in every part and department of its immense domain; that no great changes are causelessly, or even suddenly, wrought in human societies; and that, sooner or later, the external aspects of nations and communities conform to the underlying principles, and the forces, residing in them.

In explaining the present convulsed condition of the country, some have found the cause in the existence and arrogant assumptions of domestic slavery. Others have discovered the irritating element in the lawless tongues of abolitionists and the immeasurable abuse heaped upon the slaveholding sections. By others, other causes still have been suggested, of various degrees of potency, even down to that said to have been assigned by a certain Washington court-preacher, who detects the root of the evil in the abolition of capital punishment by the legislatures of certain Northern States.

We believe that causes broader and deeper than any and all these are necessary to meet the conditions of the problem. To comprehend the great struggle we must include in the scope of our thought such inquiries as these: What were the individual and social forces thrown into this country, when it was colonized from the Old World? What modifying influences from without acted upon them in their new location? How did the interior social forces act upon one another? What institutions sprang

up, embodying the principles and spirit of the people, and giving them organic power to act on the world? How has time influenced the development of the great community? Any view of less scope and thoroughness than these questions suggest, it seems to us must fail to give mastery of the momentous topic. We will proceed, then, to examine these points.

The nation that most extensively engaged in colonizing the territory of the United States was Great Britain. The United Netherlands, France, Spain, Sweden, and some other European countries, also participated in the work. Those nations bestowed on America men of such natural stamina and moral qualities as had been reared on their soil. This we assign as their merit, and the sum total of their merit, in the case. Europe, "*magna mater virum*," furnished the men adequately endowed for the heroic enterprise of founding States in the newly opened Western world.

The impelling power that colonized Virginia was *the love of enterprise, of glory, and of gold*; this was done under impulses communicated by Sir Walter Raleigh and others, and in emulation of the achievements of Spain. Discussions not unfrequently arise, as between the North and the South, regarding race and stock. It is worth noticing as the deliverance of history on the point, that the early settlers of Virginia were composed mainly of the *impoverished English gentry and their dependents*; and that, in the first three companies of immigrants, the debased elements largely predominated: that Lord Delaware arrived with the fourth immigration, just in time to save the colony from extinction; and that with him came a deep sense of piety, and the spirit of colonists. The influence of those original settlers on morals, manners, industry, and social condition is felt in the Ancient Dominion to this day.

The settlement of Maryland was effected under Lord Baltimore, by Roman Catholic gentlemen and their servants, and furnishes one of the most beautiful colonial enterprises recorded in history. Persecuted in England and Ireland, the colonists established free institutions on the borders of the Chesapeake, and there exemplified the principles of toleration and religious liberty.

It was some time subsequent that the Carolinas were settled,

by the love of adventure and trade. New England and Virginia, Great Britain and France, contributed settlers. Puritans, prelatists, and Huguenots combined to form those peculiar communities, for which Locke and Shaftesbury legislated with such wise absurdity. Some one alleges respecting the Puritans of New England, that, on their first arrival at Cape Cod, they caught a chill from the climate, which they have not thrown off to this day. So regarding Carolina, the fever and ague, so troublesome at Oyster Point in the infancy of the country, would seem to afflict the constitution of the Charlestonians down to the present time. The fever is on them now: the ague, doubtless, will come in due time.

The parent of New York was the United Republic of the Netherlands. Under the energies of her Protestant faith, that leading commercial nation sent her sons and her ideas to every clime. Under her flag, Hudson discovered the magnificent river bearing his name. Trading-houses sprung up on the island anchored at its mouth; and behold New Amsterdam! future metropolis of the Western world. *Commercial enterprise* presided at her birth, and has ruled her destinies since.

But the most remarkable of the colonies is the cluster that occupied the soil of New England, which may be regarded as substantially one.

Two centuries and a half ago, the people of England, under the sway of a monarchical church and state, found themselves in religious and political bondage. Feeling deeply the loss of their religious rights, some fled to the New World. Others, on British soil, raised the standard in defence of British rights. Mark the different results. Britons at home overthrew their tyrants and obtained their liberty; but soon they lost it again. The banished Stuarts were recalled, and the Episcopal hierarchy was reëstablished. Yet the tyranny of the Star Chamber and Bishops' courts was too heavy to be borne. The battles must be fought over, and a foreign hero called in to vindicate English rights, and sway the sceptre of English power.

The fugitives, meanwhile, settled the coast of New England, and cherished the spirit of indomitable independence. They upheld, as their first object, their scorned Puritan faith, and made their home the abode of intelligence and piety. Unlike

their brethren in England, they maintained their rights against domestic traitors and foreign foes ; and (however Mr. Carlyle may regard it) wrought out problems in political and ecclesiastical science for the advancement of mankind. By native instincts and principles espoused, freest of the free, they were trained to become defenders and propagandists of freedom in the New World. Such was the gift which Europe originally bestowed on North America, for planting its colonies and rearing up Christian commonwealths. To this we care only to add, that Spain colonized Florida, and settled St. Augustine, the oldest town in the country ; Sweden made to New Jersey and Delaware contributions of her free-spirited industry ; and France bestowed upon the colonies at large her Huguenot principle and artistic skill.

What — it is next important to know — was the situation of the colonists, in the new localities in which they were placed ? and what the influences operating upon them from without ?

It may be difficult, at this advanced day, fully to appreciate these, but their action was unquestionably great. To the immigrants from Europe, America was a new and wonderful world. They found it constructed on a scale of magnificence to which they had not been accustomed ; they had made a formidable voyage to reach its shores, and they had undertaken the lofty enterprise of establishing homes, churches and commonwealths, in it. They were alone with Nature, and her voices addressed them with power.

Every reader, at some time in his travels, may have been overtaken by the grandeur of physical forms and objects, and subdued by their all-embracing power — tost, for example, on the mighty ocean ; the ship, whose deck he trod, a speck on the waste of waters, the blue above, the blue below, and the elements in mysterious intercourse everywhere around. Or, borne into the seclusion of the vast forest, remote from human dwellings, the shafts rising to the skies on every side, reaching forth their giant arms above, and covering all with the canopy of their magnificent foliage. In such scenes, man feels himself, “ how small ! ” “ how insignificant ! ” Soon, however, mind asserts its prerogatives ; and, when animated with high purposes,

and in sympathy with the Creator, it becomes conscious of a grandeur and nobility of endowments far surpassing material objects. Nature first humbles, and then exalts, the spirit of man.

The colonists had traversed the ocean in grandeur and storm ; they were landed, as exiles, on the edge of an immense and savage wilderness. Cut off by vast solitudes from home and civilized life, they toiled, suffered, and executed their heroic enterprises, alone. The spirit of freedom fell upon them from the skies, and the scenes of nature around invigorated in their souls the lofty sense of independence.

This, we are aware, may seem fanciful. But how, on any other view, can we account for facts that meet us in their history ? The Republican spirit broke forth early, and almost simultaneously, all along the Atlantic coast. Attempts were often made to establish arbitrary institutions, and we anticipate that resistance should have arisen to them in New England ; but that such resolute efforts for liberty should have been put forth under the commercial corporations of Virginia and New Netherlands, and under the proprietary governments of other colonies, is what surprises us. We account for it, in some measure, at least, by referring to the influences exerted on the people by their new location. The solitudes and powers of the Western world stimulated sentiments native to the human breast : they reinvigorated the consciousness of the equal rights of man under the government of his Maker, and in the presence of his fellow-men.

But there was *internal* action among the colonies and the diverse forces included in them. As religious principles espoused constitute the most powerful forces known in history, it is essential to state that the Christian faith according to the Protestant forms, demanding free inquiry and an open Bible, was the prevailing religion of the colonists. This at once assumed sway in the largest and most influential colonies, and soon after in parts colonized under Roman Catholic auspices. Florida, as a power in the land, never amounted to anything considerable, religiously or otherwise. The principles of the see of Rome, and of the court of Philip II., which destroyed the rising liberties, and wellnigh the life of Spain, could not

exist in the air of this country. Maryland was relieved from the sway of arbitrary principles by the personal magnanimity of its proprietor, and freedom found security there.

The spirit also of the different Protestant denominations was gradually modified. Episcopalianism was established in Virginia as the religion of the colony, and Puritans and others were persecuted. Puritanism was established in Massachusetts, and Episcopalians and others were persecuted. Tolerance, then unknown in all other parts of the world, was but imperfectly understood by the American colonists. By virtue, however, of their principles and position, persecution soon ceased ; intolerance disappeared ; free inquiry and charity prevailed.

Assimilation also took place in national traits and manners. The Huguenot French mingled with the inhabitants of ail the colonies, infusing into the nation's veins some of the best blood that circles in it. The Sweeds came under the jurisdiction of the Dutch. Erelong the Dutch yielded to the power of the English. New Englanders soon overran the province of New York, and made their appearance in Maryland, Virginia, and the Carolinas, everywhere stimulating the spirit of religious and popular liberty. At the North, the inhabitants, cemented by a common religious faith and great commercial enterprise, became in good degree a homogeneous people. Virginia, received numerous accessions from England and became a mother colony, sending forth her sons and exerting a strong influence around the Chesapeake and towards the South. In the progress of events, therefore, it came to pass that two colonies, or colony-groups, stood prominent on the Atlantic coast, — New England at the North, and Virginia (connecting Maryland with it,) at the South. These two, nearly equal in population, early became the first-rate power of the land ; and on these two, as principal centres, we shall find the democratic and aristocratic elements severally crystallized and found development.

But here let us apply the great historical touchstone, by which the animating spirit of nations is mainly tested and determined. The institutions established and maintained by a people more than anything else disclose its actual life, and the energy with which it acts upon the world. What are the insti-

tutions, then, which the fathers of the country erected and transmitted to their successors? The answer will shed light on the condition of the colonies at large, and will mark a distinction between the North and the South, in political character, social condition, and actual power.

The New England colonists, in coming from the Old World, left behind them the social gradations and political inequalities that so greatly hamper the energies of Great Britain to this day; and brought to their new home all the acknowledged, and some of the unacknowledged rights of Englishmen. They established no monarchy or oligarchy. They erected no institutions based on landed proprietorship and upheld by laws of entail. But keeping in mind the old Saxon Witenagemote and the ancient rights of Englishmen, they established broadly *the representative parliament or legislature*. Holding this to be the great instrument of popular liberty, they mortised it with utmost firmness into the fundamental constitution of the State, and were careful to endow it with that highest function of power—the control of the public purse. Establishing also the right of general suffrage, the mastery of the people over their political affairs was rendered complete.

In jurisprudence, they established a code of laws more consonant with justice, and, at the same time, more humane, than existed on the statute-books of any other nation.

They organized a church-polity, drawn avowedly from the Bible, the freest that has existed since apostolic times, and invigorated it with a faith that has been conspicuous in upholding mental and political freedom on all contested fields: a faith and polity in closest sympathy with Republican institutions.

They, first in the history of the world, avowed the doctrine that the State should permit none of the children in it to grow up in ignorance. They established free primary and grammar schools for the education of the whole community, to develop, train, and adorn the minds of the people, and fit them to act as Christian citizens in the state and the world. These political, religious, and educational institutions are monuments reared in human society, revealing the character of the New England colonists, calling up men of high aims and of an organizing

power capable of making their ideas available to act on the ages and bless mankind.

The institution of negro slavery, it is necessary to add, obtained existence in New England, but not by consent of its inhabitants ; and after the colonies achieved their independence, it was soon abolished. On account of the adverse moral sentiments of the people and the unfavorable climate, the slaves, it is believed, never exceeded the fiftieth part of the population.

If, now, we turn to the South and examine the institutions established there, we shall find the spirit of the people developing itself in a widely different manner. Virginia, though not aided by, was yet the favorite colony of the British crown. The original settlers were chiefly royalists and adherents of the English church. Hence the feudal ideas, resolutely shut out from New England, found entrance there ; and this the more readily, from a distinction before referred to in the condition of the settlers. Some of these, in point of intelligence and worth, were of higher rank, but the larger number were from the depressed classes of English society. Some even had reached the shores of Virginia as servants, doomed to a temporary bondage.

The soil, moreover, by royal grant, was vested in the few ; the many were tenants under them ; and, as under the English law of primogeniture, the estates were transmitted without division to the eldest son. Thus the foundations of a landed aristocracy were laid in the Old Dominion, both in the condition of the settlers and the tenure of the soil.

The English monarchical church was established as the church of the colony, and, as in the mother-country, for long periods, all citizens were required by law to conform to its worship.

Education was confined to the favored few, and free common schools, for the enlightenment of the masses, found no existence there.

Negro slavery, originally introduced in opposition to the will of the colonists, obtained firm foothold ; and before the close of the first century, one half of the population were slaves.

The early settlers of Virginia, however, were thorough Englishmen, and possessed a full consciousness of their political

rights. According to the pattern of the mother-country, they were able to secure the embodiment of them in organic form: they early established a representative Assembly, and zealously guarded its prerogatives. The House of Burgesses became an efficient instrument of popular power. These institutions reveal to us the style of life developed in the colony of Virginia. Social and political aristocracy, and the absolutism of the slaveholding power, combined to organize the privileged and governing few, while, on lower social levels, were deposited the democratic strata, including the large masses of ignorant, landless, slaveless whites. To these must be added that class, of which, although held by local law to be chattels personal, humanity and history have ever felt bound to take account — the negro slaves. These social elements, existing side by side, and conflicting with each other, necessarily diminished the power of the colony for good. Its power for evil was held in reserve for a distant future. Were it not for causes before adverted to, and another yet to be mentioned, we should be utterly at a loss to comprehend how the democratic element could ever have coped with the forces arrayed against it. But we can never forget that Virginia was one of the earliest in the field in the great conflict of seventy-six.

We do not propose to refer to the particular circumstances of the other colonies. For all general purposes, New England and Virginia, as the early leading powers, will properly represent the sections in which they are located: they will sufficiently exhibit the kind and degree of liberty, religion, and intelligence which existed at the North and the South.

In this state of facts, there is an inquiry that naturally arises, and to which the present state of the country gives increased interest: *Why were not two distinct nations established on the soil of this Republic?* A rooted antipathy subsisted between the people of the South and those of the North. Diversities of religious faith, and of hereditary associations, were aggravated by mutual intolerance. The institutions, manners, and habits of the colonists were different; and the fear and favor of England tended alike to divide. What hindered the rise of two hostile governments within the borders of this North American Union? Why should there not have sprung up two capital

cities, seats of power — the one resting on Massachusetts Bay, and the other on the Chesapeake, which, like ancient Rome and Byzantium, should hold divided sway, instead of that commercial metropolis which has arisen between the two, commanding the resources of the entire country?

The country, as to its physical features, indeed, was formed for one nation. The eastern slope of the Alleghanies, from Maine to Georgia, falls away, gradually, without obstruction, to the ocean. In the immense valley beyond those mountains, one noble river, its natural highway, traverses the entire land from North to South. It is difficult to see, at the present time, how the country can be divided between two nations by parallels of latitude. But at that early period, in a land so vast, this consideration could have had but slight influence on the settlers.

Common commercial interests and a common love of political liberty sometimes constitute strong bonds of union; but they do not appear to have operated appreciably to this effect. They existed rather as latent powers which might be appealed to, and, under other circumstances, brought into action. Each colony-group relied mainly on itself for maintaining its liberties and its interests, while the North and the South were mutually repelled by some of the most powerful forces that can separate human minds.

We have been accustomed to regard it as a favorable circumstance that there were interposed between the Puritans of the North and the Cavaliers of the South colonists diverse from both in origin, manners, and religious views. The Dutch in New York, the Friends or Quakers in Pennsylvania, and the Roman Catholics in Maryland, became, in some degree, practical mediators between them, aiding to soften asperities of temper and to overcome prejudice. It is a spectacle, as edifying as rare, to see Puritans and Prelatists, each persecuted by the other, taking refuge and finding shelter under the wing of the Roman Catholic power. But something more powerful was necessary to cement together the American colonies and make the hearts of the people one; and the necessary thing was not withheld.

The most effectual means disclosed in history by which to melt the hearts of a people and unite them in one, is to send

them under a common oppression, and bring them out by a common deliverance. Whatever of truth and spirit is breathed into them, when in the furnace of fire, presenting to them the means of safety, *that* becomes so incorporated with the fibre and essence of the soul, that they will die rather than relinquish it. Thus the Jews must go into Egyptian servitude, and find deliverance by the Divine arm, in order to make them firm supporters of the theocratic polity. The Dutch provinces must go under the yoke of the Spanish Philip II., and win independence from his atrocious sway, before they could be prepared to unite on their espoused principles, and form the Republic of the Netherlands.

On the restoration of Charles the Second to the English throne, the needed oppression came. A system of commercial restriction and arbitrary taxation was developed, greatly adverse to the general well-being of the colonies; and the oppression fell with peculiar weight where it was most needed — on Virginia, the royalist colony. It was there enforced with great rigor, and gradually destroyed love for an unnatural mother; hostility followed alienation, and at length open resistance ensued. The effect on all the colonies was one and the same. Suffering under a common oppression produced common sentiments, suggested common interests, developed mutual sympathy, and organized a common resistance. The whole nation was lifted up to the heroic level — to dare and suffer for the rights of human nature and their own; and that result was accomplished by the folly of English statesmen which they assured themselves never could take place, the union of the North American colonies in resistance to the British crown; and, by consequence, that other great event, the establishment of the independent Republic of the United States.

We have now considered the European origin of the first colonists of the country — the men, and the diverse social elements, thrown into the land; the powerful influence of external nature on the settlers, in their new abode, and the action of the different national and religious forces on each other; the institutions organized by the people for giving effect and permanency to their principles, and the widely different institutions that obtained existence, North and South; and finally,

the oppression and deliverance by which the national mind was elevated in the different parts of the land, and all sections led to unite on the ground of *the common and equal rights of all men as members of the human family*. That this was their ground, let a single, but competent witness speak: the Congress of the Confederation, in a report prepared by Madison, Ellsworth, and Hamilton, and adopted by that body, April 18, 1783, and subsequently issued as an address to the several States, said: —

“Let it be remembered, that it has ever been the pride and boast of America that the rights for which she contended were *the rights of human nature*. By the blessings of the Author of these rights on the means exerted for their defence, they have prevailed against all opposition, and *form the basis of thirteen independent States*. No instance has heretofore occurred, nor can any instance be expected hereafter to occur, in which the unadulterated forms of republican government can pretend to so fair an opportunity of justifying themselves by their fruits. In this view the citizens of the United States are responsible for the greatest trust ever confided to a political society. If *justice, good faith, honor, gratitude*, and all the other qualities which ennoble the character of a nation, and fulfil the ends of government, be the fruits of our establishments, *the cause of liberty will acquire a dignity and lustre* which it has never yet enjoyed, and an example will be set which cannot but have the most favorable influence on the rights of mankind. If, on the other side, our governments should be unfortunately blotted with *the reverse of these cardinal and essential virtues*, the great cause which we have engaged to vindicate will be dishonored and betrayed, *the last and fairest experiment in favor of the rights of human nature will be turned against them*, and their patrons and friends exposed to be insulted and silenced by the votaries of tyranny and usurpation.”

To this comprehensive view, there remains to be added another element of power. Time — as it is one of the most powerful agents at work in Nature, so it is one of the most effective forces disclosed in human history.

We once had occasion to notice the work, which, in a high latitude, a single night wrought, by an untimely frost. The fields waved in luxuriance, and in grace and beauty bore up the hopes of man. By the beneficent agencies of Nature —

the fruitful earth, the sunshine, and the showers — Time had brought them almost to harvest. After day had passed the meridian, cold blue clouds came sailing over the clear sky, bringing the chilly winds out of the chambers of the North; but when the sun passed down the glowing West, the clouds disappeared, the breezes were stilled, all nature was hushed into calm, and the evening star looked out on a scene of profound repose. The husbandman, from his threshold, surveyed the prospect, and dreaded, but could not hinder. Night passed on, and morning came. Hastily and anxiously, he rose and looked forth, when lo! far as eye could reach, over field, and flower, and leaf, the hoarfrost covered the whole face of the earth! And when the sun arose above the eastern hills, he looked down upon harvests and hopes blighted and withered. A single night had passed, and what desolation had been wrought!

As with the harvests of the earth under the majestic powers of nature, so with the spirit and institutions of human society. Time develops and brings to maturity, or blights and destroys.

In the new colonies, (omitting now from our view the despotism of slavery,) civil liberty and freedom of conscience were in large measure secured. Industry and enterprise generally prevailed. The public spirit, having assumed its appropriate organizations, North and South, asserted itself in action. The colonies, vigorous in themselves, were allied also with energies more powerful than those of the material universe. By accepting the disclosures of the sacred oracles, and, in no small degree, proceeding upon them, so far forth, they were brought into line with the divine plans, and their efforts conformed to the genius of the coming ages. In their *avowals*, at least, of *fundamental truth*, they became exponents of the immunities, dignities, and rights of man. Standing faithful to God and man, time could only crown them with beauty and glory; but unfaithful to their grand position, and swerving from truth and righteousness, it could bring only blight and desolation.

The career of the country from its origin down to a late period has been one of great outward prosperity. Forests were cut down and agriculture gradually advanced; manufactures sprung up, and commerce was extended. In the mingling of nations, especially at the North, intelligence spread to a degree

elsewhere unknown, and morals and Christian virtue were widely diffused among the people. A native literature arose, the arts and sciences were cultivated, and society struck its roots vigorously into a soil where nature had reigned unmolested since the creation.

In a land of thrift and virtue, the population rapidly increased, and the average duration of life was sensibly prolonged. The oppressed and unfortunate repaired to it from every land. Despite restrictions imposed by the mother country on industry and skill, and losses by the French and Indian and other wars, the Atlantic slope was rapidly occupied with inhabitants. The Revolutionary War retarded progress for a while, but it achieved a fundamental work, and gave new energy to the subsequent advance. It delivered the country from a harassing bondage, elevated the tone of its spirit, mingled the sympathies of its people, and assisted greatly in rearing the edifice of the national Republic — the noblest monument perhaps of man's political wisdom.

The sovereignty of the people and equality of conditions and rights before the law (except to slaves) having been extensively established in the country, the energies of the people and the resources of the territory were developed in an unprecedented manner. The Northeastern States swept across the mountains and reproduced their free institutions and society in the North of the West. Virginia and her Southern sisters established their aristocratic freedom under Republican forms, and their social slavery, in the South of the West. The Louisiana territory was acquired, and, subsequently, Florida and Texas. At length, New Mexico and Upper California were annexed. Thither, and to the Oregon, the tide of population, swelled by streams from the Old World, has since flowed. Swaying the sceptre of its power from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the Republic has girded with the broad belt of its domains the entire Continent, and is engaged in establishing its institutions "from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth."

Thus has time developed the elements of power originally landed on the Atlantic coast. Two centuries and a half have thus signally rewarded the toils and sufferings of heroic men,

devoting themselves to exile for liberty's sake, to establish homes, churches, and free commonwealths in the wilds of America.

It is from the midst of this great society, the product of centuries, that the present enormous rebellion has broken out. Eleven of the thirty-four States have been precipitated into the stupendous vortex. The fell purpose is to break down the government, overthrow the federal Republic, and establish on its ruins another and a semi-barbarous style of civilization. What is the cause, we have asked, of the startling development thus suddenly made?

The inquiries we have instituted have disclosed two kinds of social life transported to the country, and developed in it, both assuming the forms of republicanism, but, in the spirit and structure of society, the one *aristocratic* and the other *democratic*. Under the remarkable government of the country, these distinct social developments have been made, side by side—the one moulding the character, manners, and spirit of the South, the other shaping the spirit and character of the North; the one concentrating intelligence, wealth, and power in the hands of the few, and keeping the masses of the people under their feet, the other elevating the people by universal education, free suffrage, and equal privileges.

The actual cause of the rebellion is that the aristocratic spirit and power are no longer willing to occupy their just and legal place, under the equitable government of the country. The minority, located at the South, demand supremacy in the land: they claim, as rightful lords, to control the Republic; and, because the claim is not allowed, they have risen to destroy the institutions of the nation. Said Mr. Calhoun, in the year 1812, "That we Southrons are essentially aristocratic, I cannot deny; when we cease to control this nation, through any party obstacle that shall throw us out of that rule and control, we shall then resort to a dissolution of the Union." This saying of the master-mind of the South gives a key to the Southern position of to-day, in perfect agreement with the facts and the flow of American history. To attribute this great conflict to the aggressions of slavery on the one hand, or to irritating discussion and attack on the other, is a narrow and inadequate

view. It is the old question of feudal authority and popular government. It is not with the Southerners as *slaveholders* merely that the North has to contend in self-defence, but as *aristocrats*. They assume the air of beings of a superior grade, and regard their adversaries as essentially underlings. They are the Norman lords, their opponents serfs, prone to the soil. With modifications, yet essentially, it is the old controversy begun by Hampden and Pym, and carried on by Vane and Cromwell with their Puritans, on the one side, and Charles and Strafford, Rupert and his Cavaliers, on the other. The same aristocratic form of society, from which the New England fathers fled, which succeeded in vanquishing the rising Republicanism of Old England, and which, from decayed stock, was transferred to the soil of the South, has now treacherously uprisen against the Republican institutions and life established here, and seeks to destroy them. An effort to accomplish this was made in 1832, in connection with the tariff question. But under the vigorous magistracy of President Jackson, and the logic of Webster, the attempt was frustrated; the former of these patriots predicting that the project would not be abandoned, but would next be attempted under cover of the slavery question. And now, the fulness of time has come, the traitorous effort is again made, and the loyal hosts have arisen to meet it.

That the institution of slavery enters as a large and most active element into the conflict, cannot be denied. That despotic system has had long existence and controlling sway in the South, eating out from all classes much of the life of true freedom. It has fully assimilated with the aristocratic spirit and forms, and greatly reinforced their strength. The "*auri sacra fames*" and lust of power, which it greatly excites, have given such ardor, unity, and proportions to the rebellion, as it could not otherwise have reached. The testimony of Mr. Stephens is conclusive here. He says, in his Savannah speech, —

"African slavery, as it exists among us, was the immediate cause of the present revolution. The prevailing ideas entertained by Jefferson, and by most of the leading statesmen at the time of the formation of the old Constitution, were, that the enslavement of the African was in violation of the laws of nature; that it was wrong in principle,

socially, morally, and politically. Those ideas, however, were fundamentally wrong. Our new government is founded upon exactly the opposite idea, that the negro is not equal to the white man; that slavery is his true natural and moral condition. This truth has been slow in the process of its development, even among us. The negro, by nature, or by the curse against Canaan, is fitted for that condition which he occupies in our system. This stone, which was rejected by the first builders, is become the chief stone of the corner in our new edifice."

Thus a system of oppression, hated of God, and repudiated alike by the Puritan fathers and the founders of the Republic, is to be organized and supported by national power. In this interest, coalescing with the spirit of the South, the Republic is assailed, and it has been resolved that this shall become the distinctive feature and ensign of the authority which shall henceforth sway the land.

The account we have presented of the causes of the great conflict suggests the magnitude and scope of the means necessary to be employed for its termination. The first and absolutely essential thing to be accomplished is, that the rebellion, in its full extent, be suppressed by force of arms. Here are two struggling civilizations, organized and combined under one government. One of them violates the solemn compact and rebels. It does it criminally and perfidiously. Apostatizing from the national faith as proclaimed, it conspires to destroy the achievements and glory of a superior social organization, and to drag down the whole Republic under bondage to the feudal ideas, the graded distinctions, and the oligarchical sway, from which the Puritan fathers escaped in flying from the Old World. Worse than this; thrusting forward as its great weapon of attack the organization of slavery, it demands that that system shall be harnessed on the nation. This refused, perfidy and treason appeal to the God of battles, and refer the case to the arbitrament of arms. So, then, must it be. Let God arise and judge in the earth: let them that hate him flee before him!

There must be at the South an extensive loyal sentiment under duress, which needs to be liberated. A change so great and sudden, from loyalty under the Republic to the utter repudiation of it, cannot have occurred, in so brief a period.

Such phenomena are contrary to the laws of history ; they do not occur in human society. A few drivers at the South must be cracking the slave-whip over the masses. Here, we find hope for the reëstablishment of the Republic. But arms must accomplish the work. Defiant traitors are to be, not negotiated with, but conquered. Law, trampled on, must be reasserted and maintained. Any compromise must be an offence to the justice, the honor, and the life of the country. Trusting in God, the loyal armies must conquer or die.

Next, it is obvious that slavery, so far as it is brought forward as the accessory of rebellion, must be smitten : so far as arrayed in opposition to the government, in whatever available way, it must be destroyed. The safety of the Republic is the supreme law ; and the result will be in accordance with the known, and generally acknowledged views of the founders of the national Constitution.

And, when the war shall be successfully finished, and arms shall have battered down the intrenchments of error and injustice, then must follow the grand agencies of peace and fraternity. Schools will be established, as at the North, for the masses of the poor whites ; churches will be built for the spiritually ignorant ; the Africans, coming under the inspirations of freedom, will be introduced to some ameliorated condition ; and all the appliances of Republican civilization will be provided to secure the rights, the enlightenment, and happiness of the people.

To these results, quite impossible in time of continued peace, war will powerfully conduce. Aristocracy does not easily comprehend the genius of democratic society ; and, in its ignorance, ordinarily despises it ; but it readily understands military prowess. The capture of Louisburg, by the valor of Massachusetts troops, first awakened English aristocracy to the spirit and power of that colony. The war of the Revolution commanded for democracy the respect of Europe. The conflict of 1812 gave the United States an acknowledged navy ; and the conquest of Mexico filled the world with the fame of our arms. Aristocratic States governed by feudal ideas, and trained to arms, must be first addressed by military exploits. Then, and only then, is the way opened to pour in upon them the influence of the peaceful forms and agencies of society. When the democratic

North shall have addressed the aristocratic South in this voice, and with somewhat of the Cromwellian emphasis, she will immediately find ears to hear; and the mighty civilizing and Christianizing institutions established by the Puritan fathers will act with new power, to elevate and bless that benighted part of the land. We would not have sought for ourselves this wicked rebellion and the stupendous war issuing from it; nevertheless, we rejoice in them, as the behest of infinite wisdom and love, to this erring land. We accept them as a heavenly call to a higher stage of life, to new self-sacrifice and to new achievements for God and mankind. The loyal must be faithful, and leave results with God. In the words of Sir Henry Vane, once Governor of Massachusetts, uttered shortly before giving up his life, on the scaffold, for the very principles involved in this conflict: "Have faith and hope. God's arm is not shortened. Doubtless great and precious promises are in store to be accomplished in, and upon, believers here on earth, to the making of Christ admired in them. *This dark night and black shade which God hath drawn over his work in the midst of us may be, for aught we know, the ground-color to some beautiful diece that he is now exposing to the light.*"

The "beautiful piece" that, even now, may be rising to the view of other spectators, from the dark ground-color of our present troubles, *we* trust ere long to behold, reflecting forth the Infinite glory, and causing Christ to be exalted and admired, in the elevated character and increased prosperity of the united and restored land.

ARTICLE VI.

LONDON, AND ITS FORMS OF SOCIAL LIFE.

IF many books could make us wise, nothing would remain to be told concerning London. Yet if it be true, as often said, that the Great Metropolis is a world in itself, may it not be

that some of its wonders are still to be explored? Its palaces and parks and cathedrals and bridges and shipping, of these travellers without number have written and discoursed, so that you know all that it is possible for you to know, till you shall go and see them for yourself. We propose to speak of what is hid, for the most part, from the transient visitor, the internal character of the Great Metropolis, its forms of social life. The successful portraiture of these demands a longer stay than accords with the objects for which our countrymen are accustomed to visit the father-land; yet it is of these, rather than of the statistics of wealth, the glories of architecture, and the glitter of royal processions, that we are chiefly desirous to hear.

It belongs to the true idea of a world that it should have its deserts as well as its gardens of flowers, its solitudes as well as its social centres. The peculiarity of the world of London in this respect is the blending of the two — their elements not only mingled and intertwined, but identical. Nowhere else do you find yourself in contact with so dense and huge a mass of living souls as in the thronged thoroughfares of that mighty city; and nowhere else does your heart sink within you under such a sense of indescribable, dreary, awful solitude. Standing alone in the deep recesses of the wildest and dreariest North American forest is as the sunlight and sweet interchange of home in comparison. It is the utter extinction of all feeling of fellowship in the very midst of such a mass of human beings as you never saw anywhere else, caught up by one of its incessant counter-currents, and moved along, whether you will or no, as by a strong tide; and strangest of all, the sense of solitude seems just in proportion to the largeness of the company.

We do not believe it is possible to convey in a description the true idea of the every-day crowd of London streets. Everybody has seen a crowd, but a London crowd can be seen only in London. It is not the light, airy, laughing crowd of a holiday, such as you might be almost squeezed to death in on Washington Street or Broadway, when some great pageant was passing by. It is the heavy, solemn tread of the dense ranks in the daily struggle of life's rough battle; all ages, sexes, castes, trades, professions, conditions, shoulder to shoulder closely commingled, — mechanics, artisans, laborers, porters, scavengers,

chimney-sweeps, tidy merchants and dapper clerks, scarlet soldiers and liveried postmen, handsome women and blue-eyed girls, sturdy, impudent beggars, and silent, starving poor, orange women and cats'-meat men, manly vigor and beauty, and palsied, withering feebleness, — the lame, the halt, the blind; all in double counter-columns, flanking such a procession of vehicles as mortal man never saw before, rolling over pavements as solid as the foundations of a mountain: — think of all this, if you can, pouring, pouring evermore, through streets overlooked by high houses dark with age and smoke, and public buildings whose most impressive feature is their unequalled massiveness, with that slow stateliness which is the uniform characteristic of all dense crowds, and you will have some conception of what London is, in all its great thoroughfares, through every hour of every day. When you have lived there for years, and seen whatever is best worth seeing, you will still say that this is the most wonderful, affecting thing of all, this living diorama of every day, and this utter, awful solitude in a great sea of human souls.

The social life of London is in beautiful and most refreshing contrast with the solitude of its crowded streets, — a bright oasis in that great desert of human sympathies. Nowhere else in England is social life so delightful as in London. This is what you would expect from the nature of the case. For it is not to the stranger alone that the streets of London are a dreary solitude. They are scarcely less so to the Londoner himself. How is it possible for a man to know his neighbors, or to feel the smallest interest in their concerns, when an entire nation of almost three millions is crowded together in one vast town? The man whose parlor is separated from your own only by a thin partition-wall, through which, as you sit by your evening fire, you hear his children's laughter and songs, is as much a stranger to you as a citizen of Pekin. His character, his profession, his pursuits, his very name remains unknown to you, unless you take the trouble to look for it in the Directory.

An amusing illustration (always excepting the sufferers) of this complete social isolation in London, is supplied in an ingenious kind of robbery which is not very unfrequently perpetrated. Your next-door neighbor has taken his family and

servants at midsummer to spend a month at the sea-side. Half a dozen London thieves of special enterprise and daring, being aware of the fact, dress themselves up as carmen and upholsterers, and come, in the broad daylight, with spring vans, matting, &c., enter the house with skeleton keys, pack up all the furniture, working to the measure of some merry song it may be, load it leisurely and with observed carefulness, and drive slowly away. The occupants of the houses around, knowing nothing of their absent neighbor, very naturally suppose that he is changing his residence and has sent for his goods. At the close of the month the gentleman comes back with his family, and, to his no small consternation, finds his house empty throughout, if not swept and garnished. He is too wise to spend the first shilling in attempting to trace what is as hopelessly lost to him, as if it was at the bottom of the Bay of Biscay.

Your house is in good sooth your castle. Once fairly admitted and the door bolted after you, you are utterly dead to the world without, because it *is* a world. The incessant throng of passers-by may be all honest men, or they may be thieves and robbers. To discriminate the one from the other, or to feel any particular interest in the case, is alike impossible. Your world is within your castle. And your heart, not chilled nor contracted, but debarred, by the nature of the case, from all but the most general sympathy abroad, expands into a warmer glow at home. This is the actual character of the homes of London. They are preëminently genial and warm and delightful, even for England. There is nothing cold or stiff or reserved. Nothing of city pride and pretension. The Londoners are singularly free from all that. The wives and daughters of the merchant who lives at the West End may assume lofty airs when they meet their old friends who abide still in the neighborhood of the Bank and the Royal Exchange; but you never find an Englishman pluming himself on the fact that he lives in London. Perhaps it is because London is so large that its people have outgrown so childish a feeling. Or it may be that the universal passion of the English for green fields and hedge-rows and singing birds inclines the pent-up Londoners to envy those who dwell amid the glories of the country. Or is it

that every section of England so much abounds with the mansions of the rich and the palaces of nobles that the Metropolis can claim no special preëminence in this respect? Preëminent for the sweet attraction of its homes it certainly is. With ample wealth, intelligence, elegant manners, and taste exquisitely refined, there is an absence of display, a charming simplicity and ease, and a luxurious contentment and repose which make a London home, of all the homes we have seen, most beautiful and captivating.

It is true you will also meet now and then with something very much the reverse of all this, a man on whom Heaven seems to have conferred one solitary gift — the ability to get money; and by whom that single endowment has been so diligently improved that he finds himself transformed by degrees to a wealthy London merchant, and takes a suburban house at Camberwell or Islington, and sets up his carriage with servants in livery. Such a man you shall find haughtier than any Duke, and all the arrangements of his household characterized by a profuse glitter and stilted stateliness which too surely betray the past circumstances of his history. Yet he shall be guilty of the most distressing violence to the Queen's English, while doing the honors of his own table in the midst of a fashionable dinner-party, and cannot write the shortest letter on business without misspelling simple words. We remember once to have dined at the house of such a London merchant when the party was mostly literary, and were not a little exercised to answer discreetly when our host suddenly pounced upon us with the very grave inquiry, what language was spoken in the United States! Another gentleman connected with one of the largest and wealthiest wholesale houses in London, and the son of a wealthy gentleman farmer, paid us the delicate compliment to express his astonishment at the facility and correctness with which we spoke English after a residence of only some six months in London. It should be stated, however, that an Englishman's acquaintance with our country must on no account be taken to indicate the range or accuracy of his intelligence in other directions. Even so accomplished a scholar as the Reverend Dr. Vaughan, Editor of the "*British Quarterly Review*," a gentleman who all his life has been much addicted

to historical studies, speaks of New England, in a work of marked ability, as one of the United States! As regards London merchants, however, there is no doubt that many men of great wealth and great worth may be found in this class whose literary attainments are less than may be secured in the common school of a New England village. They came up to the Great Metropolis poor young men from the country, with only such intellectual training as England supplies to her poor boys, which, for the greater part, is slender enough, and have achieved success by their own energy and enterprise. In not a few instances their souls are as full of broad intelligence and noble impulses as of commercial sagacity and enterprise; while their modesty and fine sense are an exquisite foil to both.

One of the characteristic specimens of middle-class society in London is to be seen in the old families which have lived there for several generations. There are many such dwelling in the now quiet and lonely squares, in the self-same houses which have been occupied by their fathers and grandfathers from time immemorial. These old families become moulded in a succession of generations to the very type of London, and render back its image with marvellous truthfulness and felicity. In the same antique dwelling, with tall, narrow windows, wainscoted walls, and staircase of polished oak, you shall find chairs, tables, chimney-ornaments, pictures in curiously carved frames, and even knives and forks and family plate, the very same that were used there a hundred years ago. All the family arrangements remain now a long time unchanged, and are hardly less regular than the movements of the old clock that stands in the hall, covered all over with Chinese-looking figures in gilt. To such a pitch of intenseness does the dislike of all change grow at length, that the last surviving generation, consisting of a brother and two sisters, perhaps, cannot make up their minds to be anything but bachelor and spinsters. And so they dwell together by the old hearth-stone, sacred to them and dear as the altar of household gods. Punctual as the return of the Sabbath in their attendance at the venerable Gothic church where they were baptized; going always on the set days to the Bank for their ample dividends in the three per cents Government securities; having made their wills, each in the

others' favor; seeking no new acquaintance when their own friends and their father's friends die or remove to a distance; dwindling, dwindling, year by year, toward an invisible point; expanding only in the past,—the golden age to them, when their father and mother were still living, where they live now, whose sayings and doings they recount with reverent fondness—strange reversion and turning backward of the affections which ought to have found a healthier play in the gambols and prattle of their own offspring; themselves old children, with whom all things are inverted—they take along with them, when they die, the family name and escutcheon, and all the cherished household memories of the generations of their fathers to a sudden oblivion.

It is a reflection which cannot fail to diminish considerably the satisfaction with which we breathe the delightful social atmosphere of London, that it floats above so dismal a nether region of hopeless penury and woe. We shall not, however, dwell now on what has been described a thousand times, till every reader is familiar with the heart-rending tale. We will present a single picture of sorrow, which is not only not seen by the casual observer, but of which he would little suspect the existence. It is true indeed, almost as a rule, that the appalling distress of London is invisible, and that where there is most of appearance there is least of reality. Though a stranger in the Great Metropolis, you will shrewdly guess that the miserable wretch who sits crouched and shivering on the pavement under a wall on a bitter February morning, with no rag of clothing on but a pair of trousers and the remnant of a shirt, may have chosen that costume, out of a joint-stock miscellaneous wardrobe, in order that he may return with a fuller hand at evening to the hot supper and midnight revels of merry London beggars; and that the pale-looking man and woman, so poorly yet neatly clad, who are standing with a pair of twin infants in silent, despairing wretchedness, do not necessarily sustain any very intimate relation to each other, and may have hired those hapless children from different mothers, at sixpence each per day, as a means of exciting compassion. The squalid boy who selects you out of the crowd and follows you close with the piteous tale of "mother sick, father out of work, and brothers

and sisters starving!" talks too glibly and too much by rote. His lesson has been well conned till he can say it without misusing a word. 'Tis business. Just say to him that if he runs a mile he will have the pleasure of running back again, and then watch the rogue's countenance! You know that the actual distress which pines unseen in close apartments and crowded garrets, away from the great thoroughfares, seldom comes abroad, and when it does it draws its faded and worn-out shawl close about its emaciated and weary shoulders, and skulks stealthily along the pavement, as if it would beg pardon for existence, while it never asks for anything to render that existence something better than a burden and a curse.

Besides all this, however, there is, in great London, a vast amount of acutest suffering much higher up in the social scale, and where there is no visible sign that a stranger will read. It is in a kind of middle-class families who manage to maintain appearances, but struggling desperately, all the while, to avoid sinking from their present social position into the bottomless gulf of forgetfulness in that dreary, awful Babylon. It is bad enough to suffer from hunger, and sufficiently harrowing to the feelings to *think* of the mass of men and women and little children in London who are never fed to the full, and who are always dying by the slow process of a famine of bread, and that in the very midst of never-failing abundance and profusest luxury. But the portraiture of waning respectability in that proud capital, with its intenser sorrows, is yet to be drawn.

That word "*respectability*" is of most pregnant and thrilling significance in London and in all England. A word in everybody's mouth, and in which everybody apprehends deep meaning, but which none among the lexicographers has assayed to define, according to the modern English *usus loquendi*. It is a prize that everybody covets, a deity that all worship, a tyrant that everybody hates, a disease of which multitudes die. It is not of the nature of moral excellence, nor mental superiority, nor refinement of manners, nor high birth, nor worldly wealth, nor official station, nor success in active life. Yet it may be all together, or each by turn, as it might be the Chinaman's tail, or the cap of a cavalier. We learn from a brisk discussion which has lately been ventilated in the select columns of the

London daily and weekly press, that English respectability in the Boulevards last summer was a tight-fitting black broad-cloth coat, and a particularly hard hat, with black kid gloves, all under a Parisian sun! It is undefined, intangible, ever changing, never fixed. It is that which makes a man to be regarded as somebody, and not as nobody, which is not to be regarded at all. In London there is always a vast multitude, incredibly great every day, all struggling bravely to stave off the loss of their respectability; not their good morals, their fair fame for manly virtue and uprightness; but their very social existence — *to be*, in the sunlight and warmth of human smiles and sympathies, and not in the dismal, frozen haes of obscurity and forgetfulness. Far more acute than cold and hunger on the pavement of London streets is the suffering attendant on such a change, of which, what more conclusive proof could you have than the fact that both cold and hunger are always being endured voluntarily by stomachs and nerves more sensitive than those of hereditary poverty, in order to retain but the mere outer garment and shadow of respectability; so that, as we said, many people in England everywhere, and most of all in London, do literally die of respectability; — partly from the self-imposed privations which its tyranny demands, still more from the intenser mental anguish which the unequal struggle inflicts.

You will perhaps think the London shopkeeper obsequious and craven. His evident anxiety to meet your wishes in the most trivial article you propose to buy may be simply that characteristic civility of English tradesmen which is very much to their honor, and which is often shamefully wanting among ourselves. Or it may be, as in thousands of instances it is, the unsuspected indication of his sorrowful struggle to keep himself and his family from sinking in the vast abyss. Many noble hearts are slowly breaking every day because all their endeavors prove in vain. The presence of a new man in the shop reveals the final, hopeless issue. The other disappears, leaving his name behind, a thing absolutely indispensable to his successor, who, very likely, will make much more of it than he was ever able to do himself. Dead men's names have frequently made large fortunes in London. As for the man himself, you

could hardly find him if you tried, though he is probably still somewhere in the great Sahara, having secured a precarious foothold one degree lower in the scale, to fight an equally unsuccessful battle there.

It is not from any lack of real kindness that his former friends manifest little anxiety to trace him. What could they do where competition is so absolutely terrific, making heaven's great law of self-preservation the almost universal rule of daily action. The truer and deeper your sympathies, the less you will be disposed to do, or even to think, under such circumstances. Sometimes, however, a man on whose respectability a blight has fallen, or, in other words, who sinks gradually and helplessly and hopelessly in his worldly circumstances, lingers about the thresholds of former fellowships in the forlorn hope of a friendly turn for *auld lang syne*. But alas for the man if he cannot do without the kind offices of his friends! He may have to stand till he is weary at doors that used to fly open at his first approach. We remember such a one, whose home had been a centre of beauty and elegance and refinement and luxury and unbounded domestic enjoyment. We marked the signs that his affairs had got somehow into a downward course. We saw him struggling manfully with inexorable destiny, inch by inch, until it became too evident that the old and accustomed hospitalities could only be kept up at the expense of family comforts, if not necessities. Slowly and surely the great wheel revolved, and the bands grew tighter, till, at last, a less expensive house was taken, with a reduction of the establishment, and not long after a humbler still, with the gradual disappearance of former acquaintances; and the old family pictures were found in apartments strangely dissimilar to those in which we had seen them first. *Facilis descensus*; there was no halting. The husband and father, a noble-hearted man, traversed still the same streets as aforetime, and worshipped in the same house of God on the Sabbath, but never met the friends of his prosperity save when he called at their city counting-houses, to ask, as a special favor, that they would give him an order by which he would realize a small profit in the shape of commission. Last and saddest of all, his really beautiful and accomplished daughters were scattered, as teachers and governesses, far and wide, to endure, as Heaven might

appoint, the mortifications and sorrows so touchingly, because truly, described by the pen of Charlotte Brontë.

This struggle for a competency, and to maintain the family respectability in London, is awful. Many a man who keeps his carriage, and lives affluently in the beautiful suburbs, and whose income may be more than sufficient for the maintenance of one family establishment, is harassed to a degree not easily understood and hardly to be believed in our country, to know what to do with his boys. They may be all virtuous, intelligent, industrious; and yet it may be painfully uncertain whether, with all their endeavors, they will hold on to their father's "respectability." There is infinitely less anxiety about the daughters, strange as it may seem, because it is not through them, but the sons, that the family name and honors are to be continued, if at all. For the nobility the matter is nicely adjusted, by entailing the old ship to the first-born, and casting the rest into the sea, to sink or swim by the help of such broken pieces of plank as chance may throw in their way. But the commoner finds no means to entail either his enterprise or his good fortune. Hence the Hindoo rule is reversed, and it is the boy-baby that the father would be most tempted to throw into the Thames. Young men are the greatest drug in London! You may find them, every day, of good families, after having been apprenticed, at a large premium, to some important branch of business, and having honorably completed the term, encountering discouragement and defeat and mortification in their pursuit of a place, until they learn pretty effectually for young men, what they would hardly have taken on their fathers' testimony, that "Jordan is a hard road to travel!" A gentleman of large professional income, living in the first style, and moving in the first circles, once complained to us bitterly, that in England a man has to sacrifice so much for his children's sake, and that it is so very doubtful after all whether the family position will be kept up by them. The same gentleman, who added fine literary taste and culture to elegant manners, assured us that he had been strongly tempted to emigrate to New Zealand, where he might live more free, and be less tormented about the success in life of his children.

Neither is this state of things confined to professional gentle-

men and tradesmen. We call to mind a rich London merchant, who counted himself extremely fortunate in having obtained the promise of Earl Carlisle's assistance in procuring a permanent engagement for one of his sons in some public office. After hope deferred for two or three years, the place of tide-waiter was offered, with a salary of ninety pounds a year, without the likelihood of advancement, scarcely a plain living in London, and a particularly uninviting sort of service in the bargain. When the merchant, who was a blunt Yorkshireman, declined the proffered kindness, not without some manifestation of disappointed feeling, his Grace told him that if he could see the long list of young men in constant waiting on every man in England in whose power it was to help them in such a matter, and knew how small a salary (a broken piece of plank!) the sons of noblemen were glad to accept, he would not think so meanly of the offer of a tide-waiter's place for his son. It is matter of common notoriety that many commissions are created in the army and navy for the sole purpose of pensioning these younger sons of noble families out of the public purse, without even a decent pretence of public service: multiplying captains and colonels to an extent that is ludicrous and farcical.

In no small measure all this must be ascribed to the profound homage everywhere paid to that dim, fugitive deity, respectability. Homage everywhere paid to a *fugitive* deity! His transformations are incessant, and cannot be numbered. His form is the same in no two sections of the Great Metropolis. The haughty Belgravians, the aristocracy of rank, are greatly shocked at the bad manners of the aristocracy of wealth, the Barings and Rothschilds of the city, and earnestly entreat all "respectable" strangers at Prince Albert's fair to bear it ever in mind that London City is not London Town!

And pray what is the difference between London City and London Town? If you could remove Boston and set it down on the left bank of the Merrimac River, say at Lawrence, and then bring the equivalent of twenty Bostons more in area, and bricks and mortar and population, and dispose all round about the first, on both sides of the river, giving to the western section magnificent parks and gardens and palaces and picture galleries, and public monuments, and barracks full of the hand-

somest soldiers in the world ; and to the eastern section, farther down the river, docks on a gigantic scale, and multitudinous shipping from every quarter of the globe, and merchandise untold, and manufactures of every description ; while to the north and south streets and squares almost innumerable stretched away into beautiful suburbs ; so that, in the general direction of the river you should have fourteen consecutive miles of streets lighted with gas, and thirteen miles from north to south : then the first Boston, situated on the left bank of the river, would represent what is now the City of London proper, comprising, amid a wilderness of shops and warehouses, the Bank of England, the Royal Exchange, the Mansion House, and St. Paul's Cathedral ; its boundaries would be the London bars — outside the line of the old city walls which have disappeared forever — and the limit of the Lord Mayor's jurisdiction, save in certain matters pertaining to the river ; and the region of parks and palaces would be London Town, while the whole vast area, of cities and boroughs, and parishes and villages, would make up the unwieldy conglomerate which we call the Great Metropolis, or London.

But the City, though it be not London Town, hath its own proper glory, with which it may well be content, albeit not a glory of the sun or of the stars. It is something, assuredly, with only one twentieth of the population of the Great Metropolis, occupying less than one twentieth of its area, to be a little kingdom ; having been of ancient renown when Belgravia was still a pasture for flocks ; dating far back to the pure Saxon age ; with its citizen-king, who has an income three times as large as the President of the United States, and lives in regal pomp and state in the Mansion House during the one brief year of his reign. He is seldom reëlected. Whittington, as our readers remember, while sitting on a stone at Highgate, heard Bow-bells calling him to be " thrice Lord Mayor of London," and Mr. Cubitt, the great Builder, is now in the second year of his reign. How much reason he has to congratulate himself on having succeeded in interrupting the orderly succession of senior Aldermen in his own favor, was made sufficiently plain on the day of his second inauguration, when his lumbering state-carriage was beset by such a London mob as the London

police could no more control than they could control a whirlwind — a perfect tornado of rowdies, who assailed his "Worship" with terrific yells, — such as we should strive in vain to imitate in New York or Boston, — and amused themselves with snatching off gentlemen's hats, and sending them gyrating through the air, in twenties at once! This was London democracy at the tail, but the tail is most used to move in obedience to some hint from the head! The Aldermen on their part expressed their views and feelings on having their hopes deferred for a year, by being absent from the great banquet in the Guildhall.

The Queen herself may not enter the territory of this citizen-king, in state, nor the royal troops pass through, with fife and drum, without his special permission. If any suppose that the opening of the ponderous old gates at Temple-Bar, on such occasions, with so much ceremony, in compliance with a request conveyed by the royal herald, is no more than a matter of form, preserved from the olden time to gratify a people fond of pageants and gewgaws, this is a mistake. It represents a fact as real as the power of the British crown, which is the authority of the Lord Mayor of London within the city boundaries. There is a monument in the Guildhall which records a lecture bestowed on so recent a sovereign as the grandfather of the Queen by Lord Mayor Beckford. The British lion guards as jealously all the rightful prerogatives of the chief magistrate of this old town-commonwealth of London, as the throne of the hereditary monarch of the empire. George the Fourth discovered this, much to his chagrin, when, as Prince of Wales, he disputed the question of precedence within the city limits with Lord Mayor Sir James Shaw, and was beaten.

In Parliament, too, this petty kingdom claims its special immunities. Those four members of the House of Commons whom you may see on the first day of every new Parliament, clad in scarlet hoods and cloaks, claiming precedence of all the other members, represent the city of London, while no other city is allowed to send more than two. Any one, who was accustomed to read the addresses of Lord John Russell on the hustings to the electors of London, during the long period of his Parliamentary connection with the city, must have admired how adroitly

that aristocratic son of the proud house of Bedford could play on the sympathies of "fierce democracy," and all without abating a jot of his fealty to the prerogatives of his own class.

This intensely democratic spirit of the city is the natural growth of its municipal arrangements. The Lord Mayor of this year is usually the senior Alderman of last year; the senior Alderman is a rich merchant or tradesman, elected by the freemen householders of his ward; and the rich tradesman in all probability was himself a plain freeman at no distant period, and has risen by his own talent and enterprise, as most rich men in all great cities do. Hence any plain citizen and tradesman may see in himself a possible future Alderman and Lord Mayor — like the Jacob's ladder in the day-dream of our village school-boys, reaching up through town-meeting moderator, state legislature, gubernatorial "excellency," and judge's bench, to the White House at Washington. It is both pleasant and amusing to hear the portly London citizen boast of the goodly list of poor boys who have come to be Aldermen and Lord Mayors of this mighty Saxon town.

How truly her citizen-king represents the characteristic "respectability" of London is most plain to be seen. What does it matter that his name is unknown to the Herald's College or in University halls, that he has never thundered in the Senate, and, peradventure, never heard of Cicero, or almost of Shakspeare and Milton? He is all the more a fair exponent and true representative of London: not Belgravia, but the city, — a great mart of commerce, a rich trading-port with the wide world. It is most appropriate that he should be a tallow-chandler, a fish-monger, a leather-seller, an upholsterer. The king of the citizens of London in 1851 — the year of the World's Fair — was a retired auctioneer, who had strengthened his lungs and set up his carriage by selling his fellow-citizens' estates. His wife, the Lady Mayoress, had been his own house-maid, it was said. And this was that Lord Mayor who gave a splendid banquet to his sister-sovereign Queen Victoria at the time of the Great Exhibition, at an expense of forty thousand dollars; and that was the banquet at which the well-fed and portly citizens assembled in such numbers, with their buxom wives and daughters, that moving about was im-

possible, and standing still much more so, and altercations were incessant, with more than one stand-up fight, and ladies had their dresses torn from their backs. To us this appears strange, incredible, although we have witnessed some instances of rude manners on public occasions in Boston, and even at the White House, and earnestly hoped that Mrs. Trollope and Mr. Dickens were not present to put it in a book. Our democracy is of a comparatively modern type, however, it must be remembered, — the result of many blended nationalities; whereas the democracy of London has flowed down in an even channel from the rugged Saxon Middle Ages, hardly suffering the more courtly Norman to plant a shrub or flower on its banks. The "Times" said of the great banquet that "the citizens were attired in all the vulgar finery of a suburban tea-garden, and showed a great deal of loyalty after their own awkward fashion." Yet her Majesty was pleased to express herself as highly gratified, and the customary upshot followed — the redoubtable Lord Mayor, the retired auctioneer, was created a Baronet by the Queen, to be thenceforth duly honored as Sir Stentor Mallet, and his wife, the house-maid, as the Lady Mallet, both being within the ranks of England's titled nobility, and every eldest son to be a new Sir Stentor to the end of the chapter.

The newly-made Baronet can never be Lord Mayor of London again, but must give place, at the end of the year, to the senior Alderman. The sturdy democracy will look to that. But they will hardly find a fitter man for the high dignity than the retired auctioneer,

"Who, with a hammer and a conscience clear,
Gets glory and ten thousand pounds a year!"

as Peter Pindar sung of one who was in the true succession a long time ago. For London, as the world knows, is preëminently the city of the market-place and the bank and the stock exchange. Its very life-blood flows in the veins of its merchantmen. Aye, and is it not the golden god, after all, that rules with supremest sway even in the realm of Belgravia? The Capulet lowers his crest to the Rothschild. They say in England, as if it was a strange and all but incredible thing of de-

pravity, that we in the United States worship the god mammon! This witness is true, every word true, we confess it, and the fact is very mournful and fraught with great danger. But do they not worship him in England? Does not the Metropolis claim the honor of having built his proudest temples, and do not her hereditary nobles wait continually as priests at his altar? Her Majesty can create Knights and Baronets and Earls, though she cannot create a Holbein; and, you will mark, she always makes them out of rich men. Merchants, auctioneers, tailors they may be; but out of a poor man her Majesty could not make a lord, though he were a Dante or a Milton.

Yes it is most true, alas, that we worship the god mammon, and alas it is equally true that England worships him also, if not with deeper devotion, at least with far costlier burnt-offerings and sacrifices. It is too early to have forgotten the amusing illustration supplied in the person of George Hudson, the draper of the arch-Episcopal city of York, the man who grew suddenly and immensely rich by sitting astride the greatest bubble of modern days and blowing it withal, and lo, all England falls down in profoundest homage, and calls him king, railway king; and believes most implicitly that he is a veritable magician, who can bring a dividend of seventeen per cent. out of a railway that never paid anything before, and shows her faith by her works, buying up all the scrip she can find, with never a doubt that it is far better than Bank of England notes, and, in the transport of her gratitude, subscribing twenty-five thousand pounds sterling as a free-will offering to her god mammon, in the shape of a present to this new King George. The freemen of York, moreover, proud that their city has raised such a man, send him to Parliament, and he buys a palace in Hyde Park, and has splendid carriages and servants in livery; and gives a magnificent entertainment, at which many haughty nobles appear, and even the scornful and crusty old field-marshal the Duke of Wellington comes toddling in, willing to be among the foremost in honoring King George the draper, who has got exceeding rich.

Many such things as this our venerable mother England does, while she leaves Thomas Dick, the philosopher, to pine

in absolute penury, and abandons Haydon, her great historical painter, to a depth of poverty which stings him to madness and suicide. Yet our mother England is "respectable," and George Hudson was respectable as long as he was rich: but Thomas Dick was poor, and Haydon was poor, though he was a great painter; and how hardly shall they that have not riches enter into the charmed circle of modern respectability! We have frankly confessed that we, too, live in glass houses, and we have thrown these stones, not in any unamiable mood, but only because our own windows have been so often broken.

ARTICLE VII.

SHORT SERMONS.

"Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves?" — *Luke 10: 36.*

1. THE man who would not confine his kind offices to his own family, clan, society, party, or church. The good Samaritan overlooked all such distinctions, and had compassion on an unfortunate Jew. The good neighbor does not ask where the suffering fellow-being worshipped or voted.

2. The man who disregarded old family quarrels and traditional feuds and strifes. The Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans except to abuse them. This they had done for five hundred years. The good Samaritan paid no attention to all this when he found the sufferer "half dead." The sour grapes of the fathers had not set his teeth on edge against a stranger in distress. A good neighbor has a short memory and a feeble tongue on the quarrels of his fathers.

3. The man who was willing to incur personal danger and ill-will. It was not safe for him to delay in acts of mercy on that highway of robbers, nor to show compassion counter to the Samaritan policy and feelings of his people, party, and church. Yet the good Samaritan did it. The good neighbor will know nothing of contagion and danger if a family near by is suffering from cholera or scarlet-fever. He will not fear the bludgeon or incendiary if it is necessary to break up a grog-shop or gambling saloon, or any wicked spirit or practice in the community.

4. The man who had a helping hand for the needy one. Some only see suffering, as the priest and Levite. Others only see and feel. But the good Samaritan sees and feels and helps. He uses his eyes and feelings and hands and oil and wine and horse and money and credit. Some give good advice only to the suffering. But advice, though good, will not do as much as a load of wood to warm a man, or a joint of beef to feed his famishing family.

So are we taught what it is to be a good neighbor and to live a good neighborly life for the needy, and so is that piety rebuked which is destitute of compassion, and so are we shown that he is my neighbor who is compassionate, accommodating, genial, and social, even though he worship in Samaria. May the borders of Samaria and her population be increased, because of the great human highway we must all travel between Jerusalem and Jericho.

“Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.” —
John 12: 24.

How rich the sight of a waving harvest! It is the preëminent glory of a landscape. Yet it comes through sacrifice and decay and death. There is no stalk in it but what has sprung out of a grave.

Commerce could not swell her white sails, nor our full hand of charity feed the starving in Ireland and on Mount Lebanon, nor Jacob save himself and all Israel alive by going down to Egypt, “except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die.”

Such are the figure and fact of our Saviour in showing the nature and necessity of his sacrifice for sin. The work accomplished was in dying. All before was preface. He could not save his life and the sinner’s. The corn of wheat must die, or abide alone. The seed must be sacrificed to the harvest.

And as the founder, so the institution. Christianity in its very germ and essence is a self-sacrifice. The Christian harvest on the acres of the church these eighteen centuries has found its planting and germinating in Christ’s dying.

So also is it in the Christian. His religion, in its very nature, is a self-sacrifice. It begins in his death unto sin and new life unto God, and is continued in the monopoly and absorption of all he has, that the fruits of the Spirit may be brought forth in his new life. As all the kernel perishes in feeding the expanding germ, so all the man has must be made auxiliary to the growth of the new life begun in him.

It must be exhausted for that end, and for the sake of reproduction and multiplication. If then the growth of the man does not contribute to the growth of his religion, it is as when the planted corn of wheat enlarges and hardens itself. It does not germinate, or as the farmers say, "come up." The man cannot save himself and still produce a harvest for Christ. For it is only when the corn of wheat dies that it brings forth fruit. Personal and private ends must be ignored, or absorbed under the question: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" The experience of Paul must be his motto: "In deaths oft." A religion that does not cost the man anything, is not anything to him or to others. Self-denial, sacrifice, labor, entrenchment on our pleasures, habits, plans, worldly work, this is a fundamental law in the religion of Christ. We are slow to learn it, and yet "except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone."

ARTICLE VIII.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Sermons preached in the Chapel of Harvard College. By JAMES WALKER, D.D. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861. pp. 397.

TWENTY-FIVE discourses discuss as many important topics, in a chaste style, a simple yet scholarly method, with a large amount of ethical truth well stated, and a nearer approach, at some points, to views of Christian doctrine of the evangelical type than has always enunciated the theology of our ancient University. The unincumbered, straightforward, business-like movement of the preacher's thought is worthy of imitation. We could wish that he had employed it, in rather larger measure, upon the central facts of the Gospel system, that firm and direct grasp of which we miss, which bespeaks the highest persuasion of their reality and inspires the most earnest advocacy of their claims. It must be a very delicate and difficult thing to discharge, just in the best way, the office of preacher to students and literary auditors. This volume displays much tact and taste in meeting these demands, as well in the selection as management of its themes. Yet one or two similar volumes at hand (as

Wayland's University and Arnold's Rugby discourses) suggest that a stronger infusion of positive Christianity is not out of place in such ministrations; may not only command respect, but may be used as a powerful influence of moral restraint and guidance. We think that no audience more needs a thorough theological teaching than one which sits in a college chapel; and, given in an appropriate manner, we believe no preaching would be as interesting to those very persons of whom Dr. Walker says so correctly in the excellent discourse on "The Student's Sabbath" —

"One thing, however, is plain: in so far as religious instruction is excluded from general and professional education it follows incontestably, that the so-called educated classes are not any more likely than others to be well informed in religious matters." — p. 97.

These discourses are not too intellectual; yet for want of the emotive element they leave the impression of more head than heart in their preparation, although the running-title of one of them is "The Heart more than the Head." The sermon on "The Day of Judgment" is no exception to this criticism. It is grave but unimpassioned. The nearest approach to an appeal to the moral sensibilities is in this closing admonition, which certainly does not exaggerate the thought: —

"It may be said, that the guilty soul will still be in the hands of a compassionate God; and this is true. Beware, however, of making compassion in God what it often is in man — a mere tenderness, I had almost said, a mere weakness. Nor is this all. We must not expect in the next world what is incompatible with its nature and purpose. We are placed here *to make a beginning*. We can begin here what course we please; and if we do not like it, we can go back, and begin again. Are you sure it will be so in the world to come? Why first a world of probation, and then a world of retribution, if after all both are to be equally and alike probationary? Let us not run risks, where the error, if it be one, is irretrievable, and the stake infinite." — p. 396.

This sermon, and the first in the volume, on "The Mediator," explain our sense of deficiency in handling fundamental facts of the Gospel revelation. In the latter, the omissions amount to very serious statements of error, as we read the record which God has given of his Son. Thus, it is taught that God can forgive sin without a Mediator, that is to say, freely and of his own accord. "Why not?" asks the preacher. "I certainly see no reason why he *could* not if he *would*: indeed, I cannot see any reason why he would not." (pp. 8, 9.) This is scarcely the apostolic platform of redemption. Again —

"You are aware that the reconciliation to be brought about by the mediation of Christ is everywhere represented in the New Testament as a reconciliation of man to God, and not of God to man. . . . The question, therefore, is not whether God needed a mediator, but whether man needed one. When the Scriptures speak of the necessity and use of Christ's mediation, it is always with reference to its benefits to mankind, and especially to mankind in the condition in which they were at his coming." — p. 10. "I do not say that these sufferings were necessary to make God placable; for this would seem to imply that he had been implacable before. I do not say that they are necessary to make repentance and reformation available; for it seems to me that all justice is satisfied on sincere repentance and real reformation, except vindictive justice — the justice of retaliation and revenge." p. 18.

We are not surprised to find, on *these* pages, this customary ignoring of the true relations of justice to the government of a holy and truthful God. Nor do we take it ill that the last sentence quoted virtually charges our doctrine of redemption with holding the monstrous tenet of a divine revengefulness, which of course is a self-contradiction as far removed from the Westminster Confession as from the Epistles of St. John. But carefully considering the dogmatic disclaimers and forth-puttings of this volume, we do find ourselves greatly wondering where precisely our "Congregationalist" neighbor would engineer the track of "a perfect sermon as lying somewhere midway between Dr. Walker and Mr. Spurgeon." Is *midway half-way*? Mr. Spurgeon we conceive to be no more than sound as an expounder of Christian salvation. Dr. Walker's doctrine of atonement is merely the "*at-one-ment*" of the Unitarian school of the better type. (p. 8.) We fancy the new-laid *via media* of our neighbor would be something like a line drawn between England and France, for example, starting from Land's-End and running west by north around the Hebrides to John o' Groats. Our weekly contemporary has done some curious navigation in its day. It has a genius for "splitting differences." But this is a voyage of exploration into parts unknown, whither (we opine) the clear-headed ex-president of Harvard will be about the last one to go along either as pilot or passenger. We more and more incline to the persuasion that, in theology, the "*in medio*" is *not* the "*tutissimus ibis*," by several degrees of spiritual longitude. It is quite too variable for our use, having slid in a few months from a compromise between Arminianism and Calvinism to this present "somewhere midway between" Mr. Spurgeon and what does not decline the name of Unitarianism, but holds it as a title of honor and praise. Is the "*in medio*" to go still further towards an extremer *left*?

The Constitutional History of England, since the Accession of George the Third, 1760-1860. By THOMAS ERSKINE MAY, C. B. In Two Volumes. Vol. I. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1862. pp. 484.

A NEW candidate for historiographic honors here comes forward in the neatest of "Riverside" costume. The author undertakes the continuation of the political progress of his country from about the period where Mr. Hallam's standard work on the same topic was suspended. Constitutional history must labor, in the nature of things, against the inherent dryness of its subject, wanting by necessity the aids of that varied detail of stirring events, and of the elaborate portrait-painting, which give such fascination to the pages of the best general historians. But it is second to no branch of the historical art in importance. Mr. May has brought to his task an ample information, a clear method, a natural style. Instead of carrying forward his inquiries side by side through the period under review, he takes each subject through the whole century, thus grouping his facts and conclusions in an easily comprehended survey. The author professes a sympathy with "the development of popular liberties," but aims to write not as the partisan of any political school. Several very important questions are reserved to the second volume.

Montrose, and other Biographical Sketches. Boston: Soule & Williams. 1861. pp. 400.

WE have here four papers, La Tour, George Brummell, Samuel Johnson, and James Grahame, Marquis of Montrose. They are all Review articles, and worthy of Blackwood or the North American. The writer draws richly from a varied reading, and carries a graceful pen. La Tour strikes a vein in Provincial History that will well repay this unknown author for farther working. Maine and the Provinces are singularly neglected by our historical societies and authors. The article on Johnson is a rich *mélange* on the burly autocrat in the literature of a past reign. "Ursa Major" always interests, pleasantly or otherwise. We have enjoyed the whole book.

The Book of Psalms, in Hebrew and English. Arranged in Parallelism. Andover: Warren F. Draper. 1862. pp. 194.

A HAPPY design, and beautifully executed in its typography. The eye of the scholar is never satisfied with seeing so rich a Hebrew text and the original of the great classic of the Christian.

The advantages of this Hebrew and English parallelism are obvious in so convenient a form, and it is rare that two such worthies are so fairly united.

The Confessions of Augustine. Edited, with an Introduction, by WILLIAM G. T. SHEDD. Andover: Warren F. Draper. 1860. pp. xxxvi., 417.

THE best commentary which was ever written on the seventh and eighth chapters of Romans, from an experimental point of view, is contained in this autobiography of one of the most keenly metaphysical, intensely poetical, and withal sensuously enthralled natures that ever submitted to the power of sovereign grace. The book has for centuries been a Christian classic. It is a study worthy of any one's closest application who would master the subtleties of the sinful heart, and understand just how that chain is linked which holds the will in bondage to evil. It is the narrative of a most "surprising conversion" to God by a marvellously skilful analyzer of the process and progress of his own emergence out of darkness and death into light and life.

We scarcely know of a better book for daily devotional perusal, especially by ministers, in these days when the regenerating work, in its preparatory convictions of sin and in its own significance as a spiritual change, is taking on, in many quarters, so superficial a character. The Introduction is lucid and sufficient; appreciative in its spirit, and unambitious in its execution.

Historical Lectures on the Life of our Lord Jesus Christ: being the Hulsean Lectures for the year 1859; with Notes, Critical, Historical, and Explanatory. By C. J. ELLICOTT, B.D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1862. pp. 382. 12mo.

THE thorough scholarship of this eminent exegete has applied itself in this volume to the difficult task of a practical and popular, and, at the same time, a critically learned presentation of the Gospel narrative. By supplementing the text of his Discourses with more than its amount of *notes*, the author has well succeeded in accomplishing his aim. Those acquainted with his previous labors in the Pauline Epistles will recognize on these pages the same neat, concise, perspicuous method of explaining the books of the Evangelists. He does not stumble at the supernaturalism of their records. Thus, concerning the disposing of the Gergesene demoniacs, he writes:

"with this miracle before us, with expressions so unqualified, and terms so distinct, a denial of the reality of demoniacal possession on the part of any

one who believes the Gospel narrative to be true and inspired, may justly be regarded as simply and plainly impossible." p. 179.

It is refreshing to find the ripest erudition wedded to a simple, childlike faith. The lecturer comes forward to guard, in the first instance, his youthful audience, and next, his readers, against

"forms of heresy more subtle than ever Ebionite propounded or Marcionite devised, — forms of heresy that have clad themselves in the trappings of modern historical philosophy, and have learned to accommodate themselves to the more distinctly earthly aspects of modern speculation . . . humanitarian views . . . intruding themselves into our popular literature as well as into our popular theology . . . a so-called love of truth, a bleak, barren, loveless love of truth . . . that like Agag claims to walk delicately, and to be respected, and to be spared . . . gathering around itself its Epicurean audiences: —

these are the tides against which this volume builds up another embankment, in the spirit of a warm piety as well as with the resources of a competent criticism. The publishers have done well in giving it to the American public in so inviting a dress.

Crests from the Ocean-World; or, Experiences in a Voyage to Europe, principally in France, Belgium, and England. By a Traveller and Teacher. Boston: Whittemore, Niles, and Hall. 1861. pp. 408.

THIS is an instructive and genial book, lively with description and incident. Reading it is the next best thing to making the journey, but we covet the best thing. However this book is well written, and will be read. Perhaps the best thing, after all, is to read this book for suggestion and information, and then make the tour.

JOHN WILEY, New York, sends us four volumes of Ruskin's Works: "The Seven Lamps of Architecture" and "The Stones of Venice." We shall give another article on Ruskin in a future number.

ARTICLE IX.

THE ROUND TABLE.

WE find in our Drawer several choice bits of poetry (we hope to find more of them) which we shall scatter over our Table as the season favors us with their fragrant bloom. In *this*, that singularly abnormal condition is very happily expressed in which one seems to be dead —

“Yet hears his burial talked of by his friends.”

SONNET.

THEY thought that I was dead, so still I lay
 With nitrous napkin close about my face;
 A scent of funeral flowers filled the place
 As if to mask the odor of decay.
 And pleased, I heard the pale-lipped whisperers say,
 “Pity, alas! that he should die so young,
 On whom all gifts the lavish Muses flung.
 O, lowering sky! and yet the dawn was gray!”
 Then through these praises cut a chiding tongue:
 “O foolish mourners, spare your tears for him.
 Ill-fed, the light that grows so early dim.
 He needed not to live, who died so young.”
 Then I arose and tore the bands away —
 Henceforth in truth to live, if yet I may.

THE LOGIC OF EVENTS. — Neither Hedge nor Mill lays down the rules for this kind of logic. It is the logic of Divine Providence and cannot be systematized for any human school.

The pending war is a good illustrative section of this species of reasoning, and shows how powerful God is in moral suasion when he crowds facts and events into the place of men's theories and fancies.

Before this most unholy struggle opened to overthrow one of the best of human governments, the public were greatly annoyed by new principles in morals, new definitions and responsibilities for crime, new theories in criminal jurisprudence, a new adjustment of the moral attributes of God, and so a new and improved theology.

Crime, we were taught, is but the natural outworking of unfortunate constitutional propensities. Sin is only a blunder against self-interest, and has no intrinsic demerit. So the prison must be placed near the asylum, and feather-beds and Christmas dinners be provided alike for the cut-throat and the lunatic. Pardons and certificates of health must be issued to the inmates of both, as meaning about the same thing, as fast as those wishing to leave say they feel better. The child may set up squatter sovereignty in the school-room, as he does at home, and if he thinks his private rights are invaded by the teacher, he may break up the government or secede.

No physical resistance of evil is scriptural, and any government of force must be abandoned. We must not defend even our little ones from the bludgeon and dagger by anything more forcible than "Please, sir, that is not agreeable." No blood is so sacred as the blood of the murderer, and taking human life for capital crime is barbarous. God's principal attribute in governing is *love*, his justice and other sterner qualities having become obsolete in this fast age, or exhausted and worn out in Old Testament times. Men, male and female, and women, male and female, have pressed these views for the last thirty years on the public ear. Nothing in reply could show them their folly and sin.

By the opening of this war God has taken up the argument against them in the logic of events, and the result already is exceedingly comforting and refreshing. The moral suasionist is studying Har-dee's "Tactics." The lecturing women and their gentle disciples of both sexes are knitting for the army. The constitutional proclivity to secession and rebellion, bridge-burning and the robbery of mints, arsenals, and treasuries, is now found to be the rankest of all crimes and beyond any atonement. Those who circulated petitions for the pardon of murderers and the repeal of the death-penalty have joined the sharp-shooters with telescopic rifles. Some who were by profession the prisoner's friends, and who pitied every villain that fell into the hands of the law, have opened recruiting offices for the army. Divines who preached so earnestly a government of God all love and no punishment, and who pleaded so eloquently against hanging men of blood, have gone as chaplains to pray that we may smite the enemy hip and thigh with a great slaughter. Men with long hair, who nauseated us with the twaddle about governing the world by *love*, now hang about the corners and sing, "Glory, hallelujah," as the recruits march off for the wars.

Verily, when masked batteries open on the government, their flashing gives new light to some men. This providential logic of events is

quite convincing and converting. God has his own methods of persuasion, and the war is yielding much rich fruit for the North, before we come to the reëstablishment of the government.

TRUST.

To Him who hears, I whisper all ;
And softer than the dews of heaven
The tears of Christ's compassion fall :
I know I am forgiven !

Wrapt in the peace that follows prayer
I fold my hands in perfect trust,
Forgetful of the cross I bear
Through noonday heat and dust.

No more Life's mysteries vex my thought ;
No cruel doubts disturb my breast ;
My heavy-laden spirit sought
And found the promised rest.

Two or three Scotch divines have recently set to work to show, by several volumes of illustrations, that their people are not inferior to their English or Irish neighbors in mother-humor, if in mother-wit. *This* is capital, and it points an ethical hint, as well as stirs the risibilities. A reverend doctor was on his way to open a new house of worship. As he made his way, with official gravity, through the crowd assembled around the church, an elderly man, who wore a smooth, bright, reddish-brown wig, asked to speak a moment with the clergyman. "Well, Duncan, (says the divine,) can ye not wait till after worship?" "No, Doctor, I must speak to ye now, for it is a matter on my conscience." "Oh, since it is a matter of conscience, tell me what it is; but be brief, Duncan, for time presses." "The matter is this: Doctor, ye see the clock yonder on the face of the new church. Well, there is no clock really there — nothing but the face of a clock. There is no truth in it but only once in twelve hours. Now it is, in my mind, very wrong and quite against my conscience, that there should be a lie on the face of the house of the Lord." "Duncan," replied the minister, "I will consider the point. But I am glad to see you looking so well; you are not young now; I remember you for many years; and what a fine

head of hair you still have!" "Eh, Doctor, you are joking now; it is long since I have had any hair." "Oh, Duncan, Duncan, are you going into the house of the Lord with a lie upon your head?" This settled the question; and the doctor heard no more of the lie on the face of the clock.

THE LAST APPEAL.

THE room is swept and garnished for thy sake;
 The table spread with Love's most liberal cheer;
 The fire is blazing brightly on the hearth;
 Faith lingers yet to give the welcome here.
 When wilt thou come?

Daily I weave the airy web of hope —
 Frail as the spider's, wrought with beads of dew —
 That, like Penelope's, each night undone,
 Each morn in patience I begin anew.
 When wilt thou come?

Not yet? To-morrow Faith will take her flight,
 The fire die out, the banquet disappear;
 Forever will these fingers drop the web,
 And only desolation wait thee here.
O come to-day!

Tennyson puts into Vivian's Song in the "Idylls" the pretty but questionable refrain —

"O trust me not at all, or all in all:"

to which a poetical correspondent of ours excepts, in these neatly turned stanzas, suggested by an intimation, thus conveyed, of a withdrawal of confidence from the one so complaining: —

Tell not to me, my friend, the secret sin;
 One chamber keep, I may not enter in;
 On other terms, this friendship had not been.

Nor would I have you prove your heart no tomb;
 Leave a friend's faith, dear friend, a little room;
 Probe not the secret of the clover-bloom.

. AN error of punctuation in our last No. (p. 570, l. 10) needs correction, where the (.) should immediately precede the word "whenever," and the remainder of the paragraph be read as one sentence; thus — "Whenever applied to a fallen spirit, the word," etc. : — also (p. 2, l. 7) for "gappings" read "gapings" : — (p. 175, l. 26) for " $\phi\acute{\omega}\beta\phi$ " read " $\phi\phi\beta\phi$ " : — (p. 268) extend the quotation from the N. A. Review to the end of the 4th line from bottom : — (p. 450, l. 9) for "and his" read "this" : — in the title of Art. VI. (p. 586 et seq.) for "ON" read "OF" : — (p. 530, l. 10) for "Stirling" read "Sterling."

. THE microscopic editor at 15 Cornhill (up-stairs) never permits a W to slip into the place of an M, else even *he* could not have penned that criticism, in a single sentence, of our *second* article for November, — "ought to have known better than to write Silas *Warner*;" read *Marner*, if you please, gentle friend, and charge the erratum *not* to the author of the article, who, in this matter at least, knows quite as much as his censor. This is a *small* affair, and as ill-natured as trivial; yet perfectly characteristic of the source whence it comes. Good spelling is a good thing, and equally so are good manners, whether in a "Congregationalist" or other functionary. *Sit pœna merenti*. By the way, does our critic give his curt dicta in parentheses in order to intimate (as our old grammar used to teach) that what is thus included is of no consequence, and might just as well be omitted, without injury to the sense?

Errors of the press are certainly annoying; and seem likely to keep up indefinitely a standing demonstration that "there's no perfection here below." But it does not prevent the editor aforesaid from printing his opinion that the last anniversary sermon before the American Board is one which few men in this country could produce, because the preacher, Rev. R. S. Storrs, Jr., D.D., sends off its copy *in the haste of transcription* (as now appears) with "Indus" where "Tigris" should be, and "Marathon" in the place of "Salamis." Did the "Congregationalist" know enough also to detect these grave mistakes? Possibly; but the advantages of being deaf in *one* ear have long been known in select circles. We have no hope of curing this infirmity in our neighbor; in fact, have made this note merely to show the difference betwixt *this* and *that*.

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ARTICLE I.

CHRISTIAN TOLERANCE; ITS LAW AND ITS LIMIT.

IF a man say a triangle has four sides, we withhold from him our mathematical fellowship. With a broad toleration, we leave him to labor for the maintenance of his opinion. To be thus left is his right and our duty. If we, the while, employ pen and press to show that he is in a fundamental error, we submit that our endeavors should not be put under stigma and ban as persecution. That reproach should not be laid on us even if we refuse him a vacant mathematical chair, or insist that as the occupant of one he should vacate it, or teach the doctrines of the triangle according to the intent and constitutional foundation of his professorship. Orthodox geometricians have a right to defend the principles of Euclid without incurring the opprobrium of such a charge.

Yet the Westminster Review thus puts the case: — “Defenders of the faith, as such, all bear about them the leprosy of intolerance.” “Christian creeds have the generic quality of being all addicted to persecution.” (July, 1861.)

The enunciation of such a falsity comes about on this wise. Certain men, sacredly bound in religion, honor, and law to teach, preach, and defend the cardinals of Christianity, as held by the Church of England, break their pledge, and pervert their official standing, and the ancient foundations on which

they have their living, by a labored and published attack on the essentials of the Christian religion. Calling these men to account, through the press, for breach of faith, perversion of trust, and the advocacy of infidelity, is intolerance and persecution, according to this Review, so zealous for free thinking.

Leaving the discussion of cases and personal issues, we propose some inquiries on the principles pertaining to religious fellowship and toleration.

An indispensable condition of fellowship is a cordial acceptance of the principles, policies, or forms, essential to the organization that gives or receives the fellowship. To have sincere fellowship with the Unitarians one must agree cordially to the unity of God, not to mention other points, as held by some, in distinction from the common view. Fellowship with Baptists must assent to their mode of baptism as the only scriptural one. The fellowship of Universalism requires a hearty faith in the doctrine of the final restoration of all the human family to holiness and heaven ; while infidelity asks our hearty acceptance of the moral and religious teachings of Voltaire, Hume, and Parker, for substance of doctrine.

These are points essential to the existence of these religious orders, and if the fellowship is to have a vitality and not a semblance merely, it must embrace and accept the essentials. It is an indorsement of them by the understanding and heart. The sceptic, the Calvinist, the papist, any religious order, agrees to this and requires it.

Where fellowship is thus extended public opinion interprets it as evidence of a unity of faith between the parties on fundamental points. This is more than is intended or done or supposed to be done, when those of different religious faiths and forms of worship and church politics unite for specific and temporary purposes on civic or festive or reformatory occasions. This is rather acting the citizen and reciprocating the courtesies and sympathies of life. Here is no compromising or confusing of religious creeds. It is the fellowship of good neighborhood and humanity, and to refuse it on religious scruples is intolerant and intolerable bigotry.

But we are necessarily brought into other relations to supposed error and errorists that cannot be so easily disposed of.

We may not compromise the claims of truth or suffer them to be compromised. Its peril enhances our responsibility. The lines may be so drawn, or inferences and popular impressions so forced, that neutrality is an impossibility for us, even if we were unworthy enough to wish it. Moreover, moral truth is always intolerant of its opposite. It would deny its nature were it otherwise; and we should deny our friendship for it, were we to ignore or disregard the dividing lines between it and error. How much that is wrong we may suffer to pass in silence, when to challenge it, and with how much of emphasis to enter a logical protest, or more summary veto, is a matter of times and circumstances.

One thing is evident. Whatever form and embodiment of error it is right and necessary to disavow when it is in its maturity, the same it is right and exceedingly wise to expose, subvert, and reprobate in its insidious and apparently harmless beginnings. In the matter of theological errors in essentials, the historic spirit becomes of necessity prophetic. He who is well read in the history of doctrines not only knows that there are very few new errors, but he knows the embryonic form of each, and can foretell and forewarn from the first and simplest manifestations. To resist those beginnings of infidelity or heresy is no more intolerant than to refuse fellowship to the organized and established system of scepticism or heterodoxy to which these will legitimately grow.

And yet criticism is seldom more severe or intolerant on a defender of the faith than when he thus labors to resist the beginnings of evil. If he exert himself thus where the least labor can accomplish the most, he is called an alarmist, a disturber of the peace, a meddler in petty differences, a bigot. He cannot gain credit for manliness and fair warfare unless he sleep at his post till the enemy are in full force on the field and covered by the best fortifications. It is well enough for an enemy to teach thus beyond his own lines, but when a professed friend or neutral does it he lays himself open to the gravest suspicions.

One familiar with the history of errors in the church is aware that the points of departure are few. The devious, intersecting, and bewildering paths into which men afterwards come are logical and inevitable necessities. When one is just taking his

departure from the beaten track of truth in one of these devious paths, or has advanced so far as to foreshow to the historical eye his certain destination within the provinces of essential error, what tolerance or patronage does Christian liberty require us to extend to him? He proposes to press the limits of religious thought farther and farther into the supposed unknown. He is speculative and assumes the popular pretension of being progressive, while it is seen that his new surveys do but cover old lines and landmarks that have been abandoned with the centuries by the friends of truth as untenable. How far, in such case, may we justly exercise a moral permission, or a moral veto? Is it bigotry and intolerance to define again the old metes and bounds of the evangelical church, and give to variations and departures their well-known definitions and terms?

A man changes his geographical position, and esteems it a favor that his new location is made known and he addressed accordingly. He changes his theological position, and he thinks for the better. He believes he has more truth in his new relations. He is not ashamed of the change. Why, then, should he not assume or allow a new theological address, descriptive of his new status? If he has become a Socinian, a Calvinist, an Arminian, or a Baptist, is it persecution to call him such? Why should honorable men making honorable changes shrink from their new and appropriate title? Or why characterize the difference between one school and another in theology as being the difference between old and new illustrations of truth, old and new methods of stating it, a steady and an impulsive disposition, a soft and a hard hat, a black and a gray coat, while each side disputes the leading doctrinal points of the other? Is not this ignoring or denying essential differences, that essential changes may be wrought without observation and alarm? We had supposed that the extensive and able controversy held during the last twenty-five years in New England about the New Divinity had for substance and bottom something more than a soft hat.

It is true that in other days sinister movements have been effected by some in theology before any change was apparent in their theological terms or denominational relations; but we have not been wont to regard this as an honorable or defensible

precedent. Even in their unfortunate and aimless wanderings in the desert, Israel left a record of their stations and erratic departures.

The sceptical argument is constantly reappearing. It is native to the heart, and does not vary much with the generations in its manifestations. Is it intolerance to dismiss it with some promptness? After eighteen centuries of Christian light and study, a Christian people have a right to assume some things as settled in religion. The divine authority of the scriptures, the moral code of Sinai, and the law of life as laid down in the Sermon on the Mount, are no longer open questions. Issues made on these points must not expect much attention, certainly no excessive courtesy, except as new evidence is brought into court. For the ages have constituted them religious axioms in all Christian countries.

Rarely can the attacks of infidelity on them attain to the dignity and importance of being original or novel. The most it can say is a matter of the libraries, and not of living studies. It must not, therefore, expect a long hearing, or a labored reply. The larger part of those who covet the notoriety of assaulting Christianity must be content with an answer that refers them merely to the alcove, volume, and chapter, where all their arguments were disposed of before they came on the stage. To him who is a tyro in working up, according to the original suggestions of his own heart, a system of scepticism, and is fresh, in his discoveries and readings of what he desires, in the writings of Volney, Parker, and the Westminster, we may seem bigoted and intolerant, if we give him "no place, no, not for an hour," in the hearing and reply. As he brings no original objections, he is not entitled to any original answer. Nothing is original in his scepticism but his desire to be a sceptic. Let him solve his difficulties where he found them, in the library, and under our references. If a man now denies that the world moves, we do not feel called on to repeat the arguments of Galileo, or rehearse for his edification a volume of Kosmos. Yet, for youthful learners and honest inquirers, we have years to spare in hearing and answering questions.

If the sceptic will show as much originality in fact and argument against the divine authority of the scriptures as Rawlin-

son has shown for them in his Bampton Lectures, he will merit and obtain a very candid hearing.

But scepticism asks for a free work-field, and equal rights and patronage in practical life. Is it persecution to hold it in check? With bolts, chains, and fagots, it is, but not with the pulpit, the platform, the press, and the ballot-box. Christianity has attended to the experiment as well as to the logic of living without a divine rule, and she is satisfied with neither. She covets not for her domains the polytheistic culture of Greece, nor the atheistic of France. She cares not to try the experiment. The many records of it are enough. There have been people who "did not like to retain God in their knowledge." They had their way, and now we blush at the recital of it, though drawn by the euphemistic pen of inspiration. No demand for equal rights can subject a Christian people to the repetition of such experiments. Total obliviousness to the code of Sinai, as in pagan Rome, and temporary and partial repeals of it, as in France, are our brief answer to him who asks for the legislation, the popular education, the morals, and the amusements of infidelity. We have no patronage for it. If this be intolerance, these historical references are our defence. Infidelity has its rights, but they are the rights of an alien who is hostile to the entire genius of Christendom. It is not bigotry, intolerance, or persecution, that denies it the fullest liberty, equality, and fraternity. It is rather the honorable warfare for life against a confessed and well-known foe.

The questions concerning toleration, bigotry, persecution, and the like, present themselves with most earnestness when directed toward the public teachers of morals and of religion. Such fill professorships and pulpits, or are lecturers on certain foundations. They are set apart to teach, preach, and defend certain ancient schemes and creeds. What is obligatory on such incumbents? It is a simple question.

For a certain stipend, accruing from the pecuniary foundation on which he stands, or for certain payments guaranteed in his settlement, the incumbent receives in trust, and for proclamation and defence, a certain faith, a specific system of theology, or of church polity. He is supposed to be capable of understanding it, and to be so far a positive and sectarian man

as to favor it according to what he thinks was the understanding of it by the founders of his position.

He is then, a party to a contract. For considerations that are acceptable, he agrees and promises to elaborate, teach, and promulgate the creed, system, theology, or polity of his pulpit or chair. But wanting in good-will toward it, or in moral integrity to keep a contract, or having personal and sinister ends to serve, he perverts his position. What is toleration in such a case?

Let us illustrate by supposed examples. Rawlinson, standing on the Bampton Foundation, and with all his rich material and felicitous manner for executing the intent of the Canon of Salisbury, among other things, "to confirm and establish the Divine authority of the Holy Scriptures," warily prepares for and invites the reproduction of the arguments of Hume.

A minister of the Gospel accepts the pulpit of an ancient church whose creed is coëval and coëqual with the purest Puritanism, and then with suavity and effrontery strikes hands with Arminianism or meets the Universalist half-way. A man is called to the professorship of church history in a Baptist institution, and then undermines the confidence of his pupils in immersion as the only scriptural mode of baptism, or leaves them to the irresistible inference that infants should be taken to the font. Or the Westminster Catechism is sharply defined by a theological school that stands attached to it as a commentary to a text, and on that manual, as thus explained, a theological chair is established, and the occupant in his teachings leads his pupils to reject the leading features of the catechism, and to controvert the peculiarities of the school that founded his professorship.

In any such supposed case what may be justly asked and granted as Christian liberty? The question does not and must not come in whether the teachings required by the contract or endowment are sound, or whether the variations from them are improvements. The agreement made in the acceptance of the lectureship, professorship, or pulpit, is not for the examination of its basis, but for its defence. Expurgating, supplementing, or substituting is none of the labor for which the incumbent is employed. The clearly understood intent of the founders or

contractors must bind his teachings. The business honesty, morality, and Christian integrity that bind one in executing a trust, or the items of a contract, hold him.

That it is a religious trust from the hands of the pious dead, tendered through trustees, and perhaps loosely guarded in terms because of undue confidence in the integrity of men thus dealing in sacred things, increases rather than lightens the obligation to carry out the exact intent of the founders or contractors.

The question in such case resolves itself thus : Is it persecution to enjoin on a man the keeping of his contract, and the maintenance of his Christian integrity, while discharging what is, *par excellence*, a Christian obligation ? May a man claim a wider margin for variations from agreement because the work to be done is moral and religious ? May he have fewer scruples and a more uncertain conscience about his oath, promise, or signature, because he is a godly man, and in the godly service of the church ? When a Christian minister, or lecturer, or professor in divinity inclines to pervert his position, or to alienate the endowment that gives him a living, is it persecution to press that man to keep his word, and to preserve the institutions of religion from the stain of dishonor at the hands of their appointed defenders ?

In secular matters men do not trust each other so much and so far as they do in things sacred. They have carefully drawn contracts, and a regard for them is compelled by the courts. Yet we hear nothing of intolerance in the court-room because men are held to mean what they say, and to do what they promise, and to keep the bond that bears their signature. Why should we in the lecture-room or pulpit ?

Undoubtedly a man may change his religious views. Then undoubtedly he should change his position, if that position lie in the gift of a society or trustees whose interest he can no longer sincerely espouse and faithfully serve. Creeds are not to be deemed mutable or elastic because we find their elected defenders to be so.

Perhaps one, under an aspiring stimulus, or in a broad ignorance or imperfect development of his own theories, gains some public eminence. He has little study or interest to know the

definite obligations of the place till he actually fills it. Now he discovers that his own predilections are adverse to what is expected and required of him. But his love of place is stronger than his love of consistency. He has not a manly fulness and symmetry of character that enable him honorably to withdraw. Instead of vacating the place, he proceeds to show that his views have no novelty for that place. He affirms that the triangle of Euclid had four sides, that Playfair so understood it, and that the founders of his position held to the same theory, though they did not express it as logically and felicitously and rhetorically as it can be done in these days of improved terminology. The moral sense as well as the mathematics of such a man are at fault, and he must not complain of a growing impatience in the patronizing public.

The Christian community are custodians for the safe-keeping of the reposed charities and trusts of the dead. Is it intolerance, bigotry, or persecution to insist that, when one has rejected the basis for teaching that underlies his support, he himself should be ejected for malefeasance?

Much of this cry against persecution is affectation and a bid for sympathy and a covering for the eyes of the public. Men wish to do what ought not to be tolerated, and what themselves would not tolerate in a change of circumstances. Because the scepticism of the Westminster Review may not enjoy free proclamation and defence on the living of the Church of England, whose incumbents must give pledge for the defence of the Thirty-nine Articles, "Christian creeds have the generic quality of being all addicted to persecution." This changes the entire issue. No one objects to the founding of a Hume professorship for infidelity, or a mosque, or a Pelagian church. The persecution consists in our refusing to give up the halls of Oxford to Hume, the cathedral of St. Sophia to the Mohammedans, and the church of Dr. Spring to Pelagius.

It is true Israel received cities that they builded not, wells that they digged not, and vineyards and olive-trees that they planted not. But when sceptics and heretics propose to take our possessions, pleading this as a precedent, we protest under the double demurrer that we are not Canaanites, and that the Lord is not leading them to do this thing.

Persecution is frequently pleaded by innovators as their perquisite. If in their usual poverty they can gain credit for it, they have in it a capital and endowment. Hence their pitiable cries that they are persecuted. But we do not choose to make an attack possible from so false a position. It is not persecution for a man to defend his own. Without being subjected to the odious charge of persecuting, one may stand by the ancient creed and church of his fathers, against those who would pervert and change it.

If men, of faiths and politics unknown to the fathers, or rejected by them, desire pulpits, lecture-rooms, and professorships, the land is wide and free, and they may build where they will. But they should not claim the cuckoo's liberty, that avails itself of another's nest and nursing and feeding for its young.

It is a painful evidence of moral degeneracy when a people consent thus to a perversion of religious trusts. It shows a want of common morality and honorable feeling. Subscribing to the Thirty-nine Articles that one may subvert them, is a fraud tinged with perjury. It is enlisting to betray the citadel. Changing after occupation, from the intent of religious contractors, is nothing blameworthy. Indeed one has then the rare opportunity, that the best might covet, of showing how noble a thing it is to be honorable despite temptation, and to do right at a sacrifice, and to maintain the supremacy of a good conscience amid the revolutions of one's opinion. The reproach and immorality begin when the incumbent shows an unwillingness to relinquish what no longer belongs to him.

It is a marvel that any should be found to defend the English essayists and reviewers in holding livings where they must subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles, while the drift of their endeavors is not only to undermine public confidence in those articles, but to take away the divine authority from the source of all Christian creeds.

Nor is the marvel much less when among ourselves in Puritan New England we see men sustained as honorable in subscribing to a faith that they may explain it away, and in using their pulpit or chair to promulgate another gospel than what was cherished and sought to be propagated by the pious dead who founded that church or school.

Calvinistic funds among us now pay for some of the severest as well as most scholarly attacks on the Institutes of the Genevan, and some of the most polished as well as poisoned shafts that now glance from the Puritan's coat of mail are sped from parapets that rough Puritan hands built up. It is all very well, no doubt, though we do not see it, to set forth gracefully in verse and prose that the real *literati* of New England constitute a Bramin caste, and that scholarship pertains to certain blood and physiological fibre, descending by natural generation. It would be quite as gratifying to be assured by observation that the antique morality, which kept men from appropriating another's goods to their own use, does also continue in the blood and descend from generation to generation.

Then should we not see gentry knights-errant make assault on the theology and morals of the Puritans from the grateful shades of elms that those Puritans themselves planted, and from archways and castle-doors that those same Puritans set up. But it is the fortune of some that they have an ancestry whose legacies will support them in caricaturing the creed and ridiculing the character of that ancestry. Evidently there are different ways of obtaining eminence, reputation, and a livelihood.

Passing round among the funded churches and professorships in the commonwealth, and marking the gift of a few sheep, some cotton cloth, a pewter flagon, and some yearly pecks of wheat here, and a princely fortune there, and a communion service elsewhere, and all for Christ and the church through a specific faith, we cannot refrain from asking what those godly and self-denying donors would say, if they could listen to the sermons, lectures, and hermeneutics now given within those walls that their funds built and their prayers and tears consecrated. A decayed faith brings reflections full of sorrow, as when one wanders among the ruins of the thousand churches that early Christianity planted in Northern Africa. But more sorrowful are the reflections and suggestions when we contemplate a perverted faith, vigorous and thriving through the consecrated funds it has perverted.

Many religious charities in New England have been thus alienated, and are now used to subvert the creed for which they were given. No greater grief, probably, could have touched

the hearts of the founders than to have foreseen that their hard labors and the gifts out of their penury for the perpetuity of their religious principles would thus come to be employed as a weapon against their dearly cherished faith.

“ So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Views his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart ;
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion that impelled the steel.”

Such moral degeneracy is, however, natural. It is a first-fruit of the supplanting scepticism. Departure from Protestant foundations is more than an abandonment of a creed. It is changing the limits and relaxing the stringency of Christian morals. An early evidence of this is the incongruity we see of one's teaching divine truth and Christian morals from a pulpit or chair that was obtained by perversion and is held in injustice.

In the discussion of this question of toleration, a singular fact has obtruded itself often and at different points. Perhaps it may as well find a statement in this place.

The cry of religious persecution comes not so frequently from any class as from those who are in a transition state in their theology, or have a faith that they are interested to conceal. If it is persecution to make moral suasion and demonstrative argument like irresistible grace, and compel a public teacher of religion to declare his creed, no doubt there is much of it, and no doubt it will be continued, and defended, too. The English essayists and reviewers, and all others, must both take and declare their position in the field of theology and morals. Between the public and its public teachers in religious faith and practice there are mutual rights and obligations. A man has the right to teach what system he will, and the public is obligated to secure to him that right. On the other hand the public has the right to know what that man teaches. With his right there is a correlative obligation ; and the pressure is reasonable and just, and in no sense persecution, that demands, and if need be, and it is possible, extorts morally from him a confession of his faith. The exaction of a declaration of belief from a public religious teacher is perfectly consistent with the broadest religious toleration.

Fifty and seventy years ago, when inorganic, and, to this day, unorganized Unitarianism was moving cautiously for an embodiment, there was frequent and echoed cry of intolerance by the unconfessing movers. Public teachers and the trustees of the sacred foundations of both churches and educational institutions were accused of bigotry and intolerance, of unwarranted suspicions and the sowing of discord, because they insisted on knowing the real creed and intentions of those who proposed something better than "the old paths." They had a right to know. There is no moral obligation on any denomination to allow a portion of its ministry to alienate covertly the faith of their flocks. Keeping up old terms, while they are being emptied of their meaning, and finally to be left standing, like vacant cells of honey-comb, is a movement not only worthy of exposure, but one that imperatively demands it. No denominational rights are so sacred, and no ends so sanctifying, as to allow to a concealed transition and politic imposture immunity from exposure.

It is complimentary to one's self-knowledge, moral fairness, and manliness, if he is a religious teacher, to ask of him an expression of his doctrines. If he is so progressive that he cannot define his position or foretell his destination, much more have the community the right, as they have the more reason, to know his views. That he may not be able to give them is to his discredit, while it adds to our just anxiety to know them.

But we have carried this discussion far enough, and the conclusion is evident. A free pulpit, platform, ballot-box, and press, with a legal protection of all shades of opinion, and of all chartered investments to propagate the same, is the amplest liberty possible, and makes intolerance and persecution impossible. This throws every moral and religious question into the fair field of argument, and allows each sect to gain all it can from a common patronage. It allows no stealth to rob the old of their possessions, and no force but persuasion to prevent the new from acquiring. The faith, scheme, or polity, be it old or new, that cannot thrive in such favoring circumstances, must have an essential demerit, or an inaptness, and should not charge its ill success to persecution.

ARTICLE II.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN UNIVERSITY LIFE.

Tom Brown's School-Days at Rugby. By AN OLD BOY. Boston : Ticknor and Fields. 1859.

Tom Brown at Oxford. A Sequel to "School-Days at Rugby." By the Author of "School-Days at Rugby." Boston : Ticknor and Fields. 1861.

Five Years in an English University. By CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED. New York : G. P. Putnam. 1852.

OF the three works above named, the first two are intimately connected, forming indeed but separate parts of one whole. They are designed to follow out the course of a young student (who, for convenience, is called Tom Brown) through his eight years' connection with the famous Rugby School, under Dr. Arnold, and to accompany him thence through his University course at Oxford. In this way the author attempts to set before us the reality of English School and University life. He is seeking to show us what this life *is*, according to the more advanced standards of education in England, and, incidentally, also, to reveal what it *ought to be*; for he aims, evidently, not merely to be a delineator, but likewise a reformer. We confess that in this latter character he appears far less prominently than we had supposed before reading the books; still, this idea shapes and colors to a certain extent the whole narrative.

It is no part of our design in this article to analyze the story contained in these volumes, or to criticize it at any length, in reference to its literary or artistic qualities, though a few general observations touching the subject may not be out of place.

These books are not cast in the ordinary mould of works of fiction. The grand passion of love, which is usually deemed so indispensable in writings of this general kind, holds here but a very subordinate place. It is not entirely overlooked, but it does not constitute the chief interest of the volumes. As a simple matter of fact, love could not very well be left entirely

out of the life of the student, and the author, in giving it some place in his story, has been true alike to nature and experience. But it is not allowed to divert the reader from the main purpose, which is to set forth the actual life of the English student.

There are in these volumes passages of simple description, wonderful for their graphic power and beauty, and worthy of separate and special notice, as, for example, the stage-ride from London, when our hero, then a mere boy, first goes down to enter Rugby School. It makes old blood warm and young again, to look out upon the world from the top of the stage-coach, on that cold, gray November morning, through this youngster's eyes. We catch the very romance of boyhood. The distant days come back to us again. We recall, not without a certain dewy moisture of eye, our own early thoughts and feelings, when the world was fresh and new to us, — when the most common objects and events wore the charm of novelty, and all the future was bright with promise.

There are passages, too, in which this power of description is combined with the most healthy and invigorating moral lessons ; as, for example, in those chapters where our young friend, now fairly launched upon his Oxford life, falls into divers and sore temptations, and is delivered therefrom through the energy, perseverance, and faithfulness of his friend Hardy. The condition of a soul, not yet wholly surrendered to evil, but for a time under the dominion of foul and savage passions, — the tempest and darkness which are upon it while the conflict lasts, and the cheerfulness and joy which succeed, when truth and goodness obtain the ascendancy, — all this is painted with a masterly hand. In the gloomiest hours of the struggle we do not suffer ourselves to despair, for the very reason that, in the case presented, evil works such a commotion in the soul, finding so much there which is antagonistic to it, so much that is akin to the true and noble. The condition is that so beautifully set forth by good old Jeremy Taylor in one of his quaint and delicate comparisons : " For so a taper, when its crown of flame is newly blown off, retains a nature so symbolical to light, that it will with greediness rekindle and snatch a ray from the neighboring fire. So is the soul of man when it is newly fallen into sin." In all this the author reveals his power skilfully to por-

tray the secret and subtle operations of the spiritual nature, though in general he deals more with the outward and tangible.

We know nothing of the author's religious feelings and habits, except what we learn from certain stray passages in the books, and from these we do not gather a very definite opinion. But whenever the subject of religion is touched, it is treated with reverence. In this respect he is far enough from that light and flippant philosophy, so often to be met with among literary men.

One of the excellent points in these volumes is the distinctness with which the main characters stand out before the reader. They bear the most marked individuality. When we have once become acquainted with our friend Tom Brown, and his friends Hardy, Drysdale, Grey, St. Cloud, East, Blake, and others, we do not easily forget them or confound them one with another. Each has a character of his own. There are, of course, many subordinate characters which are less vividly painted. But the chief personages are not to be mistaken. They maintain throughout their individual characteristics.

We have mentioned the name of Hardy. We know not whether the author recognized him as his special favorite, but he is doubtless the favorite generally with sober and thoughtful readers. Those who regard a certain spice of wickedness as essential to true manliness may be more captivated with some of the other young men who are brought to view in the narrative; but mentally, morally, and physically, Hardy seems to us the best specimen of manhood among them. And in this connection it is worthy of notice, that of late the best English novelists incline to make their heroes and heroines out of the common people. It marks the democratic tendencies of English society, and indeed of the age in which we live, that writers of fiction no longer think it needful for the purposes of romance to follow the fortunes of some "gentle lady" or "distressed princess," but on the whole prefer persons of humbler origin, who shine by their own light, and make their way by the force of their own genius and power. If any one will take note of the most successful works of fiction for the last ten years, he will find this remark largely illustrated. We need not neces-

sarily suppose that the writers have used any special philosophy about the matter, or that they have even taken thought beforehand that this would be the most effectual way of gaining the ear of the public. They themselves are in the drift of the age, and often, unconsciously to themselves, reveal its general direction.

This Hardy, who moves among the young men of Oxford with an undeniable superiority, who is not only among the foremost in scholarship and in moral character, but is chief also even in respect to those physical qualities on which alone so many of the young men pride themselves, — who handles the oar in a boat-race better than those who give their thoughts to nothing but boat-racing, — this young man is “Hardy the Servitor,” whom, in the early days of college life, the dashing young sprigs from wealthy and aristocratic houses chose to ignore as beneath their notice and companionship. He comes from the middle class of the English race, and is a noble specimen of the sturdy stock from which he sprung. He comes from that order of people whence many of the greatest thinkers and actors of England have come, and our author is true not only to the tendencies of the present age, but to the facts of the past, in giving him this natural preëminence among the boating, horse-racing, wine-drinking crowd that congregate at Oxford.

And, by the way, speaking of wine-drinking, the one decidedly immoral tendency of these volumes seems to us to be, that the author has no earnest word of disapprobation for those drinking habits so prevalent among English students. We do not complain that he has described these customs as they are. In painting life at Oxford, we are quite willing that he should be true to the facts, and depict student society as he finds it. What we complain of is, that he appears to take sides with the drinkers, — that he tells us, with an evident relish and gusto, how many bottles were uncorked on this trivial occasion, and how many on that; and in fact the occasions are very few when the bottles are not uncorked. The reader soon gets the idea, that in the opinion of the author himself all this is an indispensable part of good English hospitality and cheer, and that nothing can be done properly without these refined and æsthetic potations. Forty years ago, this kind of philosophy was greatly

in vogue in this country, and one might often overhear a company of red-nosed and half-tipsy gentlemen discussing the remarkable qualities and effects of different liquors, and talking solemnly and profoundly, as if all great actions, and all the social virtues, rested for their support upon a large and generous use of the bottle. But this nonsense, with us, has been pretty effectually exploded. It lingers no doubt among us yet, and may be found by diving into drinking-saloons and such-like places. But it no longer figures in respectable society, and, above all, it is not used on this side the water for the purposes of romance. No writer of fiction here, who wished to gain access to our more intelligent and cultivated circles, would think of doing so by flourishing wine and brandy bottles in their faces. But in these volumes everybody drinks, as if it were the "chief end of man" to do so. Even when Hardy's stanch and pious old father comes up to Oxford to pay him a visit, the event is at once celebrated with extra bottles of port and sherry, for the delight of the young men and the old man. And so when Squire Brown, Tom's father, drops in upon him for a brief stay, his coming is the signal for a wine-party got up for his entertainment. And here occurs the only protest against these drinking habits, which we happen to remember, and it is in this fashion. The party has dispersed, and Squire Brown, Tom, and Hardy are the only ones remaining, when the narrative proceeds as follows:—

"For a short time longer the three sat at the wine-table, while the Squire enlarged upon the great improvement in young men, and the habits of the University, especially in the matter of drinking. Tom had only opened three bottles of port. In his time men would have drunk certainly not less than a bottle a man; and other like remarks he made."

How admirable is this fatherly suggestion and counsel! How elevating and restraining in its influence! How naturally would it lead Tom, when he came to reflect upon it, to imitate the early example of his worthy father!

This, as we have said, is the one decidedly immoral tendency of these books. Shaped and designed as they are to impart to students certain ideas of manliness and true honor, these good and useful lessons are terribly undermined and enfeebled by

connivance at this low and corrupting habit. We are not to be deceived in this matter. We know enough by practical experience to be assured that no great things are to be expected of students who indulge so freely in drink.

Mr. Hughes is not the only one, among living English writers, who thus offends against good taste and morality. Dickens cannot go a dozen pages with any set of his grotesque characters without feeling it needful to stop and "liquor" them. Thackeray has very much the same philosophy; and indeed, from many sources of information, it is evident that the public sentiment of England on this subject is not advanced much beyond what ours was half a century ago. Charles Lamb has a couple of lines somewhere, which, as near as we remember, read as follows:—

"Now universal England getteth drunk
For joy that her good monarch is restored."

And judging by the sentiment of many of her writers, we should infer that "universal England" would be very ready to get drunk on a great many occasions besides the restoration of a monarch.

But we must not dwell longer on the details of these volumes of Mr. Hughes, as we wish to reserve our space for some general observations touching University life, in this country and in England.

The other work which we have placed at the head of our article has been much longer before the public, but, we suppose, has been far less generally read. It was written by an American student—a graduate of Yale College who afterward spent five years at Cambridge, England, where he distinguished himself in scholarship, and bore off some of the high honors of the University. The experiences of these five years gave him personally a great contempt for American institutions of learning, while these same experiences, as recorded by himself, have exactly the opposite effect upon the mind of the general reader. They leave the impression that the author, for all purposes of useful scholarship and honorable manhood, was better off when he graduated at Yale College than when he left the English University; that his life would have been productive of nobler results, if he had consented to forego

this extra finish to his education. As regards the book itself, it gives probably the most complete view of the interior and daily workings of one of these great English Universities that has ever been given to the public. But the author gains little credit for himself in making the exhibition. In this respect the work is like Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. We see the Doctor perfectly. We walk round him, and look at him sharply on every side. We know all his habits. We become acquainted with every phase of his character. But we get this information at the expense of Boswell. He is willing to make a fool of himself that we may be wise. The author of "*Five Years in an English University*" had probably but a very dim conception how he himself is made to appear in these volumes, but no one, we think, has ever envied him his education, if it must be purchased in this way.

But, as already intimated, his volumes are most valuable as sources of information, and are superior in this respect to any work within our knowledge. We get at the inside life of the University, the habits of the students and the professors, the aims and ambitions of the young men there congregated, the methods of study and modes of thought. All this and much more is set before us in the most life-like manner. And without stopping here to dwell at all upon details, we may just say, in passing, that Cambridge, as seen through these volumes, corresponds very accurately with Oxford, in respect to the tippling habits of the students. One of the high honors secured by our author at Cambridge was derived from the introduction of a new drink, hitherto wholly unknown in those classic retreats. It produced a profound impression. It awakened a new sensation. The news spread like wildfire, and soon all the students were adepts in the art of mixing this new beverage, the knowledge of which had been brought in from the wilds of America. The use of it became universal, and he received the homage of a public benefactor; but soon the recollection of whence and how it came to be known perished. The author records this fact as follows. "*In less than three years the origin of the drink was forgotten. Before I left the University an Eton Freshman at a wine-party asked me if we drank sherry-cobbler in America.*" Such is the forgetfulness and ingratitude of man!

Without farther reference to specific points in the volumes before us, we wish to devote our remaining pages to several topics of general interest which are naturally suggested by these books.

The author of "Tom Brown at Rugby" and at "Oxford," in writing these works, had in view as one of the main features of his plan to do honor to Dr. Arnold, and to the methods of instruction which he introduced into the famous Rugby School. As a pupil of Arnold, retaining a most affectionate and reverent remembrance of his teacher, he desired to perpetuate his name and influence, as also to offer him his tribute of gratitude. The connection of Dr. Arnold with this Rugby School has proved an event of great significance in the history of English education. Before his election as Head-Master of the School in the year 1827, the trustees were told, by one who knew him well, that "he would change the face of education all through the public schools of England." And the event has partially justified the prophecy. But new ideas work slowly in the English mind, and the revolution wrought by Arnold, we may well believe, is yet in the earlier stages of its development, and far enough from its final consummation. The main ideas on which he relied for success are exceedingly simple and obvious — thorough acquaintance with the individual characteristics and habits of his pupils; an affectionate personal interest in them; a constant application of the great principles of religion, in a quiet and genial way, to their consciences and hearts; a reliance upon their truth and honor, in contradistinction from a system of suspicion and espionage. No one can fail to see the wisdom and propriety of these ideas, and no one, it would seem, could hesitate to adopt them. But in a land like England, where conservatism, even in matters non-essential, usually takes on the form of bigotry, all movements of this kind are painfully slow. The name of Arnold is held in high respect in England, and his sentiments are gradually but surely making their way, in improved methods of education. But at no time probably has his reputation been so good in England as in this country, simply because his ideas were far more consonant with our previous habits and modes of thought on this subject. We were already greatly in advance of England on the very points in respect to which Dr. Arnold was superior to his countrymen.

Obviously true and good as was the system introduced at Rugby, it has had to encounter a large measure of that thick-headed, unreasoning opposition so natural to Englishmen. Mr. Hughes, in the preface to the sixth edition of his "Tom Brown at Rugby," cannot refrain from an allusion to this opposition. He says:—

"There is one point which has been made by several of the reviewers who have noticed this book, and it is one which, as I am writing a preface, I cannot pass over. They have stated that the Rugby undergraduates they remember at the Universities were 'a solemn array,' 'boys turned into men before their time,' 'a semi-political, semi-sacerdotal fraternity,' &c., giving the idea that Arnold turned out a set of young square-toes, who wore long-fingered black gloves, and talked with a snuffle. I can only say that their acquaintance must have been limited and exceptional. For I am sure that every one who has had anything like large and continuous knowledge of boys brought up at Rugby, from the times of which this book treats down to this day, will bear me out in saying that the mark by which you may know them is their genial and hearty freshness and youthfulness of character. They lose nothing of the boy that is worth keeping, but build up the man upon it."

Bristed, in the volumes to which we have made reference, in comparing the scholars who came to Cambridge from different English schools, pays a marked compliment to the boys from Rugby. The passage is so interesting in this connection that we quote portions of it:—

"This brings me to Rugby, so interesting from its connection with the name of Arnold. (He died in 1842, and many of his last 'sixth form' were my contemporaries, or nearly so, at Cambridge.) The Rugby men were in general less brilliant and quick than the Etonians; good, sound scholars, but not remarkably showy or striking. . . . But they were men of great weight and character; they seemed to have been really taught to think on ethical as well as purely intellectual subjects better than any set of young men I ever knew; they had better grounds for their belief, and always appeared to have looked into the reason for what they said or did, and to go back to first principles. Their veneration for Arnold's memory was unbounded; they spoke of his loss as a personal calamity, as one might speak of a near relative's death; and you could always recognize a Rugby man's room by the portrait conspicuously suspended in it. It

was sometimes objected that the influence exerted by Arnold over the minds of his pupils had been *too* great; that it destroyed their originality and self-dependence. . . . What he *did* impress upon his pupils was a love of truth, a reverence for reverend things, a philosophic habit of investigating principles, which tended to give them the reality of that 'earnestness' which some of their despisers only pretended to possess, or fancied they were possessing."

On a more general comparison of English and American methods of liberal education, it is of course to be conceded, without a shadow of dissent, that the English system is far more thorough and complete than our own. In extent of attainment, in scholarly finish and accuracy, the best students from the English universities are far in advance of the most cultivated graduates from our best American colleges. We are rising in this respect by somewhat rapid stages. The change among us has been very great in the last twenty-five years, especially in our older institutions. But it will doubtless be a long time before we can give to the student such facilities for finished culture as he enjoys at Cambridge and Oxford. Taking the whole system of public education in England, with its numerous and far-famed schools, like Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Rugby, and many others, culminating in these great Universities, which are not single colleges, but congregations of colleges, distinct and yet united, entirely separated for some purposes, and confederated for others, with the traditions and associations of a thousand years hanging about them, — in the combination of all this we have a vast and complicated machinery, in comparison with which our institutions of learning seem very humble affairs. All this is to be granted, and any one would be foolish who should attempt to ignore this manifest inferiority on our part. We can well understand how a student passing from even the largest of our American colleges to one of these Universities would have occasion to feel that he had been brought out from a strait into a broad place.

But we have our compensations, and they are neither few nor small. So far as we have been able to ascertain what may be called the *average* result of the education given by these great Universities, we confess that we have an honest pride in the practical working of our own institutions. Even in respect

to scholarly and intellectual attainments, we doubt whether, on an average estimate, the students who go out from these Universities are greatly in advance of our own. We say, *on an average estimate*, for we have already conceded that the best scholars there are far beyond ours. But the system is so loose in its hold upon the great body of the students, — it is left so much to themselves to say what use they will make of their time and opportunities, that the majority of them never reach any high degree of scholarship.

But let the case be as it may in this respect, there are other grounds for our conclusion. In that very element which Arnold sought to introduce at Rugby, in what may be called the ethical part of education, which is really the most important part, our American colleges are decidedly superior. In giving young men a sense of individual responsibility, in making them feel that as they go out into the world they are to set before themselves high and honorable ends, that their lives are not to be devoted to merely selfish gratification, but are to be made useful in service for God and their fellow-men, — in these and such-like points, we believe that our colleges will bear the most favorable comparison with the Universities of England.

And this brings us to a topic of very great interest and importance in respect to the welfare of our colleges. Any one at all acquainted with the prevailing habits of mind in a college community must have noticed the constant tendency on the part of many students to create false standards of manliness, to attach great importance to things frivolous, and often half-immoral, to cling with the most desperate tenacity to customs which ought never to have been originated, to regard the honor of the college as depending mainly upon the faithful support and transmission of these customs to future generations, and generally to lend "aid and comfort" to all movements for the subverting of rightful authority, and thwarting "the powers that be." How often have we seen a student who was entirely ready to go to the stake, if need be, in defence of his natural and inalienable right to smoke Freshmen, or to preserve some other bad but immemorial usage which had come down with all the sacred associations of the past! It was *principle* with him not to give up what was so linked in with the history

of the college, and was so necessary to its true glory. And while this martyr spirit is on him, what a crowd of witnesses gather around in high admiration of his heroic conduct! This tendency among students to exalt the fanciful, the unreal, the untrue, above that which is simple and genuine and important, shows itself in a thousand different ways, and is one of the most serious things against which a wise board of instruction has forever to contend. It is this spirit which leads to all the folly, expense, and parade of "Secret Societies." It is this which leads any company of students who happen to be banded together in one of these secret associations, to be congratulating themselves forever upon the fortunate selection of members, and to talk of the immense importance of the enterprise in which they are engaged. Hence is to come culture, refinement, eternal friendship, and every imaginable good. It is this spirit which just now, in our American colleges, shows itself prominently in boat-races, under the very honorable name of physical culture. There is no end to the forms which this feeling assumes.

We well remember, about the time of our entrance into college, the prevailing impression among the students, was, that the college itself was in imminent danger, — that foes were lurking around on every side, and no one could tell whence or in what form they might come, — that roving bands of sailors might rush upon it in a midnight attack. Life seemed "real and earnest" to us, in view of the many perils by which we were surrounded. Eternal vigilance could alone insure our security. It was necessary that the students should all be banded together in a semi-military capacity, and, if a well-known cry should ring out upon the night air, let every man repair to his post, and be ready to do or die. All this was the everlasting nonsense of students, though, in our greenness, we responded to these warlike emotions, and thought indeed that great interests were at stake, and that our lot was cast "on troublous times." It seemed as though our education was to be gained, in much the same manner as the Jews built the wall of their beloved city, after the captivity, with an implement of labor in one hand and a weapon of defence in the other. These false ideas, these unreal standards of manliness, this intense

devotion to what is useless or worse than useless, this pertinacious adherence to wrong customs and usages, may be found in almost every community of students; and no small part of the business of the Faculty is to limit, counteract, and destroy this influence. If these tendencies are allowed to have unlimited range, they interfere most seriously with the proper work of the college. They blight the tree of knowledge, and render its fruits almost worthless.

Now in reference to this broad fact we think our American institutions of learning in a far healthier condition than the schools and Universities of England. Taking the school at Rugby, which, considering its antecedents, is probably the best specimen in this respect which England can show, and taking also Mr. Hughes's picture of it, as drawn in his "Tom Brown at Rugby," which, in the circumstances, is, without doubt, fully as attractive as the facts will warrant, even then we have an amount of roughness, bullying, and petty tyranny among the boys — a false honor and fictitious manliness, such as we have not been accustomed to observe in our American schools. In the board of control there is evidence of a quiet sufferance of many evils, a readiness almost to count them innocent and virtuous, on the principle of the old proverb, "What can't be cured must be endured." Many of the habits and customs prevalent among the pupils, and which seem to be granted, as among their inherent rights and privileges, are of a kind that a vigorous and able head-master of an American school would feel called upon stoutly to confront and put down. England claims, *par excellence*, to be the land of authority and subordination to law, and has always been free in her insinuations that society on this side the water is loose, lawless, and half-disorganized. But we are entirely confident in saying, that exactly the opposite impression, so far as colleges and schools are concerned, is left upon our minds by the three works now under review. By the light thus thrown upon the subject, it is clearly to be seen that at Rugby, and especially at Oxford and Cambridge, there is an amount of disorder and lawlessness, of intemperance and other low vice, of false honor and manliness, for the most part unchecked and uncontrolled, such as we are strangers to in our American institutions.

The author of "Five Years in an English University" has presented a picture so black and revolting on this subject, that we should hardly dare to exhibit it at full length in these pages. We have made some disparaging remarks about this work, and about the character and conduct of the author as seen through it; but we will do him the justice to say that in his second volume, when he comes to a summing up of the case, in view of sober and undeniable realities, he talks like a man and a Christian. He is touched by the remembrance of his earlier student life in his own land, and of the comparative honesty, simplicity, and purity of character in the young men with whom he was here associated. We give one or two extracts in this connection, which will justify all and more than all we have said:—

"The American graduate who has been accustomed to find even among irreligious men a tolerable standard of morality and an ingenuous shame in relation to certain subjects, is utterly confounded at the amount of open profligacy going on all around him at an English University,—a profligacy not confined to the 'rowing' set, but including many of the leading men and not altogether sparing those in authority. There is a careless and undisguised way of talking about gross vice, which shows that public sentiment does not strongly condemn it. . . . One of my first acquaintances at Cambridge, the fellow-commoner next to whom I sat at Chapel, had not known me two days or spoken to me half-a-dozen times before he asked me to accompany him to Barnwell one evening after Hall, just as quietly as a compatriot might have asked me to take a drink; and though it certainly would be unfair to take this youth as a type of all Cambridge . . . the proposition made to me in so off-hand and matter-of-course a way might justify the conclusion that the practice was sufficiently common, — as subsequent experience fully proved." . . .

"Here are some hundred young men getting drunk systematically, making one another drunk, with the eternal joke of blacking with burnt cork the first man's face who loses consciousness. . . . This is a bad state of things, and there is no getting over it. If they are very nice honorable upright men when sober, more shame for them to degrade themselves systematically. I say systematically, for any man who *habitually* gets drunk must set about it with a certain system and previous design, since it requires but a moderate amount of common sense and experience to tell him how much he can carry. Here is a gross vice, the forbidding of which was one of the peculiar features of

Christianity and has always been one of its leading distinctions in practical morality from all other religions, made a matter of habitual practice and a subject of familiar conversation. Can this go on in a place devoted to the education of Christian youth, without great blame being attributable *somewhere* ? ”

These extracts have reference to two points of great importance, showing a state of society corrupt beyond anything of which we have knowledge in our American colleges. This is specific vice of the lower types, but we have, in our previous view, included also general insubordination, a wide-spread lawlessness, and roughness, and brutality, a haughty contempt of others' rights, low and frivolous aims and ambitions ; and had we space, we might quote many passages illustrative of all these points.

The picture presented by Mr. Hughes of society at Oxford, although it does not reach down to these details, does not impress us as much better. With a large proportion of the men, to be great at the “ boat-races ” seems much more an object of ambition than to be great in the classics ; to be favorably known for one's elegant wine-parties is a more chosen distinction with the multitude than to be known for exact and thorough scholarship. And even where the ambition for scholarship exists, it is, to a most painful extent, the mean and petty ambition of personal preëminence. It wants high and commanding motives. In all the exhibitions which these writers have made to us, we do not look in upon a class of men which has always largely abounded in our colleges, — men who are studying with a sincere and honest desire to prepare themselves for usefulness ; who though they may not greatly shine as scholars, still hold steadily on their way, and by their after-services for God and humanity leave a record in comparison with which the mere triumphs of scholarship are poor and mean. There is a distressing absence of such men in these English Universities. We do not doubt that some of this kind are there, but they are too few in number to give tone to the community, or to readily attract the attention of the general observer.

Indeed we have heard it said (and the remark was quoted from a distinguished man in England, a warm friend of Missions) that these great Universities were practically useless for

raising up and preparing a class of men for the missionary work, — that the impress which these institutions made upon the mind, the moral and spiritual condition in which they left a man when they had done with him, was such as virtually to incapacitate him for these useful and self-denying labors. If he had ever had any noble and serious purposes in life, they were almost sure to be frittered away by the process through which he here passed, and he was left with no higher aim than an intense regard for his personal comfort and aggrandizement. And though there are many noble exceptions to this statement, we believe that it holds good with regard to the great body of young men that come under the influence of these Universities. We derive our impressions on this subject, from books and not from any actual inspection, and it is very likely that a nearer acquaintance would reveal many redeeming qualities and characteristics ; but there are certain main features of these English schools and Universities which stand out so clearly that it is not easy to mistake them.

After giving some thought to the subject, we are satisfied that there are two grand reasons for the greater amount of mischief and disorder in the schools and colleges of England than in those on this side the water. We do not mean to say that every difference which exists can be explained by these reasons, but they go far toward a solution.

(1.) Our common schools, which prevail all through the Free States, teach the whole body of our children, very early in life, the principles of order and subordination which ought to prevail in institutions of this kind. In this tender and flexible period of life, the children are taught, both by precept and by actual drill and practice, the rules and modes which must regulate the intercourse of child with child. The incipient tyranny so natural to some is very early and effectually curbed. It becomes a matter of absolute necessity, for the welfare and prosperity of the school, that these young beginners should be taught to live and move and act together, according to the law of essential equality, and that the rights of each should be faithfully respected by all the rest. That law once learned, and especially when learned in the plastic season of childhood, remains. As these children pass on into the higher stages of education, the

lesson is not forgotten. When at length boys are gathered out one by one from the whole population, and brought together in the academy, to prepare for college, they come with all these primary lessons of obedience and equality thoroughly mastered and stored up for use. Consequently there is comparatively little tendency with us to that violence, petty tyranny, and bullying so characteristic of English schools. Mr. Hughes exhibits a great deal of this even at Rugby, and makes the best of it, by allowing it to pass under the general appellation of English vigor and pluck, but stripped of all disguises, it is better described under the name of juvenile barbarism. We do not mean to say that our schools are entirely free from this ugly element, but we have far less of it than is seen in the English schools, and we account for the difference, in part, by the reason which we have just given.

Something like our common-school system is almost indispensable to teach these early lessons effectually. There are obvious reasons why the family is not adequate to this end. It is only when the children of many families, with antecedents and habits often very diverse, are brought together upon one platform, and under one law, that the principles touching the relations of child with child can be thoroughly taught. Here is one grand cause which goes far to shape and control the intercourse of our students in the academy and the college.

(2.) But there is also another cause, acting in the same direction. The principle of caste in English society shows itself most distinctly in her schools and Universities, and instead of being, as Englishmen fondly suppose, a principle favorable to law and order, it leads directly to violence and disorder. Mr. Hughes has furnished us some glimpses of the internal antagonisms to which this principle gives rise, in the relations of "Hardy the Servitor" to his fellow-students, especially during the early days of his life at Oxford. And it is worthy of notice, as an illustration of some things already said, that what afterwards recommends this Hardy to the more favorable regard of his haughty and aristocratic neighbors, is not his high character as a scholar, is not his excellent moral qualities, is not even his sturdy English pluck, about which there is so much talk and boasting, but it is his physical energy, the fact that his oar

will turn the scale in a boat-race. Now there is no peace anywhere in this world, and certainly not in a community of Anglo-Saxons, where a portion of that community plumes itself on merely adventitious circumstances, "the accident of an accident," and on these grounds claims for itself a lofty superiority over the rest. There may for a time be outward decorum and quiet, but the seeds of discord are within, and as sure as effect follows cause, they will germinate and bring forth fruit in open collision and strife, in manifold mischiefs and disorders.

Far different is the state of things with us. There is no better specimen on earth of a pure Democracy than a genuine American College. It is, in the first place, the natural growth of our democratic institutions. But when formed, it is a more perfect example even of the working of democratic principles than the society itself out of which it has sprung. When a young man comes upon this college ground with high airs and swelling pretensions, founded not upon what he himself is, but upon what somebody else is, he is certain to meet with something very soon which causes a dreadful collapse. He finds himself in a community which will not tolerate any of this kind of nonsense, while it is instinctively quick to appreciate real character and ability.

The evils and confusions which are constantly generated in an English University by this law of caste, we cannot stop to trace out in detail. It so happens that some of our colleges, in their early history, while this country remained under English rule, were conducted, in a measure, upon this principle, though never to the full extent seen in English institutions. The students were enrolled upon the catalogue according to the rank and standing of the families from which they came; certain conventionalisms, derived partly from the old country and partly of native origin, guiding in the enrolment. As an accompaniment to this usage, the fagging system, still largely in vogue in England, was also admitted, by which a part of the students were bound to do service for others, and to show towards them at all times a deferential respect and obedience. We had for a long time in our history all the good derivable from these highly conservative principles, and the traditions of rough-

ness and disorder in our colleges which have come down to us from that period do not tend to give us a very exalted opinion of the practical worth of the principles themselves. There was on the one hand, as there always will be in such circumstances, an abuse of power and privilege, a tendency to acts of mean and contemptible tyranny and exaction; and there was on the other hand a constant and systematic resistance, secret or open, to this artificial authority. Even long after these usages were abolished, *in form*, the evils to which they had given rise remained to plague and vex these college communities, and had to be rooted out by slow degrees. But as now constituted, there are no organizations which better deserve to be called democracies, so far as the relations of the students one with another are concerned, than our genuine American colleges, and the healthy and invigorating influence of this principle is widely manifest.

Whether the causes above named have or have not the importance which we have attached to them, it is undeniable, we think, that the moral condition of our schools and colleges is a great way in advance of that of England. There is with us not only far less of open vice and profligacy, but less also of sham character and honor; less of fiction and pretence; a more true and elevated aim; less of that prevailing nonsense which mars everything it touches; less of those ignoble, frivolous, petty ambitions, so largely to be seen in the English Universities. But there is yet great room for improvement among ourselves, and in closing we wish to make a few suggestions touching our own institutions.

In respect to thorough and exact scholarship, as has been already said, the advance in our colleges (and as a necessary consequence in our preparatory schools) has been for the last twenty-five years very marked and commendable. Our progress in this department has been as rapid perhaps as is desirable. There has been no great and sudden transition, but a steady and healthful growth. And there has been progress too in other directions. There has been a decided improvement in general refinement and civilization. There is less disposition to rude, coarse, vulgar tricks and practices than formerly. A public sentiment has gradually grown up among the students them-

selves against these practices. As compared with former times the individuals who engage in them are few in number, and they are not sustained by the prevailing tone of feeling about them. The bearing of the students in their intercourse one with another is more gentlemanly and cultivated. The rightful authority of the Faculty is accepted with a better grace, and is not regarded so much as something to be warred against and thwarted. The *religious* condition of these institutions is far better than in times past. In the early part of the present century our colleges were overrun with infidelity, in its most gross and hateful forms. The professors of religion were few in number, and were set as a mark for the scoffer. Now, in our New England colleges, (and the same general statement will doubtless hold true of the great body of our Northern colleges,) the proportion of professors of religion is very large. For the past two or three years almost half of the whole number of students (not far from 3000) in the colleges of New England have been members of evangelical churches, and hence, in no small degree, come the increased sobriety and order noticeable in these little communities.

But we have also our evil tendencies as well as our good ones, and these evils are creeping in under the mask of virtues. We hear a great deal nowadays about "physical culture" and "muscular Christianity." If we understand the matter aright, the first two works at the head of this article were written partly in the service of this new movement. Our college boat-races are one of the croppings-out of this modern sentiment. This custom has been borrowed from the English Universities, where it has been long in vogue, and is "more honored in the breach than in the observance." We will not say that it is an unmixed evil, but the good in it bears no proper proportion to the evil. We are satisfied that it destroys far more health and strength than it creates, — that it kills more than it makes alive, even in a *physical* point of view. But intellectually and morally the case is still worse. It absorbs the thoughts of the student to the exclusion of books, and leads on to habits of vicious indulgence. The abstinence and severe bodily training which precede the race, are followed by excess and *sensual* indulgence when the struggle is over. This is true

in England, and it is and will be more true here, if the custom prevails. At Cambridge and Oxford they talk of the "rowing set" and the "reading set," thereby implying that the young men who give themselves to this business are withdrawn from their books, to the ruin of their scholarship; and the natural tendency of the practice will be to create the same distinction here. The Faculties in our colleges in times past have had to encounter a great many evil tendencies and practices among the students, and to root them out by the force of their influence and authority, and here is one which they will doubtless have to meet in the same way; and the sooner they apply themselves to the task the better.

Be it understood that we make no objection to what may properly be called "physical culture," but on the other hand, highly approve and recommend it. The establishment of gymnasia in connection with our colleges is, we believe, a movement in the right direction, and under proper control and regulations they will prove an immense advantage. But they will have to be watched and guarded, lest they also lead to excess.

We have adverted also to secret societies, which have come in like a flood within a few years. We are satisfied from a small experience and a larger observation, that their tendency is exceedingly pernicious. They do not subserve the end for which they are professedly designed, but rather defeat it. They do not contribute to large, manly, generous culture, but to egotism, self-conceit, and "mutual admiration." They create a great bill of expense, with no corresponding profit. The place for a student to measure himself with his fellow-students is in the open field of competition and debate, and not in these secret conclaves. The sooner this nuisance is abated the better it will be for our colleges.

In general, for these and various other reasons, the *expense* of a collegiate education is getting to be so great as to become, to fathers with moderate means, who have sons whom they desire to educate, and to young men who have no fathers to lean upon, truly formidable. It has been the real glory of our system, that everything has been made to facilitate the process of obtaining a liberal education, so that bright-minded, enterprising youth in humble circumstances might find their way

through college, and come out into life, furnished and prepared for great usefulness. But the *incidental expenses* of a college course have been greatly increased within a few years, and these expenses come largely from customs and institutions originating among the students themselves, and which are of no practical utility. They come from the hiring and furnishing of rooms, on a rich and magnificent scale, for these secret societies. The society library must frequently have a great addition to its volumes, and this addition is made often not from a sense of deficiency in the library itself, but so that its volumes may outnumber those of the rival fraternity, and the fact be used for electioneering purposes. Or it is thought necessary to outdo all that has gone before, in providing costly music for Commencement, or to outshine the previous classes in the extent and splendor of the class-album. The poorer students do not like to enter a protest against these extravagant expenditures, lest they should seem mean and wanting in public spirit; and so the evil has been creeping in and growing, until it has become one of great magnitude, and, as we think, calls for the stern interposition of the college authorities.

We might instance also other things which tend to mar the beauty and order of our colleges. But we have a general confidence that all these untoward tendencies and influences will have only a limited and temporary range; that they will in due time be checked and overborne, as have been many other evil customs in the past. These institutions are under the guardianship of sound and Christian men, who have the most vital interest in their true welfare, and who know how to temper severity with lenity.

We cannot and must not expect in the young men connected with our colleges the judgment and discretion which belong to mature age — the wisdom that comes only by experience. But if we had the ear of these young men, we could not but say to them: There will come a time ere long in your history, when many of the things which you now regard as of great consequence will seem to you "trifles light as air," and other things which you are now disposed to undervalue will assume their true importance in your regard. As you pass on in life, and your college days recede, you will come to value more and

more the regular discipline and drill of the college course, and think more meanly of secret societies and other outside appendages. You will see that the main value of the college lies not in large, loose, miscellaneous reading, in boat-racing, in nightly clubs and social festivities, but in submitting the mind honestly and thoroughly to that long and vigorous curriculum of study which the wisdom of maturer minds has devised. Happy will it be for you, if you can, from your after-years, look back upon your college life, not as a period of trifling, pleasure-seeking, and frivolty, but as the time when your intellect was disciplined, your powers developed, and the whole man made ready for the great work of life. Happy if you can say to some chosen companion of those early and halcyon days, what the poet Cowley could say to his friend, —

“ Say, for you saw us, ye immortal lights,
How oft unwearied have we spent the nights,
Till the Ledaean stars, so famed for love,
Wondered at us from above.
We spent them not in toys, in lust, in wine,
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poetry,
Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.”

ARTICLE III.

THE HYMNS OF CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

THE name of this lady has within the last few years become somewhat familiar to Americans, through two or three of her devotional poems, which have found their way into the hymn-books and hearts of the people. One in particular, whose authorship was not known until it had become quite domesticated with us, has been universally recognized as a most valuable contribution to hymnology. We allude to the one commencing, —

“ Just as I am, without one plea.”

Another, perhaps next in favor among us, begins thus :

“ My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say
‘ Thy will be done ! ’ ”

It bears, like the other, the impress of high poetical genius, as well as deep Christian feeling. The concluding stanzas are especially excellent :

“ Renew my will from day to day ;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say
‘ Thy will be done ! ’ ”

“ So when on earth, I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing, upon a happier shore,
‘ Thy will be done ! ’ ”

Had these two hymns been Miss Elliott's only contributions to sacred poetry, the world would have been greatly her debtor, for who can estimate the influence of a really good hymn ? There are states of feeling in which even the tenderest words of Scripture hardly meet the heart's sore and aching sensitiveness ; times of depression, whether from disease, or affliction, or sin, when the distance between God and us seems so great that we cannot approach to him on the throne of his ineffable splendors, but when the record of *human* suffering and deliverance, embodied in some familiar verse, may lead us where we can feel the healing touch of Christ's soft hand. Could we read, as God reads, and as perhaps we shall be permitted to, when we reach heaven, the history of one well-known hymn, the instances of awakening, conversion, and sanctification in which it has borne a part, we should have a new illustration how God uses the weak things of this world to subdue the mighty. We do not wonder to be told that, “ an eminent clergyman of the Church of England, almost as well known for his profound exegetical works on this side the Atlantic as the other, once said to Miss Elliott, when she was bemoaning her inability to do more for Christ by active effort, that he should be happy if all his ministers had done as much good as this one hymn of hers, ‘ Just as I am. ’ ” “ The good,” says the Rev. William Bacon

Stevens, who introduces the American edition of the 'Morning and Evening Hymns for a Week,' "the good which this single hymn has done, the feeble faith which it has encouraged, the timid resolve which it has strengthened, the wavering minds which it has fixed, and the many souls who have made its verses a vehicle by which they have consecrated themselves to Christ, can be known only when 'the day shall declare it.'" Take, for another instance, that hymn of Toplady's, written less than a hundred years ago, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me!" or Wesley's, "Jesus, lover of my soul!" What associations are blended with these in our minds. How often have we listened to them, or repeated them for our own consolation, or that of others, until now they never fail to awaken a long train of precious recollections. And how many other souls have they cheered and comforted as well; how many new-born children of God have fed upon their sweetness, and how many dying saints have breathed out in them their latest breath. Just now, nothing has affected us more in the sad memorials of the decease of the late princely consort of the Queen of England than this touching record of his last hours—that the prayer contained in the first lines of the hymn above referred to was repeated over and over again by him, as he sunk into the arms of death:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!"

Miss Elliott has proved herself worthy to rank with the authors of these hymns, and with Watts, Steele, Montgomery, Cowper, and others, whose productions take an acknowledged precedence in this branch of literature. In the little book whose title we gave a few sentences back, we have fifteen hymns from her pen, all but one or two of which are of rare poetic merit. One of these, less familiar to our readers, we give entire:

"Christian, seek not yet repose;
Hear thy guardian angel say
Thou art in the midst of foes—
 'Watch and pray!'

"Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours—
 'Watch and pray!'

- "Gird thy heavenly armor on,
Wear it ever, night and day ;
Ambushed lies the evil one —
 ' Watch and pray !'
- "Hear the victors who o'ercame,
Still they mark each warrior's way ;
All with one sweet voice exclaim —
 ' Watch and pray !'
- "Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey ;
Hide within thy heart His word —
 ' Watch and pray !'
- "Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day ;
Pray, that help may be sent down —
 ' Watch and pray !'"

Of still higher excellence, as a hymn adapted to social and public worship as well as to closet musings and devotions, is the following, with which some of our congregations are becoming acquainted. We hardly know where to turn to find anything more perfectly in harmony with spiritual aspirations — the longing to depart, when He sees fit, and to be with Christ. Though in our more recent hymn-books, we must enrich our page with its sweet melody.

- "Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal rest !
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and forever blest.
- "Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thy unveiled glory to behold ;
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold.
- "Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints thy name adore ;
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.
- "Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove ;
Then neither life nor death will part
Me from Thy presence and Thy love."

If any one will contrast the indwelling soul of this "divine song" with the very best of Thomas Moore's "sacred melodies," for example, he will detect the difference, if his heart has ever felt it, between the spirit of a mere "Nature-worship" and that of the Christian's adoration and holy, heavenly love. The hymn commencing—

"My God ! is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet —
The hour of prayer ?"

is also in this collection of "Hymns for a Week," the popular favor of which at home is indicated by the twenty-nine editions through which the work has already run.

We learn from the preface to the American reprint, that Miss Elliott is the daughter of Charles Elliott, Esq., of London, and "the descendant of a long line of ministers of the Church of England," among whom was the Rev. Henry Venn, author of "The Complete Duty of Man." Brought up in a Christian home, and early consecrating herself to the God of her fathers, she has been precluded the active service of Christ, in which she would have so much delighted, by being an invalid all her life. Yet we question whether there has not been as much true activity in God's work in that retirement as in many most outwardly busy religious lives. Her own feelings in regard to this discipline seem to be expressed in the following hymn, which may comfort other souls under the same trial :

"Saviour ! though my rebellious will
Has been by Thy blest power renewed,
Yet in its secret workings still
How much remains to be subdued.

"Oft I recall, with grief and shame,
How many years their course had run,
Ere grace my murmuring heart o'ercame,
Ere I could say, 'Thy will be done.'

"I wished a flowery path to tread,
And thought 'twould safely lead to heaven ;
A lonely room, a suffering bed —
These for my training-place were given.

" Long I resisted, mourned, complained,
 Wished any other lot my own ;
 Thy purpose, Lord, unchanged remained,
 What wisdom planned, love carried on.

" Year after year, I turned away,
 But marred was every scheme I planned,
 Still the same lesson, day by day,
 Was placed before me by Thy hand.

" At length Thy patient, wondrous love,
 Unchanging, tender, pitying, strong,
 Availed that stubborn heart to move,
 Which had rebelled, alas ! so long.

" Then was I taught by Thee to say,
 ' Do with me what to Thee seems best ;
 Give, take whate'er Thou wilt, away,
 Health, comfort, usefulness, or rest ;

" ' Be my whole life in suffering spent,
 But let me be in suffering Thine ;
 Still, O my Lord, I am content,
 Thou now hast made Thy pleasure mine.' "

This lady has edited a volume entitled "The Invalid's Hymn-Book," which contains more than a hundred of her poems, and has also contributed largely to a collection of Psalms and Hymns edited by her brother, the Rev. Henry Venn Elliott. A personal history like hers reminds one of Madame de Staël's significant interrogatory : "Celui qui n'a pas souffert, que sait il ?" — *He who has suffered nothing, what does he know ?* Not the best lessons which may be gathered from this probation, certainly. It requires an almost intolerable heat to ripen the richest fruits. And herein lies the compensation of such trials ; even as a spirit kindred to her own has sung :

" Thank God for grace,
 Whoever weeps ; albeit, as some have done,
 Ye grope tear-blinded, in a desert place,
 And touch but tombs, — look up ! Those tears
 Soon, in long rivers, down the lifted face, will run
 And leave the vision clear for stars and sun."

ARTICLE IV.

THE RECREATIONS OF A COUNTRY PARSON.

The Recreations of a Country Parson. First and Second Series. pp. 444, 430. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1861.

THE fate of books is singular. A thick tome of divinity changes the religious views of a generation; another work of equal ability slumbers undusted in the Athenæum Library, perhaps escaping the glance of even Dr. Dryasdust. A little book of poetry with the name "Festus" printed on the back goes to a great many thousand sentimental homes, while the vigorous poetry of the elder Dana is out of print. Uncle Tom's Cabin delighted us all a few years ago, and now we feel silly for having been so interested in it; but perhaps the same readers would be just as eager for a new sensation. No publisher can gauge the public taste. If he aspires too confidently to such an office, he simply invests a fortune in unsalable copies of unimportant works. What a fate awaits the books of young authors! You have to hunt them up in old book-stalls when the writers have gained reputation, yet in those very volumes you can often find very true autobiographies. How many memoirs there are of men quite unknown, whose friends invested a few dollars in gathering up their literary remains, and, in doing so, brought together a crude mass of useless materials, saying to the reader, "Digest and arrange for yourself." Oh, the crowd of useless books! And what ingenuity the book-seller uses to sell those dusty volumes! And how the book-worm feels when he attends a book-auction and sees the richly bound volumes rudely jostled together and sold one by one, by a man who trumps up their merits in a rude way which would have disgusted the authors! We always feel oppressed in a large library, first, with the poverty of our own knowledge, next with the folly of those who wrote for fame after death. It is the sepulchre of literary fame; the very air and stillness have a touch of the tomb. In the study from which we write,

we have no such feeling. The books are not many; they are well-thumbed; we buy but few, and go upon the principle that it is best to be eternally ignorant of the greater number. Our books are mostly solid meat; we have to guard against the error of valuing them too highly and to the neglect of the study of man; but our neighbor buys books to smoke over and amuse himself with; and so we have no need to lend books to each other. Here, then, are two kinds of literature whose readers never exchange greetings. But how many of these books will be in human hands fifty years hence? Did not the *Retropective Review*, the best antiquarian literary journal ever published, fail in a few years, for want of support? And did not Sir Egerton Brydges have to maintain his antique crotchets by a private printing-press at his own expense? From which may we not come to the conclusion that the living care very little for the works of the dead, be they books or other things, always excepting those whose leisure lies heavily on their hands.

We have had to go through all this moralizing about the fate of books to clear our mind of little whims and freaks of thought. It will serve, too, as a contrast to what follows. For the idea we had in mind was this — that very few books live from generation to generation, and that those which survive have a very peculiar character. They are not lexicons, for those can be superseded; they are not books on geology or chemistry, or even on mathematics; they are not works on theology, for these too often mix up matters too foreign to the Bible to survive their age; they are not political debates; they are not thin volumes of poetry written by love-sick swains; they are those books which record personal feeling, and which were written with the freedom and ease of a gentleman talking in his own house to his own friends of his likes and dislikes. They are not very numerous. The men are few who can write them. The men are yet fewer who have just that position in life which secures the harmonious development of their faculties. These are the books which amuse because you can see all things in the light in which the author saw them. You never take them up to gain information on any particular subject; but you find yourself very often referring to them as authority in respect to certain actions. You can turn to them if a lady

has jilted you, and perhaps find that the author himself was jilted. His way of telling his story will soothe the feelings as truly as if you had related your own grievances to an intimate friend. How many copies of the *Reveries of a Bachelor* are put away in the libraries and trunks of the unmarried! It is this class of people perhaps more than any other who relish the revelations of personal feeling. They come to them as the society of the gifted and the cultivated, the society of wife and children comes to other men. How many young ladies have gone into ecstasy over Longfellow's *Evangeline*, because it appeals so truly to the unemployed feelings; yet the same persons with the cares of a family to attend to would say, not to the author, but to us, for instance, that the poem was too romantic. But these books may appeal to the mind at all or any stages of its unfolding. Happy are the authors who mingle the mature and the youthful in such harmony that the book which charmed in childhood shall yet instruct in old age. Is not this true especially of that book to which most go to find words which shall define their feelings and experiences—the Bible? Was ever book written with such variety of incident—so full of consolation?

But we can turn to other books which fall under the class named. All good biographies—and we have many which are very popular—belong here. For the biography of a wise and noble man is the pleasantest kind of reading. With art on the part of the biographer, the incidents and fortunes of the man surprise you at every step, and there goes on that kind of comparison with one's self which gives you a pleasant, if not accurate estimate of your own powers. It is also a great thing to have fully understood one human life. It is next to self-knowledge; in fact, contributes mainly to it. But all those books which give the personality of the writer are of the nature of autobiography, and are of use just as racy and easy conversation is of use to impart to you the personal traits of the one you talk with. The scholar and theologian will at once think of St. Augustine's *Confessions*, which make him as much a living man as when, the Bishop of Hippo, he ruled the African Church. Good old Izaak Walton comes in for his share of praise, and, indeed, our language is rich in personal jottings—

down of its great men. Where will you find an author who has made surer fame than Plutarch — the study of statesmen? — or the French Plutarch, Montaigne, who is as much read to-day as he was three centuries ago? How full these two writers are of instruction! They must have watched eagerly for traits of character in their readings, in their conversations. And Goldsmith, Hazlitt, Lamb, Archdeacon Hare, *Horæ Subsecivæ* Brown, and the Country Parson belong to the same class. They each look at life like the novelist; they seize upon sharp traits; they note down what every one sees but can't express; they make comments colored by their own feelings; and always have enough self-conceit to give their comments dignity, unlike the novelist who is or ought to be hidden from his work, so that his characters may breathe and act naturally. Their writings may not command the same number of readers as the novelist's; but the interest of both is due to the use of the same kind of materials, only in different ways. And here it must be remembered, that no book can possibly appeal to every human being at all times; hence when we speak of the Country Parson as one of the authors always popular, we simply mean that he unites in himself those qualities of mind and heart which touch a very great number of hearts; for they are above nobody's comprehension, and they touch upon the commonest events. They turn into philosophy what the multitude looks at as isolated facts.

Here we have come to perhaps the most important trait of this new writer. He has a generalizing mind. It acts unconsciously in taking up all sorts of things and putting them under some general law, so that they can be easily grasped by others who grope for the law in vain. He takes up "the art of putting things." Illustrations crowd about him; or, perhaps, the anecdotes and filling up come first, and finally, with much thinking, the general law is put in the vise of some apt phrase. Now it seems to us that the mind which can thus draw the threads of a sound human philosophy out of the tangled web of life is truly philosophic. It makes a science of common things. It may not seem profound. Nor does Richard Hooker's "consideration of the nature of law in general, and of that law which giveth life to all the rest, which are commendable, just, and

good ; namely, the law whereby the Eternal himself doth work," seem very profound as he unfolds one feature after another until he has traced all things up to their fountain-head. It is not the appearance of profundity which makes even your religious philosopher, but the simplicity and depth of his thought. We would not rank the Country Parson with the "judicious Hooker," but his mind is cast in a similar mould. We have seen him ranked as one who can be read "when taking your afternoon nap," or "while sailing in a boat," or "when going down to the bowling-alley for a roll before dinner for exercise." True enough. But the writer so puts the case that you would think the author of the "Recreations" a fool. The truth is, that his illustrations are so familiar and accurate that we take them in at a glance ; that he carries into definite statement our half-formed impressions, and makes us feel ashamed of never having thought of what he says before. Is this putting the case too strongly ? Will the reader forgive us if it is so ? But he has helped us to so much mental philosophy by his sketches of feeling and action, and his comments thereon, that we at once called him our genial philosopher — not as one who attempts to rank with Hamilton or Mansel, but as one who never loses his common sense in dreamy abstractions, and who puts into language as exquisite as sensible the views and feelings of common men. Wisdom like his moves the world. It concerns what is, not what might be. It will make a man successful not only as the world goes, but also in the light of an hereafter. And this, not because the essays are great and stately, but because they are true and homely. The writer himself tells us his object in very plain words :

"I have not forgot, as I wrote them, a certain time, when my little children must go away from their early home ; when these evergreens I have planted and these walks I have made shall pass to my successor (may he be a better man !) ; and when I shall perhaps find my resting-place under these ancient oaks. Nor have I wholly failed to remember a coming day, when bishops and archbishops shall be called to render an account of the fashion in which they exercised their solemn and dignified trusts ; and when I, who am no more than the minister of a Scotch country parish, must answer for the diligence with which I served my little cure."

With such purpose does the Country Parson write; and who cannot see that essays written in this spirit will make men sadder, better, wiser? Their philosophy never airs itself; but their hold upon the heart is the grip of a strong man. Country clergymen of our acquaintance have turned to this new writer with ever increased delight, as his essays have come to us in periodicals or books. And the cause has been in our thinking due chiefly to correct views of life correctly set down. In the twenty-seven essays now published are given the results of a wide observation, wider than the familiar character of the incidents he uses would lead us at first to think; and in no writer on the philosophy of life have we ever before seen so many definite and truthful statements, put so pointedly that they come home to every man's feelings, at the same time so free from peculiar and disgusting idiosyncrasies.

But the merit of our writer, who has so modestly and anonymously made his second bow to the public, is not confined to his genial philosophy. There is quite another excellence, that of style. He has been compared to Cowley as an essayist. He writes in the same vein as Goldsmith, and Leigh Hunt, and Charles Lamb. His style ambles along with his subject, and has such perfection that you never think how, but only what he is saying. A few rare turns of expression will surprise you now and then; but the course of thought is for the most part like easy, good-natured conversation. It makes you feel easy, and cheerful in the reading, and sometimes calls out a smile. We have gone to these volumes very often in the past few weeks, when jaded beyond endurance with the small worries of life, and they have never failed to impart cheerfulness and heal unstrung nerves. Indeed, this is the chief work of such writings. They appeal to that *consensus* in man which we call the soul, or rational nature, and their success is in proportion as they touch upon just that which makes us human. Here is an author who writes of that which he sees, feels, knows. With his experience from his point of view, he instructs gladly in the art of successful living, and in his way of putting things consists the charm of his style. There are no grand phrases, swelling up coil on coil; but every sentence forms itself naturally, and the thought is given in very plain, idiomatic English. Southey's

“Doctor” was written in much the same way — as the recreation of a life overmuch given to other and laborious cares ; and yet all Southey’s other works present no such harmonious combination of his faculties as the “Doctor.” These essays also have been the fruit of hours stolen from a busy life. They smack of the rugged soil. The personal qualities of the author flow into and through them ; you have him in his fatigue dress. If the parson is a very prominent figure, we will not quarrel, though all may not admire his professional allusions as much as we do. But the essential thing is that the man is at his ease and has some valuable facts to tell his fellow-men ; and will you notice how definitely he states things, with what exactness, what discrimination, with what manly hate of all meanness ? Now it is our canon that these points are the main things in a good style ; and we have accorded to the Country Parson, in spite of some coarse phrases, the perfection of the pleasurable essay-writer.

To show more plainly what we mean, let us turn to some of our modern periodical essayists. We shall then have the force of contrast. The success of periodical writing is measured by its immediate effect ; the magazines are current only during the interval of publication ; the essays must have snap and vigor to be read and to bear off the palm. The aim of the author is brilliancy and effect ; even truthfulness is valued less than power to stir up feeling. The influence upon contributors is to make them aim at effect often regardless of truth ; while the style is apt to have too great dignity for the thought, or too much *ad captandum* to do anything more than to amuse. And as magazines have got great currency in these times, and have drawn into their vortex famous writers, the result has been to infuse the magazine style very generally into our literature. Take down your volumes of the British periodical essayists. Read a few pages in Jeffrey — the sentences compact, easy, natural ; then turn to Macaulay — the sentences bristling with pith and facts, cumulative, each word put in to do service ; then to Carlyle — the sentences ragged, torn, chaotic, a burning confusion of adjectives and invective ; or to Sir James Stephens, who followed in the wake of the late British historian ; then to the whole tribe of quarterly reviewers, each one of whom aims

to be either dignified or pithy. In fact, open any periodical of rank, and what do you find? Not very easy writing. The "Edinburgh" is full of heavy cannonading, does admirable execution; "Blackwood" is pithy, taking, thoroughly good; so is the "North British," and the "British Quarterly;" but in these very reviews what dignified dulness! And what man would take them up with keen human zest, unless he had grown into familiarity with the subjects which they treat of? What farmer or common man ever reads these reviews? They belong to scholars. Take the lighter magazines. They are admirable in their way; but mark each article, and how often do you find one thoroughly genial, one which any man would feel interested in, one written in a natural style? Take the periodicals of any one month, and we venture to assert that you shall not find more than one or two articles which you would be greatly pleased to read for their own sakes. The writers are "screws," in the Country Parson's interpretation of that word. Then take up Sir Thomas Browne, or the "Spectator," or any one of those essayists who wrote in the last century. How changed the style! They were easy, graceful; we are stately or artificial. We have mentioned this magazine style at length because it is so very prevalent, because it is running so much into our best books — themselves made up of contributions to the magazines; to which, indeed, our Country Parson is a contributor. But he bids fair to produce partially a revolution in the popular taste, and may mark a return to greater individuality and freedom of expression. We would not be understood as undervaluing the great merits of the writers and magazines just mentioned; but we think all will agree that they do not run in an easy vein; that they are infected with the spirit of machine-writing.

In one more respect must we comment upon present modes of thought. They are too much of a piecemeal character. It is the mark of genius to give a new form to familiar thoughts, (and in this respect the Country Parson belongs to the order); but genius almost always detects a synthesis between remote or unknown elements; it brings out the law from a mass of facts, and thus justifies its best definition — patient thinking. We have a great many suggestive writers. Critics describe

them as thoughtful. They are recluse, meditative men, who look upon the world with the eye of a philosopher, who pry into human life with considerable insight, who have much sentimental yearning, who pride themselves upon a fastidious individuality, who sometimes go so far as to consider dirty linen or general shabbiness as the mark of genius. These men write for magazines or publish books. They often belong to the transcendental school initiated by Coleridge in England, by Emerson in this country. They affect a mysterious profundity; their writings are the faint glimmerings of truth; they talk about the laws of the soul, elective affinities, the inner life, ecstasy of vision, and all along they continually hint at what they have not clear ideas enough of to express; they do not think, but simply meditate and dream. So they never clear themselves of this misty indefiniteness of thought; and yet you will in vain try to combine the laws of cause and effect to unriddle their puzzles. They are much read by young people who are tremendously in earnest. We have had our days of transcendental suggestiveness. It was several years ago in college. We used to carry Emerson's "Essays" into woody solitudes, and pore over them with fascination, imagining we were getting at the secrets of the universe; we read "Sartor Resartus," and had some ingenious speculations about the devil; we wrote essays which were continually hinting at the profounder laws, though for the life of us we could never tell exactly what they were; we borrowed Kant from the library; we got a smattering of Schelling; we read German; we read Coleridge on the "Reason and the Understanding," also on the "Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit;" we were full of grand thoughts (not our own); we had the reputation of profundity in college; we read the life of every whining literary starveling as eagerly as if he had been a saint. It was curious what a jumble of suggestive thoughts was in one small head. How we, a little band, used to pity our classmates who had no such glorious visions of superior ideas! But we were graduated in process of time, and came into contact with real life; we slowly shook ourselves free from the charm of a way of thinking which had been so wanting in common sense. We packed up our transcendental books in one corner of the library, near the top shelf; the slowly

gathering dust of several years is on them now, and may it continue to accumulate. Since then we have administered to many young men cordials for the mental derangement we were once in. But the writers who were our guides in those years have themselves changed. They are more practical ; yet the *animus* of their former thoughts remains ; they never come to any generous, broad, useful conclusions.

Now, dear reader, just think in the books you have read how general this spirit of suggestiveness is. How many writers are valued only for this one quality. Willis, Curtis, Emerson, Whipple, Tuckerman — all very suggestive, animating writers — what completeness is there in their views of life? They are wise, observing, sparkling, earnest ; but they never seem to sum up their thoughts into systematic form. They cause you to think, but they seldom join thoughts to each other so that you see the law by which they are connected. They omit just what the reader has a right to demand. And this incompleteness is the chief fault with all such books as we have described in the first part of this article. They make up, however, in geniality what they lack in systematic thought. But the great danger in reading such books habitually is, that you fall into the habit of suggesting things yourself instead of thinking out clearly the ideas you have. In this way, you may fill the mind with odds and ends of things, without ever being able to think correctly or usefully on any subject. And this is the bane of popular essayists, popular reviewers, popular writers. You not merely have thinking at second-hand ; the thinking itself is given only in a crude form.

But we must make a distinction even among suggestive writers, between those who, in playing with thoughts, flash out mere fancies, and those who think so intensely that while they write with power upon a given subject, their thoughts scintillate and ramify almost every other — who can never write without scattering with perfect naturalness a profusion of such thoughts by the way. Ruskin, and Hare, and the author of "Friends in Council" belong to this class, while not a few celebrities in the rationalizing school of authors belong most unmistakably to the other.

And especially do we except the writers of books full of

personal feeling, of individual humor, from this stigma. They do not aim to give thought, but to show themselves. You care little whether the thinking be correct or not, provided it is given in a pleasant way. The writer's aim is to be himself, and to tell just what he knows, what he thinks. He is more often writing for recreation than for party or reputation; yet a man who has thought well and lived wisely, in his recreative hours will give out the quintessence of human wisdom, because it has come to be the natural atmosphere of his mind. Hence the value of memoirs of eminent men, and of essayists who write not at the dictation of a magazine editor but to suit themselves. Hence, too, the value of the *Country Parson's Recreations*. They were not written apparently to order, but their subject-matter had been collecting for years. A discriminating mind had looked on men and women as they actually lived, and had put under various heads the accidents and realities of life. It had gone through with enough of human experience to give both the bright and the dark side, and to temper the one with the other. And so you have these essays published so elegantly in this their American dress. We thought at first of presenting a dissected view of several, that the reader might with us trace out what was peculiar in them; but the framework of each essay is so slender, so delicately put together, that when exhibited by itself you can gain no just idea of the superstructure. This may weaken our former statement that the author is a genial, and, in his way, a profound philosopher. But where one is writing on life in its social and moral aspects, it seems odd to make logical divisions and abstract statements. It is more natural to state results, and to try to put them in such a light that every one will acknowledge their truthfulness. Here our author is inimitable in his subtle and delicate transitions from topic to topic, always saying just enough to impress upon us what he has in mind. The shrewdness of his insight, the discriminating acuteness of his practical mind, are manifest upon every page. All the tender and inmost thoughts you ever had — thoughts which each one of us goes over and over in our solitary minds — he touches upon with delicacy and happy skill. He states the truth, while he dissipates the cloud of sentimental feeling which often obscures the heart. And of great worth is

the power of speaking the truth here, without soiling virgin freshness of feeling, without blasting sensitive emotions, which, rightly educated, are of great help in making manhood. He excels in ability to express and picture *latent* thoughts. He has not exactly the novelist's power in this respect, but more than the novelist's geniality. Withal there is genuine cheerfulness in the *Recreations*. "No matter if the world is so very bad ; take it as it is, and do the best you can : " — this is the motto of the Country Parson, and of the Anglican Church to which he belongs. It gives you a cheerful, Christian view of life. A clergyman, even in his recreative hours, must dwell upon the serious as well as merry side of character. The remark holds true with the author of these essays. He is serious and mirthful.

We have all along implied that our author's forte is in the delineation of character. Off this ground he is not in his element. He does not describe events well ; he lacks the sparkle of the genuine magazinist. The essay on " Life at the Water-Cure " is tame after the second page, almost worthless, no better than the common run of book reviews. " Concerning Glasgow down the Water," where incidents abound, is poor. " Concerning Churchyards " has much curious information, but the writer shuffles through it too slowly, and the subject does not give scope to his genial comments. " Concerning Man and his Dwelling-place " is good because it is personal and gives a very searching analysis of Mr. Buckle, and of a very remarkable book. " Concerning the Pulpit in Scotland " is better than any yet named ; but none of these have the homely, natural humor which belongs to those which we have not named, which fill the remainder of the volumes, which are made up of personal observations, of original thoughts on the commonest topics, of pictures of mental character which we are all familiar with, of hints and consolations and mutual confessions between the reader and the writer, which often open a new world to us — the world of our own hearts excited to press to solution the question, How shall we best live ? All the " Concernings " which touch upon topics that come right home to us are the best of reading and very instructive. How many serious, earnest thoughts are not only started, but followed up in " Con-

cerning Future Years!" What a satisfactory comment upon the works of immature persons is "Concerning Veal!" Read it thoughtfully, and you will never forget its consoling, wise counsel. "Concerning Screws!" — we say not merely how *suggestive*, but how skilfully has the writer in his own genial way applied this thought to all that concerns us! "Concerning the Worries of Life, and How to Meet them" — there is a vein of cheerfulness in this essay which is native to the Country Parson, as also in "Concerning Giving Up and Coming Down," in "Concerning Two Blisters of Humanity," and in "Concerning Growing Old;" while "Concerning the Art of Putting Things" informs you how to make the most of your own powers, and "Concerning the Dignity of Dulness" tells us that if we cannot make a reputation by our wits, we can make it through the very want of wits. No doubt this essay is the most popular of any; we like it. But perhaps the Country Parson writes most genially and happily "Concerning the Country Parson's Life" and "Concerning the Parson's Choice," — both essays the outcome of "a quiet and lonely life, little varied and very happy," "written as something which might afford variety of work, which often proves the most restful of all recreations." Country Parsons! do these two essays, and indeed all, depict life as you have found it? Have you found time to frame as genial a philosophy of human nature? Do you preach sermons which make men better and wiser? Do you so love your work as to write of it with purely recreative zest? Then stay in your parsonages, and thank God for the blessing of a *little* cure. But if you are soured in temper and in piety, if you are always complaining about your finances, and are pinched in faith as well as in pocket, be sure Providence has another call for you, which, if you are wise, you will accept forthwith and be thankful.

After having thought much and carefully, we have come to the conclusion that a chief reason why many of our parish churches are so poorly attended is the want of adaptation of so many of the clergy to the work of religious teaching, and the effect of this upon a great many hearts who are not likely to be won to Christ and right living save through the faithfulness of their parish minister. The most of people look at the ser-

mons which they hear through the personal character of the preacher ; and what, with very frequent changes of pastors, and the continual learning of the ways of the new-comer, and the utterance of contradictory sentiments from the same pulpit, can we hope for our New England *so-called* blessed in the Faith ? We long for parish ministers who will inculcate right philosophy, right religious views, and show a right character. We long for something very difficult to find ; and perhaps God never intended that we should have religious teachers much freer from imperfections of character and thought than ourselves, if so be they can only treat successfully human frailty with human frailty — *screws* helping *screws* to get on in life. But here we must leave the “Recreations,” hoping the author will continue to write, as men and women show new traits of character to him. In a collection of papers which has given us so much genuine pleasure, we do not care to dissect out literary blemishes — there always will be some — nor yet to indicate just what exceptions might perhaps be taken to here and there an opinion. We willingly pass by this, in hearty gratification that at last we have found a Christian philosopher in a practical essayist.

ARTICLE V.

TWO PICTURES, JEWISH AND CHRISTIAN.

AS DRAWN IN GALATIANS 4: 21-31.

PICTURE-WRITING is primitive and universal. Especially does the Oriental mind fall naturally and freely into this mode of expressing ideas. It allegorizes as spontaneously as it thinks. This kind of word-painting (says Lord Kames) is in every respect similar to a hieroglyphical picture, excepting only that colors give place to language. Their effects are precisely the same. The hieroglyph raises two images in the mind, — one seen which represents one not seen : an allegory does the same.

The representative subject is described; and resemblance leads us to apply the description to the subject represented. A most correct and beautiful example of the true allegory (cited by Kames) is found in the eightieth Psalm, where the Church is portrayed by a vine brought from Egypt, and a vineyard propagated from it; but this religious application of it is wholly left to the reader's discovery, from the nice blending into it of the characteristic features of that which was designed to be thus delineated.* This definition is adopted by Trench in substance. Distinguishing the allegory from the parable he says that the latter differs from the former by comparing one thing with another, at the same time preserving them apart as an inner and an outer; not transferring, as does the allegory, the properties and qualities and relations of the one to the other.†

According to these authorities, the passage now to be investigated is not an allegory, in strict terms. Our English translators have so entitled it rather, apparently, from the coincidence of sound between the original and the vernacular word — *ἀλληγορούμενα* — than from a close keeping to the rules of criticism. And Macknight is in error in making this an illustration of what he calls the *natural*, in distinction from the *instituted*, allegory. But as, in a connected passage of his elaborate prefaces to this epistle, he speaks of David's and Jonah's histories, and the whole Levitical ritual, as allegorical emblems of specific events and institutions of the gospel-economy, the conclusion suggests itself that the allegory and the type were regarded by this commentator as the same. Ellicott also retains this phraseology; but afterwards calls these correlated facts types and antitypes. This expressing one thing by another is the common quality of these three modes of literary representation. But each has its own laws, which are not to be confounded. Each is pictorial. But the allegory is a single picture, which must reveal its own intended double. The parable is a twofold picture, the second part explaining the first. The type is a pattern or general similitude to a person or event or thing which is to come. [cf. Calmet.

The words used by Paul — *Ἀτιμὰ ἔδωκεν ἀλληγορούμενα* — are not grammatically rendered, "which things are an allegory."

* "Elements of Criticism," II. 197, 198.

† "Parables," p. 16.

The form of the participial verb should not be thus given as a substantive, even if the allegorical sense be held ; for to allegorize a history is not to convert it into allegory. (Bloomf. *in loco*.) An early construction reads the phrase : “ which things are spoken per allegoriam ; ” *i. e.* as if in allegory ; and later annotators have modified this into “ which things sunt allegorizata,” — are, have been, are to be allegorized, or understood of the gospel-state in some loose way of accommodation to it. Conybeare and Howson follow in the same lead. A condensed review of these criticisms (anterior to his date) may be found in Bloomfield, who rejects them, and maintains, after reputable authorities cited by him, that there is too close a correspondence between the correlated histories introduced to justify any less strict rule of interpretation than that of type and antitype. The new translation of Ellicott is here given for convenience of immediate reference.

“(21) Tell me, ye that desire to be under the law, do ye not hear the law ? (22) For it is written, that Abraham had two sons ; one by the bond-maid, and one by the free-woman. (23) Howbeit, he *who was* of the bond-maid was born after the flesh ; but he of the free-maid was through the promise. (24) All which things are allegorical [read, typical] ; for these women are two covenants — the one from Mount Sinai, bearing children unto bondage ; and this is Agar. (25) For the word Agar signifieth in Arabia Mount Sinai ; and she ranketh with Jerusalem which now is, for she is in bondage with her children. (26) But Jerusalem which is above is free, and she is our mother. (27) For it is written, Rejoice *thou* barren that bearest not ; break forth and cry thou that travailest not : for many children hath the desolate one more than she which hath a husband. (28) But ye, brethren, as Isaac was, are children of promise. (29) Still *as* then, he that was born after the flesh persecuted him *that was born* after the spirit, even so *it is* now. (30) Nevertheless, what saith the scripture ? Cast out the bond-maid and her son : for the son of the bond-maid shall in no wise be heir with the son of the free-woman. (31) Wherefore, brethren, we are not children of a bond-maid, but of the free-woman.”

The tendencies of the Galatian church set strongly towards a relapse into the bondage of a Judaistic ritualism. The whole drift of St. Paul's epistle to its members was, to stem that cur-

rent at its beginning by a clear and earnest exhibition of the one doctrine of human salvation and gospel liberty through Christ. This purpose he follows up with almost more than his wonted cogency of argument and directness of appeal. Indeed, the whole communication bears evidence of the mental and moral stimulus of a very righteous indignation against certain *bewitching* teachers who were attempting to steal away his spiritual children to their sacramentarianism, by denying that he was really in "holy orders," that is, in the apostolical succession, as if the Damascus ordination was not sufficient. It was most natural that Luther, in the early times of the Reformation, should have seized upon these fervent chapters as the text of his daily preaching to the people just awaking from the long sleep of popish paganism. The apostle's sword plays through these pages with a double-edged execution, sweeping down error and its authors with that uncompromising straightforwardness which both deserve, when to the poison of religious falsehood is added the personal overbearing of its disseminators. The controversy which this epistle has handed down to us seems to be essentially, both in the wrong doctrine taught and in the wrong temper of its teachers, the same with that of the ritualistic or sacramentarian crusade of modern times, as embodied especially in prelatic, but not exclusively papal, pretensions.

Prosecuting his exposition of Christian grace as the ground, and Christian freedom as the results, of human redemption, the writer introduces, by way of illustrating his position, the incident of Abrahamic history here recorded. Those who were so zealous for the law and the fathers he summons (v. 21) to hear what was spiritually taught by these ancient scriptures. "For it is written, that Abraham had two sons; one by the bond-maid, and one by the free-woman" (22). These are brought forward as the type and antitype of the "two covenants," or rather dispensations (*institutio* — *Διαθήκη*; *διαθήκη*, — *dispono*; Bretchsneider) of the Old and New Testaments. The points of correlation are thus set down after an early English bishop:

Bondage,
Hagar,
Ishmael,

Liberty;
Sarah;
Isaac;

Law in Sinai,	Gospel by Christ ;
Jerusalem that now is,	Jerusalem above ;
Jews circumcised,	Christians baptized ;
The Paschal Feast,	The Lord's Supper ;
The Sabbath,	The Lord's Day.

If this parallelism covers more ground than all will admit to be pertinent thereto, its substance is undeniably true and scriptural. Hagar, the patriarch's bond-slave, Ishmael, born of her by unassisted natural strength, "after the flesh," describe exactly the polity of the Hebrew church — a restricted economy in every sense, shut up under symbols and shadows, tutors and governors, a condition of partial ecclesiastical and spiritual emancipation ; yet with a glorious jubilee in prospect. This was the legal captivity of Sinai which the bond-maid Hagar prefigured, as her name by a singular coincidence was a popular appellation of the Sinaitic range of mountains in Arabia — Hagar signifying a rock, and thus probably coming to denote the rocky Sinai. So Chrysostom : also Grotius, who says that in that vicinity there was a city named from Hagar ; hence the mountain was so called by synecdoche. Hence, also, in Psalm 83 : "Hagarenes." (cf. Alexander *in loco*.) So Ellicott says, "It is thus obvious that this interpretation presupposes that 'Aγαρ was a provincial name of the mountain. The best authority for the assertion seems to be the careful and diligent Büsching, who adduces the statement of Harant, that Sinai was still called Hadschar in his time ; . . . there seems nothing unnatural in supposing that 'Aγαρ actually was, and possibly *may* be now, the strictly *provincial* name of the portion of the mountain now commonly called "Dschebel Musa." This St. Paul might have learned during his stay in that country."

This legal inthralment was both ceremonial and moral : the first, to a wearisome and most punctilious ritual, which, however, had its important disciplinary and educational uses ; the last, to the hopelessness of salvation from sin on the basis of obedience to a perfect code of religious duty to God and man, which cuts off the claim of Socinian self-righteousness as entirely as its other arm demolishes the formalist's hope. The seed of Hagar was Ishmael, inheriting his mother's fortunes. The offspring of

Sinai "which gendereth" — bringeth forth children — to bondage, was Jerusalem or the whole Jewish ecclesiastical state, for which its central city is the just representative. These rank together, stand in file — *συστοιχέι*. Jerusalem, on her distinctive Hebrew platform, was in servitude under law; her people having connection with Abraham by natural descent; but if only so having connection with God and his kingdom, being still involved in a spiritual bondage personally, as well as a ritualistic bondage nationally.

This was the condition of the Jew, enthralled externally and ceremonially by prescriptions which awaited in Christ their fulfilment as spiritual realizations; and inwardly and vitally enslaved to guilt and fear, from which the revelations of Sinai brought him no escape. From all of this the apostle asserted the Christian's emancipation. And so we turn to our other picture.

In Sarah, the free woman, the gospel church has its prototype. Her son was "by promise" — supernatural agency coming in to his generation to obviate the course of natural laws (cf. Gen. 17, and Rom. 4). Here is a foreshadowing of His greater nativity whom Gabriel announced to the virgin-mother; and also of the second birth of all the spiritual seed of "the father of the faithful." Thus given by special promise from God to his parents, and born in a state of typical freedom, Isaac became the fit type of the spiritual church and kingdom of Christ on earth and in heaven. This is called "the Jerusalem above" — *ἄνω* — "the mother of us all;" *free*, in the spirit and laws of its Founder. Here is indicated the unity, indivisible and eternal, of all believers, as well as the source of the power which has incorporated them in this fellowship, and the platform of equal privileges on which they stand. Children of the promise (by virtue of promise) as Isaac was, are we, the apostle avers; possessors of all these immunities in the Jerusalem above, the city of God. And this representation of Christian enfranchisement covers the entire history of spiritual religion, past and future, though in widely different measures. For this typification must not be compressed within time-limits so as to obliterate the weighty truth, that the church has always stood on the same covenant in Christ; that her real life

is identical in all ages; that, hampered as has been its development by local and temporary restraints—the bondage of the letter—its growth and movement has been steadily progressive under this law of freedom, and will be, until that state of complete and blessed deliverance from all entanglements shall be attained which the apostle John describes among the visions of the Apocalypse:

“I saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them and be their God.” Rev. xxi. 2–3.

To justify these views more thoroughly to his Judaistic readers, the apostle now brings a citation out of their own Scriptures, applying to the purposes of his argument this text from Isaiah liv. 1: “Rejoice thou barren that bearest not; break forth and cry, thou that travailest not: for many children hath the desolate one more than she which hath an husband.” This is quoted with verbal accuracy from the lxx. Originally and directly it was predictive of the restored fortunes of the Hebrew church then in great depression. But over and beyond this, it looked to the more expanded and palmy fortunes of Zion in gospel-periods, as here the spirit of inspiration expressly applies it. This is an example of the *perspective* of prophetic sketching—the point of vision commanding several similar yet distinct events, lying rather disjoined in space than in time to the seer’s eye, having points of obvious approximation, and thrown upon the same canvas. A prediction which had had its proximate and minor accomplishment, was now to find its ulterior and wider. Sarah, mother of the free, barren at first, and desolate when her husband turned from her to the bond-maid, blessed at length by a son through promise, should be the mother of many more offspring than her rival. Taking this from the type to the antitype, it means that however feeble at its commencement were the resources of the Christian church compared with those of the Hebrew ecclesiastical establishment, nevertheless it should multiply and spread

among the nations, as Isaac's progeny outnumbered that of Ishmael. And the pertinency of this to the discourse in hand was, that as now this reign of Christian freedom had been formally inaugurated and was moving on to its predicted and predestined triumphs, it was utterly irrelevant and "behind the times," to be urging up the revival of the old principles and formularies of a state of religious pupillage and bondage. Hagar, Ishmael, Sinai, (the ritualistic), are no more the symbols of the church's spiritual life, of man's spiritual privileges. The world has entered a new era of its moral career. Its emblem now is Sarah, Isaac, the Gospel, the Jerusalem above. Formalism, then, is a wicked and hopeless resurrection. It belongs to Ishmael and the Hagarenes; and with all its mechanical trumperies, under whatever sectarianism developed, should lie still in the grave where our Lord has buried its dead body.

The apostle concludes with a further reference to the same history, by way of encouragement and counsel to his Christian brethren. They should not be surprised nor intimidated at the hostility of their Jewish adversaries. It was only the mocking spirit of Ishmael born *κατὰ σάρκα* — persecuting Isaac born *κατὰ Πνεῦμα*. So it had been and would be. The Jewish church now superseded and outlawed, as a form, would persecute the Christian kingdom of grace. Abraham's natural seed (and Adam's as well) would persecute Abraham's spiritual seed, the offspring of the "second Adam;" — Satan's adherents would, as ever, persecute Christ's. But here, too, the Scripture had spoken prophetically and authoritatively. God commanded Abraham to reject from the patrimonial inheritance Hagar and her mocking son. (Gen. xxi. 10.) The bond and the free could not share in the same heirship. The applications still follow the same line of significance. They are —

(a) Typically; the destiny of the Hebrew ecclesiasticism which was old and ready to vanish away — *ἐγγὺς ἀφανισμοῦ* (Heb. viii. 13) before the Christian; which, when Paul wrote, had reached its full period of probation, and was not to be kept upon the stage by any such forced measures as the zealots of Galatia were employing; either in its old church-forms or in any other succeeding thereto. They were working contrary to their own Scriptures, and to the foreordinations of God.

(b) Spiritually ; this denotes the intrinsic antagonism of the elements of slavery under sin and emancipation under Christ ; that there must be no entangling alliances permitted between the two, doctrinally or practically ; that nothing can come of any such amalgamations but weakness and misery — an enfeebled faith and a hybrid piety.

(c) Prophetically and universally ; it declares the doom of all who continue their affiliation with the unbelief of natural irreligion, the deadness of unrenewed affections ; and fail of the new birth of redemption into the living sympathies of Christ's and the Holy Spirit's fellowship. The separation of the bond and the free is essential, and it must be eternal. While the preponderance of the regenerate to the unregenerate will increase with more and more rapid progression as the ages roll onward, yet it will be as true of the next world as of this, that the children of spiritual bondage cannot be heirs with the sons and daughters of the Lord. The lines of this division run onward forever.

ARTICLE VI.

PASCAL'S RELIGIOUS THOUGHTS AND CHARACTER.

Thoughts, Letters, and Opuscules of Blaise Pascal. Translated from the French by O. W. WIGHT, A. M. With Introductory Notices, and Notes from all the Commentators. New York : Derby & Jackson. 1859.

THE name of Pascal, long venerated among scholars, is, in this country at least, comparatively unfamiliar to any other class. The "Provincial Letters," by which he is most widely known, wonderful as they are as models of style and argument, are, from their controversial nature, not fitted to interest the popular mind. And if they were, Pascal cannot be understood by these alone. But he has left other memorials which will bring him near to the hearts of all Christians in proportion as

they are studied. To notice these is the object of the present article ; and it may not be amiss, in the first place, to give a short sketch of the life and character of their author.

Blaise Pascal was born at Clermont, in Auvergne, June 19th, 1763. Being an only son, and having lost his mother at an early age, he was peculiarly the comfort and companion of his father, who resolved to take the whole direction of his education, and transported his home to Paris, where, at liberty from the professional engagements which had occupied his provincial life, he could give his entire attention to the education of his son, as well as avail himself of the advantages which the metropolis afforded for that purpose.

Pascal pursued a systematic course of study on all necessary subjects, but it was not long before he discovered a special and extraordinary talent for geometry, which his father was at first unwilling to encourage, lest it should distract his attention from other branches of study ; but, at length, surprised at the genius which he manifested, ceased to prohibit his mathematical passions, and allowed him to pass his hours of recreation in this, his favorite pursuit.

But constant application soon began to undermine a constitution never robust. At the age of twenty-four, he was attacked with paralysis, and during the rest of his life he was a frequent and often severe sufferer. While yet young, he abandoned the brilliant career of science, upon which he had entered, and influenced in great measure by the example of his sister Jacqueline, who devoted herself to a religious life, at Port Royal, gave himself up to the search after God, and religious truth. No man ever sought more humbly, incessantly, and prayerfully. His convictions of the fallen state of man were most deep, and his admiration of Jesus Christ, and trust in him as a Redeemer from this state, most heartfelt and abiding. The Christian religion appeared to him so plainly the only refuge of humanity, that he meditated, as the great work of his life, a treatise on the "Evidences of Christianity," the disjointed materials for which are collected under the name of "Thoughts ;" for he did not live to carry out his great design. More and more the victim of disease, his melancholy lapse into asceticism of which we have traces here and there in the "Thoughts," doubtless contributed

also to shorten his life. This unfortunate tendency manifested itself some years before his death, and increased until the close of life. "We are told," says Rogers, in his fine essay on "The Genius and Writings of Pascal," not only that he lived on the plainest fare and performed the most menial offices for himself; not only that he practised the severest abstinence, and the most rigid devotions, but that he wore beneath his clothes a girdle of iron, with sharp points affixed to it; and that whenever he found his mind disposed to wander from religious subjects, or take delight in things around him, he struck the girdle with his elbow, and forced the sharp points of the iron into his side." And this morbid conscientiousness was carried so far, as finally to prevent him from showing any marks of affection towards those whom he loved most tenderly, lest they should love him in return more than they ought. "They should not" says he, "attach themselves to me, for they ought to spend their time and strength in seeking after God, and pleasing him."

We cannot justify Pascal in these things. It is no stoical indifference to the earthly blessings which God has given, that he commands; they are not set as snares to catch us in our weakness, but rather to refresh and strengthen us for his service, as a wayside spring refreshes the weary traveller, and sends him forward hopefully again on his journey. We cannot but consider this asceticism, with the writer just quoted, as "indeed a proof of the truth which Pascal so passionately meditated upon, the 'greatness and the misery' of man; his strength and his weakness; weakness in supposing that such perversion of all nature could ever be a dictate of duty; strength in performing, without wincing, a task so hard. The American Indian, bearing unmoved the torture of his enemies, exhibits not, we may rest assured, greater fortitude than Pascal, when, with such a heart as his, he received in silence the last ministrations of his devoted friends, and even declined, with cold and averted eye, the assiduities of their zealous love."

Pascal died at the early age of thirty-nine. Corneille said of him — "Scarcely had he begun to live, yet what a name he has left!" In mathematics, polemics, and as a writer on spiritual religion, he left a reputation which any man might envy, and which few have equalled. For the French language he

accomplished great things ; his facile pen moulding it into new forms of beauty, and proving its adaptability to serious as well as familiar themes.

Pascal has been accused of misanthropy. The learned Cousin, has elaborately endeavored to convict him of this. His Essay on "Pascal as a Philosophic Sceptic," is given entire in the edition of Pascal's Works whose title stands at the head of this article, together with its able refutation by Rogers, entitled the "Genius and Writings of Pascal." But we think that any person reading carefully and interpreting honestly these "Thoughts," and taking into account the circumstances in which they were written, cannot fail to acquit him of the charge of scepticism and misanthropy. We are to remember, as Rogers observes, that "they were mere *notes* for Pascal's own use, and were never intended to be published as they are. Many of them are altogether imperfect and undeveloped, some scarcely intelligible. It is impossible to tell with what modifications, and in what connection, they would have stood in the matured form which the master-mind hastily recording them for private reference, would ultimately have given them. Nay, there can scarcely be a doubt that many of them were mere objections which Pascal noted for refutation — not opinions to be maintained by him ; and this in many places may be not obscurely inferred. Some are mere quotations from Montaigne and other authors, extracted for some unknown purpose, but not distinguished in these private memoranda from the writer's own expressions ; so that the first editors of the 'Pensées' actually printed them in some cases as his. And lastly, some were dictated, in moments of sickness and pain, to an old domestic, who has scrawled them in a fashion which sufficiently shows that it is very possible that some errors may lie with the amanuensis."

With all this abatement, however, the "Thoughts" will remain as a monument of the genius and faith of their writer, and an earnest of the great things which had he lived he would have accomplished for the Church. It is a matter of rejoicing that a correct edition of these fragments has at last been presented to the world through the perseverance of two or three men whose reverence and love for Pascal has induced them to

spare no pains to clear his text from the false emendations and additions of the early editors. This has been reproduced in England by Mr. Wight, in most instances with great accuracy. Occasionally we may complain of a somewhat too strict adherence to the letter of the original ; but this is an error in the safest direction. It is indeed almost impossible to preserve the sparkling, pointed style of Pascal, in the guise of another language ; what in French is *piquant* and energetic, is apt to become in English, from the difference between the two languages, either commonplace or harsh, because the French use the dialect of conversation to express the most serious thoughts, while we, on the contrary, have, so to speak, a vocabulary for every class of subjects — a religious dialect widely different from that which we employ for the affairs of this world. Amid the difficulties arising from this source, Mr. Wight has succeeded in giving us a faithful and often an elegant translation. To those who desire to read the “Thoughts” in the original, he recommends the “Variorum” edition of Mr. Charles Louandre. Another recension of standard merit is the “Texte Authentique” of Ernest Havet : Paris, 1852.

Mr. Wight has arranged the “Thoughts” in twenty-five chapters. The first is entitled “Against the indifference of the Atheists,” and was probably designed, as he intimates, to serve as a preface to the work which Pascal planned. Here he endeavors to prove that it is unnatural and criminal to neglect the inquiry into our nature and prospects, and concludes that “there are but two sorts of persons who can be called rational, either those that serve God with all their heart because they know Him ; or those that seek Him with all their heart because they do not know Him.” The whole argument, though doubtless far inferior to what it would have been had Pascal lived to complete and revise it, is marked by great ability.

The next chapter is a collocation of the thoughts upon Pascal's favorite subject — “the greatness and misery of man,” and the “astonishing contradictions of his nature.” We cannot forbear quoting the following justly admired passage. Pascal has been speaking of the littleness of man in comparison with the universe :

“What is man in the midst of the infinite? But to show him

another prodigy equally astonishing, let him seek in what he knows (to be) things the most minute; let a mite exhibit to him in the exceeding smallness of its body, parts incomparably smaller, limbs with joints, veins in these limbs, blood in these veins,* humors in this blood, globules in these humors, gases in these globules; let him, still dividing these last objects, exhaust his powers of conception, and let the ultimate object at which he can arrive, now be the subject of our discourse; he will think perhaps that this is the minutest atom of nature. I will show him therein a new abyss. I will picture to him not only the visible universe, but the conceivable immensity of nature in the compass of this abbreviation of an atom — (*dans l'enceinte de cet atome imperceptible.*) Let him view therein an infinity of worlds, each of which has its firmament, its planets, its earth, in the same proportion as the visible world; and on this earth animals, and in fine, mites, in which he will find again what the first have given; and still finding in the others the same thing, without end, and without repose, let him lose himself in these wonders, as astonishing in their littleness as the others in their magnitude; for who will not marvel that our body, which just before was not perceptible in the universe, itself imperceptible in the bosom of the all, is now a colossus, a world, or rather an all, in comparison with the nothingness at which it is impossible to arrive?

“Whoever shall thus consider himself, will be frightened at himself, and observing himself suspended in the mass of matter allotted to him by nature, between these two abysses of infinity and nothingness, will tremble at the sight of these wonders; and I believe that his curiosity being changed into admiration he will be more disposed to contemplate them in silence than to investigate them with presumption.

“The greatness of man is great in that he knows himself miserable. A tree does not know itself miserable. It is then to be miserable to know ourselves miserable; but it is to be great to know that we are miserable. All these miseries even prove man's greatness. They are miseries of a great lord, miseries of a deposed king.”

One of the finest among the “Thoughts” is the following; and Pascal has elaborated it with a degree of care which is not perceptible in most of these sketches or outlines of ideas:

“Man is but a reed, the weakest in nature, but he is a thinking reed. It is not necessary that the entire universe arm itself to crush him. A breath of air, a drop of water, suffices to kill him. But were

* Pascal wrote according to the state of science in his day. At present the “mite” (*ciron*) is not supposed to possess a circulatory system as here described.

the universe to crush him, man would still be more noble than that which kills him, because he knows that he dies, and the universe knows nothing of the advantage it has over him. Our whole dignity consists, then, in thought. Our elevation must be derived from this, not from space and duration, which we cannot fill. Let us endeavor, then, to think well ; this is the principle of ethics : — *Voilà le principe de la morale.*"

It would extend this article beyond proper limits were we to quote one half of the striking thoughts which meet the eye in turning over the pages of this wonderful collection. It contains useful and deeply-pondered lessons on the "Vanity of Man," his "Inquietude," "Reason and Sentiment," in the chapters that precede those in which religion is more definitely the topic of Pascal's meditations. We can give but a few short specimens :

"We are not contented with the life that we have in ourselves, and in our own being ; we wish to live, in the idea of others, an imaginary life, and we constrain ourselves for this end to put on appearances. We labor incessantly to adorn and sustain this imaginary being, and neglect the real one. And if we have either tranquillity, or generosity, or fidelity, we strive to make it known, in order to attach these virtues to this being of the imagination ; we would sooner cast them off in reality than not to seem to have them ; and we would willingly be cowards in order to preserve the reputation of being valiant." . . . "So great is the sweetness of glory that one loves whatever things it is attached to, even death."

One is reminded by this passage of Boileau's lines : —

"Sans cesse on prend le masque, et quittant la nature,
On craint de se montrer sous sa propre figure ;
Par là le plus sincère assez souvent déplaît,
Rarement un esprit ose être ce qu'il est."

"The mind of the supreme judge of the world" (man) "is not so independent as not to be liable to be disturbed by the least uproar that is made about him. It does not need the report of a cannon to disturb his thoughts; the creaking of a vane or pulley is quite enough. Do not wonder that he reasons ill just now ; a fly is buzzing in his ear ; it is enough to render him incapable of sound judgment. If you are desirous that he should find the truth, drive away that insect, which suspends his reasoning powers, and frets that mighty mind

which governs cities and kingdoms. Here is a pretty god indeed !
O ridicolosissimo eroe !

"A little consoles us, because a little afflicts us."

"The power of a man's virtue should not be measured by his special efforts, but by his ordinary doing."

"The heart has its reasons which the reason is ignorant of."

Pascal now comes to the refutation of the arguments of the Pyrrhonists, or those who are universal doubters and disbelievers in matters of faith. He undertakes to prove that "man, with philosophy alone, remains incomprehensible to himself; he knows himself only by the mystery of the transmission of sin, and can find only by faith the true good and justice." On the "Transmission of Sin," we quote a single paragraph, although the translation cannot do justice to the original :

"Certainly nothing strikes us more rudely than this doctrine; and yet without this mystery, the most incomprehensible of all, we are incomprehensible to ourselves. The knot of our condition takes its twists and turns in this abyss; so that man is more inconceivable without this mystery, than this mystery is inconceivable to man."

Going on to the "marks by which we may know that a religion is true, and how the Christian religion carries in itself the proofs of its truth," and "that the Christian religion is the only one that makes man understand the contradiction of his misery and his greatness; that the philosophic sects are unable to give this knowledge," we have a collection of searching and far-sighted thoughts on the distinctive characteristics of Christianity, full of suggestions of the profoundest wisdom, leaving us only the regret that they could not have been elaborated according to the ability and intention of their author. He adverts to the history of the Jews, the types of the Old Testament, the prophecies of Christ, and the proofs of his divinity from his life and death, and the fact that "man can know God and himself only through Jesus Christ." He touches on "miracles," "reason," "grace," "faith," "the church," "different points of doctrine and morals;" from the thoughts on which we must content ourselves with a very few extracts, assuring our readers that it is most difficult, amid such a mass of jewels, to make any satisfactory selection.

"The God of Christians does not consist in a God simply author of geometric truths, and of the order of the elements ; this is the belief of pagans and epicurians. He does not consist simply in a God who watches providentially over the lives and goods of men, in order to give a happy course of years to those who worship him ; this is the belief of the Jews. But the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, the God of Jacob, the God of Christians, is a God of love and consolation ; he is a God who fills the soul and heart that he possesses ; he is a God who makes them feel within them their misery, and his infinite mercy ; who unites himself to their inmost soul ; who fills it with humility, joy, confidence, and love ; who renders them incapable of any end but him."

"The knowledge of God without that of our misery produces pride. The knowledge of our misery without that of God, gives despair. The knowledge of Jesus Christ is intermediate, because we find therein God, and our misery."

"There is pleasure in being on a vessel tossed by the storm when we are certain that we shall not perish. The persecutions which trouble the church are of this nature."

"There are only three sorts of persons : those who serve God, having found him ; those who are employed in seeking him, not having found him ; those who live without seeking him or having found him. The first are reasonable and happy ; the last are fools and unhappy ; those of the middle class are unhappy and reasonable."

"Solomon and Job have best known and spoken of the misery of man ; the former is the most fortunate, the latter the most unfortunate ; the one knowing the vanity of pleasures by experience, the other the reality of evils."

"The law obligated to what it did not give. Grace gives that to which it does not obligate."

Besides the "Thoughts," Mr. Wight has included in his volume Pascal's "Letters" and "Opuscules." The latter consist of short treatises on various subjects ; many of them fragmentary. The "Letters" are mostly on religious subjects ; a part are addressed to members of his own family ; among them, one which is most interesting, on the death of his father ; and several, written towards the close of Pascal's life, to M^dlle de Roannez, whose brother was Pascal's intimate friend, and who resided for some time at Port Royal. While there are many passages in them which are full of truth and beauty, it is nevertheless true, that, in the language of Cousin, "they paint to us

Pascal, no longer as in 1651, retaining the natural affections in the midst of a piety still rational, but Pascal, under the discipline of the *Abbé Singlin*, engaged in the sublime littlenesses of Port Royal, charmed, and almost puffed up, with the miracles of the 'holy thorn,' plunging every day deeper, and precipitating others into the extremes of an exaggerated devotion."

Here are the indications of that melancholy asceticism which clouded the last years of Pascal's life. But we cannot help wondering at the magnitude of that genius which, under the trammels of education in a superstitious belief, and the pressure of continued and increasing ill-health, by the grace of God, enabled him to do so much for the upbuilding of a purer faith, and the overthrow of that corrupt system, many of whose pernicious teachings he so valiantly exposed and condemned. The Jesuits can never forgive him. He called "The Inquisition and the Society (of Jesus) the two scourges of truth." It matters not that, broken down by disease, his latter days did not fulfil the brilliant promise of total emancipation from superstition which earlier years had given. What he has written bears but few traces of popish error, which in comparison with the clear, far-reaching spiritual tone of his writings in general, are not worthy to be mentioned. He has left a noble legacy to the church, and the church should revere his memory.

We have not intended to estimate the general historic value of Pascal's life and writings in their influence upon his own, and especially the following age. What use the deadliest foes of Christianity, which it has ever encountered, made, in the days of the Encyclopedists, of this foremost champion of our faith, is one of the curious and very instructive lessons of the past — a theme by no means as yet exhausted. But the title of this article indicates its specific purpose. We cannot conclude it better than by quoting one or two of Pascal's "Prayers for the Right Use of Sickness" — included in the "Opuscules."

"Grant, O my God! that I may adore in silence the order of Thy adorable providence in the direction of my life; that this scourge may console me; and that having lived during peace in the bitterness of my sins, I may taste the heavenly sweets of Thy mercy during the salutary evils with which Thou afflictest me. But I perceive, my God, that my heart is so obdurate, and full of the thoughts, the cares,

the anxieties, and the attachments of the world, that sickness no more than health, nor discourses, nor books, nor Thy sacred Scriptures, nor Thy Gospel, nor Thy most holy mysteries, nor alms, nor fasts, nor mortifications, nor the use of sacraments, nor all my efforts, nor those of all the world together can do anything at all for the commencement of my conversion, if Thou dost not accompany all these things with an extraordinary assistance of Thy grace. It is for this that I address myself to Thee, all-powerful God, to ask of Thee a gift which all created things together cannot accord to me. To whom shall I cry, O Lord ; to whom shall I have recourse, if not to Thee ? Nothing that is less than God can fulfil my expectation. Open my heart, O Lord ; enter into the rebellious place which has been occupied by vices. They hold it in subjection. Enter into it as into the strong man's house ; but first bind the strong and powerful enemy that has possession of it, and then take the treasures which are there. Lord, take my affections, which the world has stolen ; take this treasure Thyself, or rather retake it since it belongs to Thee as a tribute that I owe Thee, since Thy image is imprinted in it. The image of the world is so deeply engraven there that Thine is no longer to be recognized. Thou alone couldst create my soul ; Thou alone canst create it anew ; Thou alone couldst form Thy image ; Thou alone canst reform and re-imprint Thy effaced portrait ; that is, my Saviour, Jesus Christ, who is Thy image, and the expression of Thy substance."

"Grant me the favor, Lord, to join Thy consolations to my sufferings, that I may suffer like a Christian. I ask not to be exempt from sorrow, for this is the recompense of the saints ; but I ask that I may not be abandoned to the sorrows of nature without the consolations of Thy Spirit ; for this is the curse of the Jews and the heathen. I ask not to have a fulness of consolation without any suffering ; for this is the life of glory. Neither do I ask to be in the fulness of evils without consolation ; for this is the state of Judaism. But I ask, Lord, to feel at the same time, both the sorrows of nature for my sins, and the consolations of Thy Spirit, through Thy grace ; for this is the true condition of Christianity. Let me not feel sorrow without consolation ; but let me feel sorrow and consolation together, that I may come at last to feel Thy consolation without any sorrow."

"Let me henceforth desire health and life only to employ them and end them for Thee, with Thee, and in Thee. I ask of Thee neither health nor sickness, neither life nor death ; but that Thou wilt dispose of my health and my sickness, my life and my death, for Thy glory, for my salvation, and for the utility of Thy church, and of Thy saints, of whom I hope, by Thy grace, to form a part. Thou alone knowest

what is most expedient for me ; Thou art the sovereign master ; do what Thou wilt. Give to me, take from me ; but conform my will to Thine ; and grant that in humble and perfect submission, and in holy confidence, I may be disposed to receive the orders of Thy eternal providence, and that I may adore alike all that comes to me from Thee."

This last prayer is very similar, in thought and expression, to that of *Fénélon*, than which we do not know a finer specimen of devotion. We give it entire : —

"Oh, my Lord ! I know not what I should ask of Thee. Thou only knowest what I need. Thou lovest me better than I can love myself.

"Give to me, Thy child, what is proper for me, whatever that may be. I dare not ask either comforts or crosses. I only present myself before Thee. I open my heart unto Thee. Behold the wants that I am ignorant of. Behold, and do according to Thy mercy. Smite or heal ; depress or raise me up.

"I adore all Thy purposes without knowing them. I am silent. I offer myself in sacrifice. I abandon myself to Thee. Henceforth I have no will but to accomplish Thine."

ARTICLE VII.

LONDON : PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS AND SOCIAL DANGERS.

You never told anybody, perhaps, that the strongest feeling awakened on your first arrival in the Great Metropolis was of disappointment. Yet such, in all likelihood, was the fact. It could hardly have been otherwise. There is no single object, or grouping of objects which the eye can scan, that begins to answer your conception of London — its vastness, or material wealth and pomp, or historic grandeur, or dark, unfathomable mysteries — much less of all together. St. Paul's Cathedral cannot do it, nor Westminster Abbey, nor the Tower, nor the Parks, nor the Regent Street. What is St. Paul's to St. Peter's ;

or the Regent Street to the Boulevards, the Rue Rivoli, or even to Broadway ; or Trafalgar Square to the Place de Concorde ; or Hyde Park to the Champs Elysées ? The streets and people and equipages are homely, the houses dingy, and the atmosphere gloomy, thick, and lethargic. Go to the House of Commons—the great statesmen hesitate and stammer, and manufacture English clumsy enough for a raw prentice, yet are listened to with profound attention. Go to the Upper House, and you see earls, and marquises, and dukes lounging about with their hats on, in gray trousers, and shoes, and black stocks, without collars, while their discussions seem hardly more than careless chit-chat. Shades of Sheridan, and Pitt, and Fox, and Edmund Burke, and Sir Robert Peel, and the Duke of Wellington, can this be the British Parliament ?

You are in London all the while, nevertheless, and London is great, mighty, magnificent, beyond any other city, ancient or modern. You cannot get the true impression of that greatness by seeking it, neither will it come to you at a very early period of your sojourn. Take it easy. Settle yourself in your lodgings, fall into the moderate, comfortable habits which are peculiarly characteristic of London, and follow your bent, with no other thought save to fill up each day with doing just what you have a mind to. After a while it will come of itself. The chaos will begin to take form, its heterogeneous objects and innumerable pictures will range themselves by a law of order ; its diverse elements and strange contrasts will resolve themselves into a stupendous whole ; the confusion and bewilderment of first impressions will be transformed to the beautiful harmony of a single idea ; you will see how, for more than ten centuries, the building of this great and mighty Babylon has been the record, in many an enduring monument, not only of growing wealth and splendor, such as the world never saw, but of conduct the most heroic, deeds the most tragic and awful, crimes the most gigantic, and revolutions the most pregnant with glory to God and good-will to men, in all the history of our race ; in all its borders you will hear mysterious echoes from the past, conveying multiplied lessons of wisdom and warning, and prophetic voices of the future, gloomy and terrible as a dark thunder-cloud, or bright as the bow of promise, according

to the views you take of the destiny of England and the world ; and London will be to you a living picture of material and moral grandeur, in comparison with which you will remember your first thoughts and impressions as more like the perplexity of the poor North American savage, who saw in it only " too much smoke, too much house, too much everything ! "

There are things in the great social centre of the civilized world, doubtless, which may be taken for symbols of its amazing magnitude, but these are not its streets, or buildings, or bridges, or parks. The "*Times*" newspaper is one of them. We sincerely trust that Mr. Secretary Seward is wrong in his estimate of the extent of the circulation of that journal in the United States. If he is correct, we must think that the fact, as he states it, is no matter for glorying. That daily newspaper, beyond all question, is one of the great wonders, not only of London, but of the age in which we live. In the whole history of the political press nothing at all comparable to it has ever been seen. Its very statistics are a wonder. Its compositors, and pressmen, and city editors in its various departments, and corps of parliamentary reporters, and staff of regular writers of its masterly political leaders, and host of correspondents abroad, to the very ends of the earth, all commanded by an inspector-general or editor-in-chief, with his lieutenant, the sub-editor, are a grand brigade. Its daily expenses would ruin the wealthiest merchant-prince on Change. Its daily income would enrich half a score. And how transcendent are its literary merits ! For the amplitude of its range and the accuracy of its knowledge, for sparkling brilliancy, profound research, and sustained, calm, irresistible power, its editor should be the giant that made war with heaven, every one of his fifty heads the seat of a majestic intellect, and every intellect putting forth, without ceasing, the fulness and freshness of its strength, with a diversity so manifold and a unity so perfect, that the gigantic soul of Briareus's self — inspiring and directing each and all — could alone secure the result.

Something very like this, as we have seen, is the simple fact. The presiding genius of the establishment is a man who might have gathered fresh laurels in the highest walks of public life — in college halls, the forum, the senate — might have looked

on the dignity of judge and prelate and made his election. Yet his very name is unknown. He is as utterly dead and buried to the world as was the hooded monk who dwelt, many generations ago, in cloisters which occupied the site where the thunders of his steam-press are nightly heard. The spot where stands the throne of this great high-priest of journalism is a retired nook, hid among the dense mass of houses south of St. Paul's Cathedral, and called Printing-house Square. On the self-same spot once stood the monastery of Blackfriars. There, for centuries, Plantagenets, Yorkists, Lancasterians, and Tudors held court. Shakespeare is the faithful chronicler of historic truth, when he lays the 4th scene of the 2d Act of Henry VIII. in "a hall in Blackfriars;" for on that very spot was heard that famous case for annulling the marriage of that royal brute with Catharine of Aragon which led to the English Reformation.

The authority of this great magician of the "Times" commands the services of the highest intellects in all England, and that after a fashion which an honest man would little suspect. Touched by his wand, the downright republican becomes, all in a moment, the earnest and eloquent advocate of the right divine of kings. He who never had even the momentary shadow of a doubt that a protective tariff has been the path of England's glory, constructs a most elaborate and learned argument in favor of free trade, with a flaming eulogy of Richard Cobden. The man of a temper mild almost to a fault produces a satire terrible as a flash of lightning upon one who never injured him, and whom, perhaps, he has never seen. You will guess at the secret of all this. The waving of the mighty magician's wand is always followed by a shower of gold; and what will a man not sell for gold? There is a narrow court in Fleet Street, leading to a dingy old brick dwelling of most uninviting aspect. Entering the open door, you find yourself at the foot of a flight of dusty stairs. When you have ascended these, you will find another, and still another flight. Having mounted the last, you stand before the door of a garret, and in that door you will perceive a kind of pigeon-hole, or box, fixed. Thereby hangs a tale. Many a time and oft, when the "*Leading Journal*" has required a very

particular thing for its very particular ends — as a special plea for heretics and infidels, or a subtle and envenomed caricature of the ancient faith ; a brilliant eulogy of the latest political Judas, or a satire— bitter as death—upon the Abdiel of statesmen and ecclesiastics ; a vindication of some stark atrocity of Austrian despotism, or a libel upon the United States, of which even the malice and mendacity are put to shame by the ignorance and impudence — a slip of paper has found its way from Printing-house Square to the pigeon-hole in Fleet Street, and lo, at a time specified, the pigeon-hole has brought forth the very thing demanded. And now, gentle reader, you know precisely as much of the writer as does the “Thunderer” himself. Possibly he is the most brilliant speaker in the House of Commons, or he may be some lean Cassius, who writes with the point of a dagger, but “is no orator as Brutus is.” A thousand pounds sterling has passed annually through the same pigeon-hole in the shape of a retaining fee. The dusty attic and its peculiar fittings are doubtless still there, as all things old and dusty have a marvellous gift of continuance in London. Whether it is still the point of commerce between the “Times” and its mysterious contributor, we are unable to say.

There are men in England whom this great Jew Simon cannot corrupt with all his gold. There is another court in Fleet Street, in which you may find an office occupied by a pale, sallow, lean, puritanic-looking man, the able editor of a newspaper which advocates the most extensive reforms, both in Church and State, and is, at all points, directly at war with the policy of Printing-house Square. The Argus of the “Times,” detecting his consummate power in his sturdy battling for non-conformity and political reform, thought to add him to the phalanx of its scribes, and offered him a round fixed salary to supply a single leading article each week for its columns, with the understanding, of course, that, while so employed, he should stand on no higher level of moral integrity than its own — in other words, should unsay, with all his might, at its bidding, in its columns, the very things which he had just been saying with all his might in his own ! He decided to keep his conscience and dispense with the glittering bribe. As the number of the men is by no means small in England who unite brilliancy as writers with

uprightness as moral agents, it is altogether likely that similar instances of failure in its marketing are common with that astute but unscrupulous journal.

Do you inquire to what party the "Times" belongs? The answer is, to none, either in Church or in State. But what does the "Times" believe? Nothing at all: simply and absolutely, nothing at all. What, then, is the articulate voice of its loud thunder? What particular policy or principles does it advocate? To-day whatever it is under the strongest inducement to advocate to-day, and to-morrow whatever it shall be under the strongest inducement to advocate to-morrow — protection or free trade, despotism or liberty, slavery or emancipation, government and order or rebellion and anarchy, truth or falsehood, God or Nebuchadnezzar. It is no respecter of persons or principles. You would greatly wrong the "Times" if you supposed it had the very smallest objection to be on the side of God and truth, provided the inducements were greater on that side than on the side of Satan. When Satan is poor and pitiful, let him go hang, for then, he may depend, the "Times" will have nothing at all to do with him, — not it.

Is it asked what the proprietors of the "Times" believe? The answer is explicit — they believe that it is a capital investment for their funds, and that its "respectable" policy is the best possible thing to make it pay. So thought that London spinster, doubtless, who inherited, under her father's will, one column in perpetuity of an advertising page in the "Times" newspaper, and the same was valued at thirty thousand pounds sterling. So also, doubtless, think high churchmen and low churchmen, and tory and radical, and Papist and Protestant, and Puritan and Sadducee, and many more beside, who are a special "happy family," as stockholders in this gigantic concern. Solomon *was* wise, for money answereth all things. When it is remembered how that fond English mother ordered the principal of the boarding-school, who hinted some deficiency in her daughter's capacity, to furnish her with one immediately and charge it in the bills, as she spared no expense, need we be surprised that the "Times," with its ample resources, puts in the saddle-bags of its "special correspondents" abroad, its Russells and all others, a special

pair of eyes and a special pair of ears, with which it is absolutely certain they will see and hear exactly what it wants them to, whether at Sevastopol, Bull Run, or Mesopotamia? This is supposed to be the circumstance which constitutes them "special."

Who, then, is a believer in the "Times?" In its transcendent genius, and sustained, dazzling brilliancy, every man. In the truth of many of its utterances, every man; but in its own truth and sincerity, in any one thing, no man. By every man, of every sect and party, it is, at one time or another, branded, reprobated, execrated — with Ahithophel, Judas, Julian, Beelzebub.

Yet all England is, confessedly, under the fascination of its basalisk eye; for all England reads the "Times" newspaper — aye, is more anxious to read it, if the truth were spoken, than any or all other newspapers put together. You have not a distant approximation to a true idea of the number of families by whom this journal is daily read, when you know that forty thousand copies are daily sent forth from Printing-house Square, consuming five tons of paper, and covering thirty acres with its compact letter-press. These would hardly suffice for London alone, if each copy was read by only a single family. The London merchant-prince, instead of ordering his paper from the publishers for his own exclusive use, has it sent to his counting-house in the morning by a news-vender, at a penny an hour, while the tradesman receives it later in the day, at a lower charge. Many a news-vender will tell you that every one of his copies goes to almost as many houses as there are hours from eight in the morning to four or five in the afternoon, and is then posted and sent, by the night mail, into the country, at a reduced price, where, on the following day, it is made to perform a similar circuit; besides all which, the single copy is read by scores in every Athenæum and reading-room, throughout the land.

This vast circulation accounts for the fact that the "Times" has so long been the sole medium of those mysterious advertisements which are found almost every day at the top of the second column of its first page; exceedingly brief — sometimes only a single word, sometimes single letters, and wrapped in

impenetrable mystery, yet all the more interesting, so exciting the imagination, and occasionally sufficiently significant to awaken your deepest sympathies, and almost to make you shudder, under the vague apprehension of some spellbound victim of criminal passion, or some dark tragedy, such as is still often perpetrated in vast, all-comprehending London. We remember, among the shorter samples, "No door-mat to-night," with initials, as one that amused our fancy several years ago. The following is much longer and more explicit than the average:—
 "William, thou wilt go to sea — thou shalt go, but oh, return, and first receive the blessings of a heart-broken father, of a heart-broken mother! O, my son William, my son, my son William! Would God I had died for thee, O William, my son, my son!"

On the moral influence of the "Times" in London and throughout England, it is not our purpose to dwell. To strike the balance between its good and its evil — its advocacy of truth and its equally able and eloquent advocacy of downright, ruinous error and lies; its patriotism and its treason; its high-sounding philanthropy and its heartless cruelty; its eulogy of the most execrable tyrants and butchers of mankind, and its tears wept over the wrongs of poor governesses and starving needle-women — this would be no easy task, though the preponderance, it is impossible to doubt, would be greatly on the side of wrong. As regards the morals of its policy, there can be no diversity of judgment, even as tested by the better pagan standards. Fixed principles it has none. It trims its sails to the wind. It does not even attempt to correct and guide public opinion. It swears by the stronger party. It serves God and the devil with equal zeal. Advocating, with consummate ability, one side to-day, and on the morrow, with ability no less, the very reverse, of a great question in Church or State, it is no more conscious of inconsistency than is the wind, in blowing first from the north and then from the south.

A heavy responsibility lies somewhere. Was there ever another public journal with such vast and varied appliances? — a host of the most brilliant writers in all England retained in its daily service; an extensive staff of able correspondents abroad — in Paris, in Italy, in Northern Germany, at Vienna, at Aix-

bon, at Madrid — with outfits and salaries like ambassadors at foreign courts, besides others on roving commissions, attending armies in the field ; in addition to all this, a regular organization to furnish advices in the shortest time from the ends of the earth ; with the people of all England for its constant readers. Yet it is not animated by one truthful principle, or one lofty sentiment. To be preëminent is its single aim — the leviathan of the daily press. And all for what ? If there is any more exalted, or, indeed any *other* ultimate end than gain, the evidence is yet to be supplied. It is the Peter Barnum of England, always on the lookout for something that will pay — elephant or monkey, Tom Thumb or hippopotamus, peace or war, Gabriel or Lucifer. Not Rhadamanthus, but Mammon shall decide what is law, and Messrs. Mason and Slidell shall be, either grand ambassadors from a glorious nascent empire, or “ no more than two negroes ” — as the showman said to the boys who asked him which was the lion and which the baboon, “ Just as you please, my little dears, you pays your money, and you takes your choice.”

Our readers must be heartily tired of looking at an object so full of deformity. Some compensation will be admitted, however, in perceiving to how small an extent — to wit, none at all — the “ Times ” and its correspondents represent the sound and sober public sentiment of Englishmen.

Among the chiefest monuments of London’s moral greatness should be its munificent charities and princely foundations. So they are, and the glory of them is transcendent — the hospitals, asylums, and almshouses, numerous enough to make a city, and which relieve an untold amount of suffering every day in the year. Yet all these fall far short, in total amount, of what is always being done by the living benevolence of the Great Metropolis, to comfort the sorrowful, instruct the ignorant, and lift up and save the degraded and miserable. We do not believe there is a spot on the face of the whole earth, where Christianity is more broadly felt in its beneficent influence, or is achieving nobler triumphs, than in London.

At the same time, you will not fail to note how, on this great sea of humanity, through the invisible force of some irresistible onr, all things seem to be ever floating toward the region of

wealth and respectability. Not by the strongest anchors and cables can anything be kept elsewhere that is worth keeping at all. The most elaborately drawn trust-deed, signed and sealed by the trembling hand of expiring benevolence, the charter of a king, and all the statutes of the realm, can hardly prevail to hold, for any lengthened period, one lamp of knowledge, or one fountain of kindness in that glimmering and sorrowful hades, where their presence would be so much a blessing. Not that every instance of departure from the recorded intentions of the founder is to be construed as spoliation, or wrong-doing. Connected with one of the very ancient London churches — the same in which Cromwell was married and Milton lies buried — is a vested fund, the interest of which was devoted, in perpetuity, by the pious giver, to the purchase of fagots for the burning of heretics! As the practice of such burning has now, for some time, passed away, the Protestant administrators of the trust, keeping as near as possible to the letter of the bequest, but not being governed by its spirit, expend the annual proceeds in the purchase of coals, for warming the poor heretics! Yet there are instances of misappropriation, so flagrant and daring that one would think all the brilliant sophistry of the "Times" itself could scarcely suffice to keep the perpetrators in countenance. There is one, in particular, which stalks, at noonday, through the streets of London, in a form so peculiar that it will be sure to awaken your curiosity. This is a great boy, a noble-looking fellow, some fourteen or fifteen years of age, in a costume which will remind you of generations long ago. His upper garment is of thick, and rather coarse, blue cloth, consisting of a short waist and skirt gathered on, reaching almost down to the feet, and open before. A narrow leather belt is buckled round his waist. He wears smallclothes, or breeches, of soft leather, and yellow woollen stockings, with heavy, antique looking shoes and buckles. A clean pair of bands, of purest lawn, is upon his neck, his hair is cut very short — a sanitary provision — and his head quite bare, as he almost never uses the little blue woollen knitted cap, in shape something like a saucer, which pertains to his completed outer man. Whether on the hottest day of summer, or the coldest in winter, he is abroad in the same unvaried garb, ex-

cept, perhaps, a slight difference in the thickness of his long coat. We have seen him promenading the streets with a handsome lady on his arm — his mother or sister — beneath the most scorching sun that London ever knows ; and we have seen him on a cold February day, without overcoat or umbrella, and still bareheaded, yet seemingly reckless of the weather, in a driving snow-storm, which made the portly citizens button their warm coats up to the chin.

He is the son of a rich man, perhaps of a noble, though he ought to be a poor boy. Of all the nine hundred, dwelling together under one roof in the very heart of London, there are very few who should not be ashamed to be found in a charity-school. Yet when Edward VI. completed the arrangements for the foundation of that magnificent institution, only ten days before his early death, he thought he had secured a rich blessing in perpetuity to poor men's sons, and made its very name — "*Christ's Hospital*" — an enduring record of his benevolent design. Besides the nine hundred "Blue-coat boys," as they are called, who are clothed, fed, and instructed in the vast establishment in Newgate Street, there are five hundred younger boys in a preparatory institution at Hertford.

One would think there must be advantages of no common order, which can induce the sons of the aristocracy,* not only to assume the monkish garb of the "Blue-coat school," but to dine always on mutton, sup on bread and cheese and beer, and retire in winter at five o'clock, in their wholesale dormitories, filled with long rows of single beds. Yet Charles Lamb tells us, in his most exquisite description, that these stripling aristocrats are actually proud of the queer costume which was, doubtless, meant to be an effectual bar to their entrance ; and so it has come about, that, of all the fourteen hundred boys enjoying the truly enviable advantages of "*Christ's Hospital*," there are comparatively few standing in so much need of charity as did "the child Elia."

In days gone by, the stranger, as he paused in Newgate Street, read in large letters, on the front of the principal building, "THIS IS CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, WHERE POOR BLUE-COAT BOYS ARE KEPT AND EDUCATED." But this inscription has long ago disappeared. Such a truly noble institution, with literary ad-

vantages of the very highest order, and maintained at an annual expense of forty thousand pounds sterling, was a too tempting prize. The rich men of England, the gentry and clergy, have long held full possession of the Blue-coat school ; and whether to blot out the record of so flagrant and cruel a robbery, or from a swelling pride, they have wholly obliterated that characteristic inscription, "*This is Christ's Hospital, where poor Blue-coat boys are kept and educated.*"

A larger book than you would care to read might be filled with the history of similar transactions, in London and throughout England. Might not their Sydney Smiths find a fitter mark for, at least, a portion of their satire, than even Pennsylvania repudiation, in such wholesale and heartless spoliation as this — spoliation, not of the strong man armed by a stronger than he, but of the weak and defenceless, poor boys, and orphans, and foundlings — by rich men, and mighty men, and nobles ? Will you set it down as an instance of the retributive justice of heaven, when many a houseless child, who should find food and shelter and kindly training beneath the friendly roof at Christ's Hospital, but does not, is added, in due time, to the black legion of the Thurtles, and Jack Shepards, and Courvoisiers, whose unceasing presence in this proud Babylon would make its midnight always full of terrors without a mighty standing army of police ?

To say that in a community so vast as London every day witnesses the most frightful reverses of fortune and social position, is merely to assert what everybody knows, and what anybody might guess. That, however, which makes these changes so affecting in London, is the fact that they are final and hopeless. Not down to-day and up again to-morrow, the loss of all in exchange for experience and wisdom, which, in due time, shall climb to a higher pinnacle than before, as we have seen many times in our American cities. The man in London who falls from affluence, and the social elevation, from which, in London more than anywhere else, affluence is inseparable, falls like Lucifer, never to hope again. It is, in some instances, by a single step, from the proud mansion, and all the elegance and luxury of a princely home, to penury, the workhouse, a broken heart, and the grave. And such a grave ! and reached in a

plight from which poverty's self turns away in unutterable sadness — a workhouse coffin and pall, and a workhouse funeral : bitter mockery of grief, the most pitiful of all burlesques of funebrial decency.

It is not so much, however, in the fluctuations and reverses of the Great Metropolis, that its strong points of character appear, as in its fixed forms of social life — its mighty ranks, so distinct, yet so compacted ; contributing, severally and mutually, to the completeness and strength of the great social edifice, yet animated by a spirit of antagonism, irreconcilable and deadly. In London, as in all great cities, its middle class are the fountain of its moral life, and pillars of its strength. But not in all great cities is there such a glittering heaven of aristocracy, and such an abyss — wide as deep — of toil-worn, restless democracy. It is doubtless well for Belgravia that something more than glitter is there. Small strength belongs to her pomp, and pageantry, and gewgaw greatness. Her social and domestic life is rottenness and infamy, but ill concealed behind the splendid arras of heartless forms. The instruments of cruelty are in her habitations. O my soul, come not thou into her secret ; unto her assembly, mine honor, be not thou united !

But Belgravia boasts of other elements than these — the mighty man and the man of war, the prudent and the ancient, the counsellor and the eloquent orator are there. It is the veritable Acropolis, not of Athens only, but of the Empire. Her Areopagites are there. There are her sceptre and her throne — not alone the material symbols, but the impalpable realities.

And far below Belgravia — an immeasurable and impassable gulf lying between — you find starving needle-women, and puny, unwashed children, and Dead Seas of eternal fever, and pestilence, and putrefaction. Yet these are by no means things of chief regard, and the sin of them lies even more at the door of all-grasping commercial cupidity, than of hereditary grandeur and self-indulgence.

The great fact demanding the anxious attention of Belgravia, is the dense mass of the democracy of London, embracing one half of the whole population, more than a million of people, the entire mighty host of its working men ; the full-fed and the sturdy, as well as the lean and sickly ; the brawny arms that

make its pavements, and build its houses, and bear all its heavy burdens, and, peradventure, the very policemen who perambulate its streets, and the soldiers fed at its barracks. That they are political reformers — chartists, republicans — is not, necessarily, a circumstance to awaken any very special anxiety. It is rather the spirit that animates them — a bitter, rankling sense of wrong, a downright, deadly hatred of aristocracy and monarchy, and, to a frightful extent, of state-church and all the external forms of Christianity, a determined spirit of revolution. That great multitudes of them live in the family state, and have children born and grown up without any marriage ceremony, is not because they are too poor to pay the clergyman's fee, or too licentious to submit to restraint, but, either from a pagan indifference, or an atheistical contempt for the symbols of Christian civilization. It was neither the needless alarm of Belgravian timidity, nor the blunder of a superannuated captain, when, in the spring of 1848, the sum of one hundred thousand pounds sterling was expended on that single day of the grand Chartist uprising, in the military defence of the Metropolis, under the direction of the Duke of Wellington, placing London, for the time, in a state of siege ; the Queen being sent away, in all haste, to Windsor, and the stables of the nobility at the West End filled with the horses of dragoons. All has been quiet since, but those volcanic fires are not extinguished !

Neither is it wisdom to despise this gigantic army of workingmen, because they are untaught and ignorant. Untaught and ignorant they certainly are, for any exertions put forth in this direction by the proud masters who dwell at St. James's. Yet they read and think, and discuss politics and religion, with an earnestness and ability which might put many a haughty peer to the blush, and with a ferocious and sullen perverseness, which should make all men tremble. Their Crossthwaites and Sandy Mackayes and Alton Lockes — not often, alas, the God-fearing men portrayed in the pages of a fascinating fiction — are the first-fruits of a harvest which is growing with a wild luxuriance. Their newspaper press, reeking with republicanism and infidelity, is more prolific than that of all other classes put together. They are never found in the house of God. Politics and pleasure fill up their Sabbath. Their Bible is Paine's

"Age of Reason." Feudalism and Christianity are alike their abhorrence.

Has Belgravia no concern, and is she incurring no guilt, in the combination of circumstances issuing in so appalling a result as the turning of the light that is in this vast aggregate of men into darkness? Let her reflect, that if she, in her madness, put out the eyes of this mighty Samson in the day of his weakness, there will also come the day of his strength, when he may bow himself upon the huge pillars of the temple, and overwhelm his proud oppressors and their injured victim in one common destruction. Nothing could be plainer than the fact of the steady march of this class to the possession of political power. No combination of human influences can successfully resist their progress. They want no act of Parliament to confer on them the elective franchise. The industry, and economy, and self-denial perchance — especially at the beer-shop — which shall put them in possession of a forty-shilling freehold, will secure for them an enfranchisement worth infinitely more than that which should come to them without any effort of their own. The freehold land scheme — the most comprehensive and pregnant political movement of the age — under the auspices of such men as Cobden and Bright and their coadjutors, and extending over all England, is steadily and surely working out this grand result. Only let that enterprise be resolutely prosecuted, and many years will not have passed away, when the men who dwell at ease in the palaces of Belgravia will be very much at the mercy of those whom they now affect to despise. It is a thing greatly to be desired, for the sake of truth and humanity, even more than for themselves, that they read correctly the signs of the times. That a heavy cloud is darkening their horizon is plain enough to be seen. They may extract its thunderbolts, if they will, and receive from it only fertilizing showers. Ragged Schools and "Missing Links" are demonstrating that the heart of the semi-barbarous and ferocious democracy of London can be reached by the voice of humanity, and especially of the Gospel. A day-spring of righteousness and love, rising on all the dense mass of callous poverty, of seething vice and ungodliness, in the Spitalfields, and St. Gileses, and Bethnal-greens of the Great Metropolis, would be the harbinger of a glory such as she has not yet attained; and

would bring her a long dispensation from all fear of chartist mobs and revolutionary violence. Alas, did such wisdom, in the history of our world, ever yet come until it was too late?

We are no prophet, and shall not attempt to discuss so complicated a subject as the destiny of London. We will hope for the best ; and there is ground for hope, as well as for fear. With the splendor of Babylon, and the luxury and towering pride of Rome, and guilt of Sodom, there are, also, the righteousness of Lot, and the earnest faithfulness, and burning appeals, and thundering denunciations of the old prophets. If Satan's seat is there, there, too, is the tabernacle of God, dwelling with men. If every stale and worn-out lie, by which the past generations have been deceived to their own ruin, is there striving to reconstruct its demolished throne, there, also, is the eternal and immutable truth, strong in the faith of Jehovah, girding itself as for the last decisive struggle. Great, beyond all precedent, in present good and evil, and still advancing, with amazing rapidity, in geographic extent and material resources, who will undertake to mark out the ultimate boundaries of this stupendous Town-Commonwealth? Has it attained already its highest point of tragic and moral grandeur, or is its most marvellous page in history yet to be written, eclipsing the Star-Chamber and the Tower, and Whitehall and Smithfield? If the process of its decay should commence to-morrow, and continue, without interruption, till London Bridge and the Strand were as forsaken at noonday as are now the ruins of the Coliseum or the streets of Palmyra, it need have little fear of holding — to the very end of time — any second rank among the world's great cities ; and when at length the grand results of all human history shall be manifested, and every shadow and fiction shall disappear forever, — when this earth of ours, redeemed, by the purification of fire, from the last vestige of man's inventions, shall be clad again in the beauty and gladness of its primeval birth, and the seed-time of the world shall issue in the harvest of eternity, — then, to one who should revisit the scene, to muse upon the mystery of its checkered past, no spot will be found more abounding in thrilling memories — whether for glory or for shame — than that which is now the site of magnificent, mighty London.

ARTICLE VIII.

SHORT SERMONS.

"I commend unto you Phebe our sister, which is a servant of the church at Cenchrea. Greet Priscilla and Aquila, my helpers in Christ Jesus. Greet Mary, who bestowed much labor on us."—*Rom. 16: 1, 3, 6.*

In the early Christian church the piety of females was a very efficient piety. They were as active, as successful, and as important in spiritual labors as were men. Though they labored in a somewhat different sphere, as nature would dictate, they accomplished not less for the cause of Christ, and were esteemed and honored not less as Christ's friends and helpers. Observe, it was not the mere amiable, silent, negative piety which the apostle commends in these three females. Phebe is called a "*servant*" (a deaconess, as it is in the Greek) "of the church." Priscilla is called a "*helper* in Christ Jesus." Of Mary it is said, she "*bestowed much labor on us.*" And there is much similar language applied to Christian women throughout the New Testament and the history of the church in the first centuries.

We go farther, and affirm that in the succeeding ages of the church militant the Saviour designed and expected that the active piety and real usefulness of woman should fully equal if not outweigh that of man. If to man was given the more public duties and external and commanding agencies, to woman was given as a full offset the greater real influence. As cultivation increases, and taste develops in the world, the winning graces of woman will prove an overmatch for man's rougher strength. Delilah is stronger than Samson, and Isaac, though religiously educated, will not be safe with one of the daughters of Heth for his wife. The mothers of heroes have generally made them heroic.

Moreover, woman is more susceptible to religious truth and attainment than man, both by her nature and her position in life. Hence their greater numbers, and, shall we say, higher devotion in the churches.

What an argument is here presented for the encouragement of the female portion of the churches to usefulness and earnest Christian life! What fields are open in this age for their peculiar personal influence! Shall they even seem to live for outward adorning and vain show?

What has not Christianity done for them, and who are more indebted to Christ than they?

"Therefore also I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord." — 1 Sam. 1: 28.

SAMUEL is one of the best and greatest men presented to us in history. And what he was is to be attributed, under God, to his mother's wise piety.

1. His goodness and greatness are indisputable. He was not so showy in character and deeds as many. But he possessed that firm, even, and uniform goodness which could not fail to make him wonderfully great both with God and men. Throughout his youth and his long life of responsibility and unceasing, trying toil, he steadily grew in favor with God, and in restraining power over Israel. And this, too, in a very corrupt age, and surrounded by the worst influences. The people never forsook him. It was only when they saw that he was growing old, and that his sons walked not in his ways, that they asked for a king. While he lived, Saul was only second to Samuel in influence and esteem. Surrounding nations recognized his greatness. It is recorded that "the Philistines were subdued so that they came no more into the coast of Israel; and the hand of the Lord was against the Philistines all the days of Samuel."

2. The goodness and greatness of Samuel is due instrumentally to the piety and fidelity of his mother. She believably dedicated him to God and his service; she carefully educated and restrained him in early life; she sought not an ambitious place of business for him, but separating him from gay and wicked associates, placed him in the tabernacle; and retained her pious influence over him, for it is said, "his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year when she came up with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice." In these ways are mothers still making and moulding ministers, missionaries, and able laborers for the church. Samuel's father was a praying man, but his religious influence at home was doubtless neutralized by that life-mistake which he made in marrying a second wife during the lifetime of the first, contrary to the original institution, bringing perpetual strife into the family, as in the case of Abraham and Isaac. But the sore trials thereby brought upon Hannah were the means of developing the deepest piety.

Let it be asked, why may not mothers now have the same success

with their children? Hannah had not one advantage or one promise or encouragement more than mothers at the present day; while it be would hard to find greater obstacles than she had to overcome.

Does any mother reply, "Samuel was naturally good, and not like my boys?"

It is a great mistake. Samuel had an evil heart like all children, and an uncommonly strong will and high courage and mettle. Witness the grasp which he so long held upon wayward Israel; see with what severity he could rebuke Saul; and how he could hew Agag in pieces with his own hand.

What Hannah did, any wise and praying mother may do.

ARTICLE IX.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Day's Revival Sermons. By REV. NORRIS DAY. Vol. I. pp. 388. Boston: Bradley, Dayton & Company. 1860.

WE have paid some attention to this volume, because it is a representative book. Its title indicates its origin, sphere, and constituency. It has a marked excellence in its simplicity of style. The dullest reader can be at no loss as to the author's meaning. This simplicity is also accompanied with great directness of expression, which amounts at times to bluntness and even harshness. As thus, on the duty of forgiving if we would be forgiven:

"Says God: I will not hear until you forgive. But what shall I do? says one; I cannot give up praying, and I cannot forgive. You may as well give up praying as to pray. God will not hear you, and he will not save you, unless you forgive. Some seem to think they can bring God over by teasing him for a season. My brother, you mistake your Maker. His terms are like himself, unchangeable. He would sooner let the whole world go to hell than change them in the least." p. 195.

At the same time there is a straightforward, personal, practical drift that we admire, and wish were more common in the pulpit. The sermons lack finish, and grace of expression, which could well be added without detracting from their power. A few phrases will show this point. After speaking of Nebuchadnezzar, Mr. Day says: "It would probably be a blessing to this nation if God should turn out to grass,

not only seven years, but during life, some of its lordly legislators," &c. p. 326. And of God's infinite power: "With one glance of his eye he can look them all into eternity." p. 318.

The treatment of these great truths, and specially where God is introduced, is much wanting in reverence. Herein the volume is characteristic and indexical of the class to which the author belongs. We cite an illustration here and there. Speaking of the angel at the tomb of our Lord:

"He just rolls back the stone, takes his seat upon it, barely casts a look upon these armed fellows, and they fall like dead men at his feet." p. 183. "God knows what he means by the phraseology he has used to express his ideas; and he is competent to define for himself." p. 198. "God is an honest God." p. 199. "Now, says God, lean upon and glorify the minister, if you will; but the people will go to hell, and I will hold you accountable." p. 237. "Will he [God] neglect his duty to the universe? No, never! He knows his duty too well," &c. p. 323. "Says one, I want forgiveness at the hand of my Maker. Very well, says God; when ye stand praying, *forgive them*, and then I will forgive you." p. 193.

With the rough and unlearned such familiar and colloquial and off-hand references to God may have some effect, but not for reverence or solemnity.

The clearness, frankness and boldness with which the truth is stated are to be much commended, yet even these excellences are overwrought, and the sermons show a great lack of tenderness, gentleness, and sympathy. Here we identify the author, the preacher, and the itinerant school. There is a coldness and a sternness toward the sinner, and almost an indifference to his fate. Severe and frigid and unfeeling remarks and allusions are made, as if scolding were a means of grace. We quote but two examples:

God "must not dispense his blessings so as to sanction our wickedness, and he will not, if we all go to hell." p. 186. "Says one, 'I cannot forgive certain individuals.' Very well, if that is true, your doom is fixed for eternity. You are lost in that case, irrecoverably lost. God declares he will not forgive, unless you forgive others, and of course you must go to hell." p. 192.

The theology of the sermons is of the Oberlin and improved school. It places sin in action alone, and not at all in possessing any dormant passions and propensities to sin (p. 274). It makes the prayer of faith to consist in the certainty of obtaining the very thing we pray for, instead of faith or trust in God to grant such answer as he sees fit. In ridiculing the truth, as we think, our author at the same time thus gives his view of the prayer of faith:

"Well, if that is all there is to be seen after praying here seven times, we may as well give it up; it will not amount to much. This undertaking to force things, says he, [Elijah,] is not the correct course. I believe in waiting God's time. What! we undertake to get up a storm any time we take it into our heads we need rain? I do not believe in such things. God will send us rain in his own good time. Come, he remarks to his servant, let us go down and wait, and let God manage this matter. Was this the reasoning of Elijah? Not by any means. He expected a blessing. He looked for an answer to his prayers, and he knew it would come." p. 208.

In the same way the doctrine and spirit of the volume deny discretionary power to God to pour out the Spirit, when men insist on "getting up a revival."

Regeneration is effected under the motive-power alone of truth. Little depth or scope is given to the idea of a *new creation*. Conversion is mainly a resolution of the individual. There is no recognition of sovereign and efficacious and certain grace, beyond the presentation of truth. Its moral force, and not any divine creating power, is the agency. The "new creature" is God's "workmanship" more than man's, only as the Spirit is the more effectual preacher in urging the truth. Where this theory of conversion by resolution is preached, inefficient professors and the falling away of converts should not surprise us. The human element is too prominent to insure perseverance and activity in the supposed new life. The eighth and ninth sermons, which are on man's moral agency and God's moral government, show a laboring anxiety lest God should regenerate a man against his will, or make him "willing in the day of his power," and "compel" him to come in. A fair sermon on the text, "Which were born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God," is needed to stand between these two, compelling their adaptation to the teachings of the Scriptures about regeneration.

The sermons as a whole show a want of completeness. Truth does not fit to truth, even where they are free from essential errors. Nor are they full-orbed, like occasional sermons. They are fragments or parts. But as they are, they are truthful, and so profitable, representations of the labors of a professed "revivalist." They sustain the same relations to the sermons of a settled minister that the work of a "revivalist" does to the proper work of the ministry. They want the relations and proportions and adaptations of such sermons as a good pastor writes, who has the responsibilities of sowing and reaping and separating the tares from the wheat, from year to year, in the same field. A reading of them increases our doubts as to the utility of such labors. The sermons lack a wholeness of scope in the points of which

they treat. This is inevitable where one gives his entire strength to a specialty in religious work, and seeks to make the greatest possible impression on isolated points in the labors of one week or six. Such a theory of working calls for the high-pressure system of labor, the brevity of which is naturally and necessarily determined by its intensity. It induces and encourages spasmodic rather than healthy action in the spiritual body. It leaves no even pulse in the piety of the church. We can easily see how a man, who has never been a pastor, or labored long with one people, as the author has not, should write such sermons; and can see, too, how greatly he would change them were he to settle down into the proper work of a gospel minister.

The Puritans: or, The Church, Court, and Parliament of England during the Reigns of Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth. By SAMUEL HOPKINS. In Three Volumes. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1860-1861.

THE success of American writers in the department of History within the last twenty years is without a parallel in modern letters. It is becoming a matter of national distinction, suggestive of some special *genius* for this kind of study in the American type of intellectual growth and culture. Three names already adorn our literature as historians which are as familiar as household words. Whether another has appeared worthy to rank with these "first three" is not quite certain; in fact, we do not think Mr. Hopkins' warmest friends will claim such excellence for his work. Yet it is good enough to make a reputation which should content a high ambition, if not the highest.

It is a difficult question to determine what constitutes the best historical style. Authors who used to give law in this realm would not be accepted as final authorities now. Rollin will not do for these times, nor Gibbon. But in getting rid of stiffness and stateliness, we do not want the prose-run-mad rhapsodies of Carlyle's "French Revolution," nor the hop-skip-and-jump agility of some of the Parisian chroniclers. Mr. Hopkins is very vivacious in his handling of events and persons—sometimes more so than suits our taste. He often takes liberties in this direction which have been deemed the peculiar license of the fiction-makers. If history should not be dull, (as it never need be,) it should maintain a chaste dignity, which these volumes do not always observe. We would rather not have the imaginary speeches and conversations of the old classic writers revived in modern history; we have more of it here than those early standards of

the art admitted. This is not necessary to the due effect of the story. It is not pleasant thus to be reminded that one is perusing a blended page of fact and fancy, where the mind would rather rest in the conviction that the whole is authentic.

But the substantial merits of this history are undeniably great — greater perhaps than the rather light and garish costume which it is made to wear may at first indicate. If our Puritan fathers have to step to a livelier measure than was their wont, still these are the genuine worthies of that age of trial and of strength, which are here living and walking and working in the heat and dust of a day that was of no bland and balmy atmosphere. The solid godliness of that period shines like the beaten gold of the sanctuary in these persistent, persecuted Christians. The author sketches character with a free hand — and the canvas is a crowded one. Some of the best, and not a few of the worst human beings that ever lived and shaped their age are here drawn in glory and shame perpetual. Mary Stuart is spoiled of not a little of her factitious attractions, and Elizabeth is *not* made a saint, nor her prime councillors either. Possibly she would have come nearer it without the help of some of them, both clerical and lay. It is humiliating to see how largely mere personal pique and hatreds entered into these atrocious proceedings. The dominant party cared as little as it well could for anything that deserved the name of principle, and allowed its pride and passion to carry it through a struggle for place, and class-distinctions, and prescriptions ecclesiastical and civil, which would be ridiculous but that the means used to preserve them were so cruel. Mr. H. writes in warm sympathy with his subject, politically and religiously. His volumes abound with individual sketches of persons in whom the reader may be expected to feel a special interest; brief, bright, pathetic monographs set in the general field of his survey. The whole work has much of the fascination of an elaborate historical novel; but the copious foot-notes and references continually assure us that we are mainly in the real world. The volumes can hardly fail of great popularity.

Religio Medici, A Letter to a Friend, Christian Morals, Urn-Burial, and other Papers. By SIR THOMAS BROWNE, KT., M. D. 16mo. pp. 432. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1862.

THIS old Elizabethan writer is one of the few who owe much of their power to what looks marvellously like a dash of insanity in their mental organization. He was an enthusiast of the most genuine water; dreamy, meditative, full of oddest conceits, delving alike in

antiquarian lore and careering boundlessly amid the fantasies of his magnificent imagination — a genius which once in ages rises on the world to make us wonder if he belongs to a race which wears heads on its shoulders as we do. It is hard to class him, whether as humorist, philosopher, moralist, or mystic. Rather he is all these in one. Erudite in all common and strangest lore, ever on the track of some quaint allusion, some curious turn of thought, and coining the queerest of these fancies out of his own unique brain, he wearies you with his prolixity, recaptures you by his gorgeous style and endless versatility, puzzles you with his airiest of speculations, and makes you laugh at his whimsicality even when talking so gravely about poor human “dust and ashes.” If we can believe his own account of himself, he was the most unconcerned of mortals about the facts and affairs of the actual world, rejoicing in one of his own conjuration, which he always seemed bent on draping with more baffling mysteries, and peopling with more inexplicable enigmas. He traverses this cloud-land of tenuous and vanishing idealism as if it were the pavement of a city, and only feels sure of himself when walking on the thinnest of abstractions. Withal he is a charming egotist, as garrulous as such a *sui generis* has a natural right, if not a constitutional necessity to be.

Writers like these can only be known in our day to the many through abbreviated editions of their works. This tasteful volume contains as much of Sir Thomas as most readers can enjoy. It is accompanied with judicious annotations, and is introduced by one of those beautiful manly heads of the olden time, which at once insures the author the respect, if not the admiration, of whoever turns his pages.

Spare Hours. By JOHN BROWN, M. D. 12mo. pp. 458. Boston : Ticknor & Fields. 1862.

THE Browns are not all dead to whom our English literature is indebted for costly additions to its treasures ; and several of the more brilliant of them have come, like this Edinburgh physician, from the medical profession. In this duodecimo, the American publishers have given us selected portions of the original “*Horæ Subsecivæ*,” as they have also translated its title into the vernacular of their title-page — a very sensible change, as we think. The substance of the book consists of essays thrown off in a genial, discursive, racy style, showing a head through which the light shines like a window, and a

heart in the right place. There is a strong element of out-door, vigorous life in this author — a breezy glow of enjoyment which makes one think of hale and hearty Christopher North, and then a touch of quiet, funny humor which comes as near to Charles Lamb's vein as any one ever will. He loves dogs, and knows them as if they were human people who had told him all their feelings, and made a clean breast to him of all their thoughts. We like these off-hand books, not meaning by this that they do not demand much careful authorship, but books which are given the world as "Recreations" (the word is growing rich) from life's hard labors, and which are written as much to refresh and relieve the maker of them as for any other purpose. Especially are we pleased that this rare efflorescence of graceful sentiment grows so naturally and beautifully over the good old foundations of the Scottish ancestral faith. Dr. Brown does not think it necessary to sharpen the edge of his wit upon the precious stones of the sanctuary. The pieces entitled "My Father's Memoir" and "Dr. Chalmers" are especially redolent of the spirit of a piety which does not shrink to confess Christ before even literary and fashionable men.

A Memorial of Closing Scenes in the Life of Rev. George B. Little.
8vo. pp. 171. Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1861.

THE way of Divine Providence with this recent and beloved pastor of one of our suburban churches beautifully illustrates the purifying of the Christian nature through the agency of affliction. A richly cultured mind, and a winning, genial spirit gave promise of no common usefulness in the ministry. But the few years of its prosecution were overcast with painful infirmity, settling steadily into hopeless disease and inevitable death. Under this foreshadowing of the end, our brother pursued his work, "cast down, but not destroyed." The end came soon — only thirty-nine years, and the silver cord was loosed. Not much is registered in these pages of his earlier life; but the very full and satisfactory details of the "closing scenes" throw back a light upon those preparatory years, as they so brightly illumine the final struggle. His was such a dying as God only gives to his beloved, and not to all of those: a summer-sunset, like some which we have watched, in almost breathless admiration, under our own unrivalled heavens —

"As sweet calm days, in golden haze,
Melt down the amber sky."

We adopt the words of a contemporary: — "Such scenes are more

than argument ; they are manifestation ; they are an uplifting of the veil." The chastely graceful volume which contains their delineation is a better "Memorial" than sculptured marble. It is another "Hymn of Faith and Hope," the music of which is still echoing along the life to come.

Reply to the New England Congregationalism of Hon. Daniel A. White. By JOSEPH B. FELT. pp. 57. Salem: Wm. Ives & Geo. W. Pease, Printers. 1861.

JUDGE WHITE made some severe strictures in his "Brief Sketch" on Dr. Felt's "Ecclesiastical History." To these Dr. Felt replied in 1856. A volume by Judge White renewed these strictures and added to them, and to these Dr. Felt replies in the pamphlet before us. Much of the pamphlet is devoted to a disproof of the assertion of Judge White that the First Church of Salem, at its formation, had no articles of faith separate from its covenant "to which subscription or assent was required in order to church-membership," and that this was the general usage of the churches in the Massachusetts colonies. We marvel that any one, presuming to write historically, should take such a position in view of the overwhelming array of facts that Dr. Felt marshals against it.

If the New England church fathers made anything preëminent it was a creed, as one of the essentials of a church. This Dr. Felt shows most abundantly, both of the Salem church of Mr. Higginson in particular, and of the other churches generally. His style has a quaint, puritan, matter-of-fact character, impressing us with the feeling that one of the fathers of two centuries ago is repelling the assertion of this modern, special-pleading, critic.

Great Expectations. By CHARLES DICKENS, Author of "Pickwick Papers," "Nicholas Nickleby," etc., etc. With Thirty-four Illustrations, from original designs by John McLennan. Complete in one volume. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

WE have read this book through, from beginning to end, and have scanned with care its thirty-four illustrations. If anybody else has done the same thing, he will admit that we have accomplished a feat. The fact requires explanation. The explanation is, we understood that the book was written by Charles Dickens, author of "Pickwick," "Oliver Twist," &c., and we had a mind to write an article on this last of his works. We shall not write the article.

The community certainly had a right to entertain "great expectations" of this book — written by a man of so great a fame, written after a season of repose, and written at the age when a man reaches the highest maturity of his powers, and should be capable of doing his very best things; heralded, moreover, by a title, which seemed to imply that he was fully aware of his responsibility, and conscious of being fully competent to meet it. If Mr. Dickens were capable of perpetrating a cruel satire upon himself, we should say the title was most happily chosen, inasmuch as the usual upshot of great expectations is great disappointment.

To pronounce "Great Expectations" a running caricature on human weaknesses would only be to put it in the same class with most of his other writings. It is far more than that, — it is caricature gone mad — a tissue of particularly disagreeable impossibilities. Minerva, we are told, sprung, full-armed, from the head of Jupiter, and we can easily enough believe that *Oliver Twist*, and *Nicholas Nickleby*, and *Little Nell*, and *Fagin*, and *Dick Swiveller* came from the brain of Charles Dickens much in the same way. But it is utterly impossible to believe that such hard monstrosities as *Miss Havisham*, *Mrs. Gargery*, *Jaggers*, and *Pumblechook*, could ever have leaped from Mr. Dickens's brain, or any other that was not muddled. They are evidently painful parturitions, out of all proper shape and proportion. Nature produces monsters enough and hideous enough, if any man wants to paint them; but these are against nature. Think of a young and beautiful and passionate woman, because she is jilted and abandoned on the morning of her wedding-day, immuring herself, for all the rest of her life, amid the splendid preparations for the marriage — she clad in her gay bridal robes and ornaments, the cake untouched on the table, and everything remaining precisely as arranged for the ceremony, for long years, till she and the rich tapestries and the wedding cake should decay all together, — yet not crazy, but, on the contrary, capable of managing shrewdly her affairs; and capable of finding a charming young girl, and lavishing on her every accomplishment, and training her for the particular purpose of breaking men's hearts, and all to be avenged on the sex, because one man has, as she says, broken her heart! And think of *Estella*, that young girl, simple, affectionate, tender, beautiful — not a born *Elsie Venner* — surrendering herself to the plot, yielding her woman's soul to be thus blasted and cursed, while still retaining the warmth and susceptibilities and charms of her youth! It is utterly repulsive, and forever impossible. *Ex uno disce omnes*. There is scarcely the shadow of relief, from beginning to end. The good-natured Joe — husband of the awful Mrs. Gargery

—and simple-hearted, faithful Biddy, the servant-maid, are, perhaps, more in the vein of the Mr. Dickens of twenty years ago than anything else in the book. In "Trabb's boy," we have the best portraiture we have ever seen of English impudence. If there is anything anywhere on this terrestrial ball to be compared to English impudence, we have never met with it — whether on the part of a servant-maid to her mistress, a London bricklayer, or coal-porter, if a *well-dressed* individual has the ill-luck to offend him, the general rabblement on an election-day, when suborned by one of the contending parties to hoot and insult the other party's candidate, or the *Times* newspaper. There is a grinding intensesness, a ferocious pertinacity, a deadly bull-dog grip in it, by which it stands clearly distinguished as a national characteristic. Mr. Dickens has admirably described it in "Trabb's boy," together with the feelings it awakens, in pp. 275, 276.

In Trabb himself, the village tailor, and Pumblechook, Mr. Dickens satirizes severely the English habit of fawning on anybody who is getting up in the world. Pip — the object of the fawning, the subject of the "great expectations," and hero of the tale — is one of Mr. Dickens's peculiar pagans, combining a ruinous weakness and selfishness with a most disinterested benevolence — a sort of creation very common with our author, but very hard to be found in our actual world.

A desperate English convict (Provis) working like a galley-slave in the place of his exile to hoard up gold, and sending it to a boy who had once brought him something to eat when he was starving, and, at last, running the risk of being hanged in order that he might see that boy (Pip) a gentleman, is just about as probable as Miss Havisham or Estella.

The way in which the many queer characters are, at last, brought into positions of near relationship — making the convict Provis to be Estella's father, and Mr. Jaggers's strange housekeeper her mother, and, above all, Estella — first a widow — Pip's wife, is simply a clumsy piece of construction. It lacks probability; but is not absolutely impossible, since Mr. Dickens has compelled it to be possible.

There is here and there a description in Mr. Dickens's best style. Among these is a storm of rain and wind in London, (pp. 345, 346,) which brings vividly to remembrance days in the Great Metropolis when we found it utterly impossible to keep a fire at all, because the smoke, laden with those black, greasy flakes, would insist on coming all out into the room, instead of going up the chimney, like honest smoke.

There is one peculiar excellence in the book, of which we must speak in terms of high commendation. Not a single Christian is introduced at all, either lay or clerical. Is this accidental, or has Mr Dickens learned at last that the very best thing in the power of his hand to do in regard to Christianity is, to let it alone altogether?

. In a notice of Du Chaillu's book on Africa, Vol. I., p. 60 we expressed a considerable degree of scepticism concerning its reliability as a narrative of various novelties which the author claims to have discovered and professes to describe; at the same time we indicated a possible return to the subject for further investigation of its credibility. This would seem, however, to be superfluous, if the following, which we find in the *Boston Journal* for January 22d, is to be depended upon, as we presume it may be:

"Capt. Yates, of the *Ocean Eagle*, and Rev. William Walker, an American missionary, have published certificates showing that M. Du Chaillu was living at the Gaboon at the time his 'Explorations' represent him as making his great discoveries in Equatorial Africa. The *Athenaeum* says, that 'all the published testimony from the Gaboon goes to prove that a main part of M. Du Chaillu's narrative cannot possibly be true.'"

ARTICLE X.

THE ROUND TABLE.

THE USE OF TEXTS. — Our old friend, the Rev. James Gallahue used to tell the story of a preacher who took for his text the word "Then the disciples looked on one another doubting;" from which he went on to draw and enforce this doctrine — that "when people don't know what they ought to do, they had better look out lest they do what they don't know what." Good advice; and not so far-fetched as the New Hampshire preacher's onslaught upon some peculiarly incorrigible sinners in his neighborhood, from the mention somewhere in the New Testament of a certain man "who lived *hard* — by the synagogue." Doubtless there are many such; as also of another class of offenders, whom a friend of ours *out West* once severely lectured from the text, "Thou oughtest to behave thyself in the house of God

Rather a twist of the apostle ; but not quite so violent as still another "accommodation" which has come to our ears, wherein a sharpshooter fired away at the too rapid *progressives* among his young people, from this clause, "That thou appear not unto men *to[o] fast.*" We hand over these cunning "masters of sentences" to the Professor of Sermonizing in the New Theological Seminary.

But a little more seriously — there is a liberty or a negligence in the use of texts which is hardly excusable, where it would be unjust to suspect an ambition of eccentricity. A learned divine and a professor in one of our theological schools has a sermon upon the words, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world ;" in which the whole stress is laid on the first word of the sentence, and the plan of the preacher is to show how Christ *should be beheld* ; when the word in the Greek is merely the exclamative — as *en, ecce* : "lo ! the Lamb of God." We heard another distinguished city pastor once advocate a series of morning prayer-meetings from the promise, "They that seek me early shall find me ;" a use of the passage which was ingenious, but certainly unthought of by the inspired writer. Equally so, we judge, was the application given awhile ago, in one of our associations, to the Psalmist's verse, in an outline submitted for criticism : — "A man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees ;" where the author made "the thick trees" to signify impenitent sinners ; and the "axes," the gospel doctrines ; and the "famous man" the preacher who did execution most masterly upon the tall timber. Who *that* might be, was left to be inferred by the appreciative audience. Accommodating Scripture is a delicate operation. It is best to err, if at all, on the side of a strict construction. If any variation from the first meaning of the text is taken, it should be so natural and unforced as, at its mention, to show its own propriety to the hearers, though they may never have thought of it before.

THE MEMORABILIA of Theological Lecture-rooms would furnish material for a rare volume of mental peculiarities and spicy *jeux d'esprit*. "Spare Hours" give some lively notices of their author's father, who was an Edinburgh pastor and teacher of divinity. "Though authoritative in his class without any effort, he was indulgent to everything but conceit, slovenliness of mind and body, irreverence, and, above all, handling the Word of God deceitfully. On one occasion a student having delivered in the Hall a discourse tinged with Arminianism, he said, 'That may be the gospel according to Dr. Macknight, or the gospel according to Dr. Taylor, of Norwich, but it not the gospel according to the apostle Paul ; and if I thought the sentiments

expressed were his own, if I had not thought he has taken his thoughts from commentators without carefully considering them, I would think it my duty to him and to the church, to make him no longer a student of divinity here.' He was often unconsciously severe, from his saying exactly what he felt. On a student's ending his discourse, his only criticism was, 'The strongest characteristic of this discourse is weakness;' and feeling that this was really all he had to say, he ended. A young gentleman, on very good terms with himself, stood up to pray with his hands in his pockets, and, among other things, he put up a petition that he might 'be delivered from the fear of man, which bringeth a snare;' my father's only remark was, that 'there was part of his prayer which seemed to be granted before it was asked:' a fulfilling of prophecy which (we fancy) the prophet never thought of.

THE SINGER.

SHE sits and sings in the room below,
A tender ballad of love and woe,
Wedded to music plaintive and slow.

And who would dream that her heart is gay,
While she singeth so sad a lay —
Seeming to pour her soul away?

Why not? She doeth her heart no wrong;
Lips joy-laden the whole day long
Well can afford to sorrow in song!

So keep her, Heaven! nor let her know
Other sighings than those that flow,
Rhythmic, through ballads of love and woe.

PET BOOKS. — Distinguished persons have had some very curious tastes; and, among other things, in selecting favorite authors. It was natural enough, perhaps, for Bossuet to keep a copy of Homer upon the table on which he composed his *great* sermons; though one would think that he might have found in some other source a more Christian inspiration. Under Alexander's pillow seems a rather more fitting place for the epic Grecian as a book of the heart. Napoleon and Dr. Parr were not much alike, but both were enamored of Ossian. Would any one think that the grave and "proper" Dr. Blair the sermonizer

made Hudibras a bosom-friend? Robinson Crusoe carried captive Johnson, Scott, Chalmers, and the "gentle Elia," and held them prisoners all their days; besides a host of others hardly less celebrated. Coleridge never lost his enthusiasm for Bunyan's Pilgrim. Burns' first choice was the Life of William Wallace; next, that of Hannibal. Rousseau's Confessions was Hazlitt's *vade mecum*: Cobbett's was the Tale of a Tub. Byron revelled in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy; so did Samuel Johnson. In what else were these two men alike? Charles Lamb never tired of Sir Thomas Browne and the Urn-Burial. The elder Pitt studied Barrow's Discourses as a text-book of mental discipline: Johnson, again, made Don Quixote his unfailing resource for a good laugh. This sturdy old critic used to say that the only books of a merely human origin which anybody wished to be longer were — The Knight of La Mancha, Robinson Crusoe, and the Pilgrim's Progress. Dictionary-makers are not necessarily Dryasdusts.

NOT DEATH, BUT LIFE.

THOU'ST gone within the veil
Of God's high mystery.
Farewell, our brother!
Our thoughts still follow thee
On through the life to come,
On through that fairer land,
Where, in the spirit's home,
God holds thy hand.
He leads thee tenderly
By pleasant streams, and clear.
Thou hast the light, and we
The shadow here.
Farewell, our brother!
Not thankless tears we shed;
Knowing, brother, knowing
Thou art not dead.

Oh! death is more divine
Than mortal life can be.
Farewell, our brother!
Our thoughts still follow thee.
All that thou hadst to give
Thou gav'st, and passed us by.
God teach us how to live,
And how to die!
Thanks unto him for faith,
That opes the eye to see
Thou hast the light of death,
Its shadow, we.
Farewell, our brother!
Not thankless tears we shed;
Knowing, brother, knowing
Thou art not dead.

THE Christian journey is a *walk afoot*, that he may notice and attend to the common road-side matters and duties of life; not a fast drive nor a railway rush through the world, with an eye on nothing but the *terminus*. So Jesus *walked* through Palestine, never in a hurry, never in a torpor; but, as Goethe has so inimitably given the thought in another connection — "Like a star, unobtrusive yet unremitting."

OUR ENGLISH COUSINS. — The present would be a good time to compile a book to be entitled, "The Curiosities of English Journalism ; or, Collectanea Jocularia." These same journals have always been of a sufficiently entertaining character, whenever matters in the United States have been the subject of their lucubrations. Latterly they are so strongly provocative of merriment that we can think of no better specific for dyspeptics than the regular perusal of English newspapers. Whether it be our geography, our manners and customs, our government and constitution, or the war, their floundering ignorance is as grotesque as the dancing of a man half intoxicated ; while the loftiness of their conceit and the coolness of their arrogance remind us very strongly of a nation that pronounces itself "CELESTIAL."

We have no doubt there is a sturdy moral principle underlying all, as there is also a readiness to prove their foundations. For example, in Black's "General Atlas," published in London, England and Wales are made to fill four folio pages, without including Scotland and Ireland ; while for the United States two pages are found quite sufficient. Now, then, what can be plainer, to English eyes, than that England and Wales are just twice as large, in geographical extent, as the United States ?

We are most amused just now, however, to observe how much better they comprehend all matters whatsoever pertaining to the present war than we do ourselves — such as its origin, the proper mode of conducting it, what we are fighting for, and what, on the other hand, we ought to be fighting for. The "Thunderer," of course, takes the lead, while a motley assemblage of smaller craft may be seen following diligently in the rear. Among these is the London "British Standard," whose editor, the Rev. Dr. John Campbell, serenely tells us that he is competent to understand all the main things connected with our present position much better than we can possibly do, because, forsooth, he is disinterested and we are not ! He proceeds to instruct us, accordingly, that we are fighting, not at all as we, in our poor ignorance, imagine, but for "an idea !" As to the South, the same wise man informed them and the world in general, some months ago, that they were fighting precisely as the ten tribes fought against the wicked and oppressive Rehoboam ; we, the Rehoboam of these latter days, having oppressed them with taxes, year after year, till the cruel injustice culminated and became absolutely intolerable in the Morrill tariff.

Perhaps we ought not to be surprised after this — however we might be if we considered his Christian character and clerical profession —

to find Dr. Campbell, when the news of the seizure of the rebel ambassadors reached England, fulminating like Mars in the next issue of the "Standard." The "Times" itself was not more furious in its wrath, indeed it was, on the whole, calm, in comparison. At the same time that the Binneys, and Brocks, and Newman Halls, and Spurgeons of the Metropolis — true representatives of the great Christian community in England — were earnestly deprecating war, speaking kind words of America, extenuating her conduct, and endeavoring to allay the rising popular passion, the editor of the "Standard" roared, and shook his mane, and lashed his tail, as if he had been the veritable British lion. It happens, at about the same time, that he sees in some of our Boston and New York journals an earnest attempt to vindicate our claim to know something about our own particular affairs, and to cast a little light before the eyes of Englishmen. At this he soars almost out of sight, in stupendous amazement ; but, anon, comes near enough to our planet to say what sounds very much like most bitter satire upon himself, as follows : — " All that mind of the first order, logic and rhetoric and polemic skill could do has been done, but to no purpose. No power on earth can alter our views."! He gravely admonishes us, moreover, that since he has always been the friend and patron of the United States, it behooves us to listen meekly to his counsels in our present difficulties.

The following is another of the precious things manifested in his columns the same day, (January 3, 1862,) from the pen of a correspondent :

" I am distressed and amazed at the conduct of the Americans, and cannot account for it on rational principles. They seem to be given up to the domination of their proud, overbearing, wrathful passions, which have so prostrated their mental faculties, that they readily believe a lie, and act the madman. I tremble and shudder in thinking of the future of that country, so promising, and so abundantly favored by the bounties of Providence ; so rich in natural advantages, and in educational, civil, and religious privileges. But, alas ! where grace abounded, sin, cruelty, and injustice did still more abound ! And now, it would appear, wrath is coming upon them to the uttermost. Nothing but blood, it seems, will quench their fiery spirits ; and that blood will flow in torrents ! Oh for Heaven's mercy on that unhappy people !"

We earnestly hope that our good brother may alight in safety somewhere. We shall look anxiously to see where.

SITTING IN PRAYER, AND SO FORTH. — A recent "Princeton Review" gives us a bit of church history which is new to us, but carries

internal evidence of its own truthfulness. Discussing "the relation of the body to the doctrine of sanctification," it says that, in the region of the reviewer's personal knowledge, the present fashion of sitting during public prayer was one of the "new measures" of thirty years ago. A preacher of that class from western New York held protracted meetings in churches where standing in prayer was the general habit. He requested the congregations to remain seated and to bow their heads in prayer. They did so, and have been doing so ever since — all but the bowed head. There can be no doubt that this indolent practice is detrimental to the spirit of devotion. It is a lapse from *pew*-propriety in the house of the Lord, as great and objectionable as for the occupant of the *pulpit* to array himself "in the garb or to assume the manners of a coxcomb, a fop, a sloven, or a jockey, whether genteel or vulgar." Would any of our ministers feel complimented in knowing that either of these epithets was applied to them? Then if some of them had ears sharp enough to hear, they would enjoy this very compliment at least in one or two of its forms, from quarters entitled to respect. It is to be hoped that we have touched the extreme of *nonchalance*, and shall begin soon to drift backwards.

REV. A. K. H. BOYD. — Our readers may like a glimpse of the "Country Parson" (now an Edinburgh parish minister) whose "Recreations" are reviewed in this number. A letter-writer abroad describes him as tall, with dark hair and whiskers, a little under forty to appearance, and a fresh and attractive preacher. *This* we should expect, but hardly so energetic a personal presence, from his easy, flowing pages, — any more than the sounding, numerous prose of Ruskin would suggest the slight, small, nervous physique of the great art-critic.

THE hardening effect of excited emotion, in novel-reading and theatrical exhibitions, for example, which produces no practical results, is like the dropping of moisture in a cavern, which turns into rock, and fills it with petrifications.

To leave God out of history, Lamartine has somewhere said, is to paint a landscape without a sky.

RUSKIN has an equally true thought, on another subject — that greatness can only be rightly estimated, when minuteness is justly revered.

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ARTICLE I.

THE CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE OF JUSTIFICATION.

WE propose to treat this subject in the light of Christian experience, rather than of philosophy or speculation. We take the language of Scripture bearing on the subject, in its common or popular sense, as we suppose language on so important a theme, addressed to all men, of every age, clime, and culture, was intended to be taken. We shall not, therefore, adopt the distinctions of the schools, nor analyze and divide and subdivide, till all religious interest and all power of spiritual apprehension are dissipated and frittered away on abstract intellectual processes; but strive to apprehend, so far as we may, a living doctrine in a living practical way.

Before proceeding to speak of the doctrine in question, it will be well for us to endeavor to realize to our minds the precise relation in which the sinner stands to law.

The law to which we are amenable is not arbitrary in its requirements, but merely expresses the necessary relations of the finite soul to God, the necessary conditions of holiness, and, consequently, of blessedness—the same after as before the introduction of sin into the world. The law, the conditions of holiness, do not change, because the moral character of man changes. The law is no sliding scale to suit the character of men of different ages or culture, their ability or their inability

to comply with its requirements, but in its spirit remains forever the same, the expression of infinite holiness and love. With the fall from holiness man lost his ability to comply with it; but there was no change in its claims upon him. Sin brought discord into the very centre of his moral being, that there should be the consciousness of freedom and obligation to a perfect law on the one hand, and the practical experience of utter inability and slavery to sin on the other. The fall was a fall of will, a subjection of the rational soul, of the distinctively spiritual nature in man, to the bondage of sense and sin; not an annihilation of our rational powers, nor any weakening of them farther than as incident to a lack of development or debasement in the menial service to which they were devoted by the sinful will. The conscience, the moral nature of man, with its approbation of the law as holy, just, and good, remains; and ever and anon, forces its claims upon the attention of the man, thunders its solemn warnings, or sighs under its bondage. "The inward nature of this moral law," says Julius Mueller,* "as an unconditionally imperative rule, belongs so essentially to the human consciousness, that, where it is altogether wanting in an individual, we are compelled to doubt the completeness of human nature in him. Yet it is never altogether wanting. It is a fact of great significance, a remarkable proof of the original nobility of the human soul, that even in its deepest darkness because of sin, there still shine forth some syllables of the highest knowledge, some traces of ideal truth." Hence the possibility of redemption. Hence the significance of the terms ransom, redemption, purchased by the blood of Christ, regeneration, as the restoration of the man to himself — his spiritual being delivered from its bondage and again made sovereign by the grace of God.

Ability and obligation are no longer commensurate. This is to many minds a logical contradiction, though it would not be difficult to show how it arises from too great respect to the analogies of human law; yet even as a logical contradiction, it is no greater than meets us everywhere, when we attempt the rationale of sin. Sin is contrary to reason, and so of course

* "Die Lehre von der Sünde," Erster Band, s. 46.

brings contradictions and confusion into our logical understanding.

The sense of guilt has its ground in the original sense of freedom and obligation, which has forever remained an integral part of human consciousness. Guilt is the testimony of the soul itself to its own degradation and unworthiness, in consequence of its original fall from holiness, and its ever-during sense of sinfulness and alienation from God ; called out, awakened, by particular acts, yet never dwelling on the acts, but on the state of heart out of which they spring. "Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight."

The sense of inability, of absolute dependence on the grace of God, is not a matter of consciousness in precisely the same way as our sense of freedom and responsibility ; it is a matter of practical experience, a deduction from facts of past consciousness, and just as valid as any present fact of consciousness, because falling wholly within our own personal experience.

We rest the truth of these suggestions on the actual experience of the reader, as he recalls some instance of an unsuccessful struggle with a bosom sin, his sense of freedom and duty at the start, and his subsequent sense of shame and self-degradation.

The claims of the law, the absolute necessity of obedience in order to holiness and happiness, remain, and find their response in the moral nature of men ; but all ability to fulfil the law in its spirit is lost. The determining will is already determined, and sets in the wrong direction, dead in trespasses and sins. We call the leaf separated from the vital stock dead, but its inward forces, that before worked in harmony to maintain its form and beauty, are active still, only working in inverse order to disintegrate and destroy. So the soul alienated from God and the source of its spiritual life, dead in sins, is active still. Its freedom, despite its high pretensions, is, however, only freedom to sin, within the limits prescribed by the law of sin which rules in its members. There may be never so much freedom in the lower domains of the soul, in regard to the manifold interests of a merely earthly life, its science, or its literature ; freedom and noble achievement too, a rendering to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, but not to God the things of God ; a large tether of slavery, but none of the freedom of the sons of

God. In the true spiritual life, the consciousness of freedom is forever rebuffed by the fact of sin. "When I would do good, evil is present with me." And the more earnest the struggle for self-deliverance, the more hopeless the effort, till the law accomplishes its work, and brings the sinner, humbled, despairing of self-help, to accept the Divine method of redemption and righteousness.

The word righteousness, as used in the New Testament, and especially by the Apostle Paul, denotes that inward state of character, in which a man is justified or declared righteous before God. There are two ways of attaining to this righteousness. One is by the strict fulfilment of the law in the spirit as well as in the letter, the entire and perfect obedience of the soul to all the requirements of law; thus securing the favor and blessing of God for obedience, according to the precept, "The man that doeth those things," that is, all the things required by a holy and perfect law, "shall live by them." This language implies not only acceptance with God, as the conduct of one who has done what was required, but also positive favor. "Shall live by them," shall enter into the enjoyment of spiritual blessings, as one who has shown his love and loyal attachment to God, and so honestly and nobly won a place in his regards. Such a man is accounted righteous, holy, good, and entitled to the blessedness of the children of God. Observe the two points, acquittal from all blame, and positive favor and blessing from God.

The other way of attaining to righteousness is by faith in Christ. The first method has failed because of sin. All have sinned, all men come into the world with this inclination in them, and find themselves far gone in sin and under condemnation, with all hope of self-restoration to the favor of God gone, upon the first waking up of their moral and religious consciousness. We are by nature, we are by the natural birth, children of wrath, and must be born again of a spiritual birth ere we can become the children of God. The law, no longer serving as the actual rule of life, now only awakens the sense of sin, and reveals the infinite distance that separates us in a state of nature from the holiness necessary to realize our true character as spiritual beings and heirs to eternal life.

Instead now of a righteousness of our own, which should come from a perfect fulfilment of the law in its spirit, the gospel offers another method, the righteousness by faith on the Son of God. "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." This righteousness, this justification from all the works of the law and acceptance with God, which is by faith, must be as complete in itself, and so put man in the same relations, on the same legal standing before God, as if he had actually fulfilled the law. His faith is accounted to him for righteousness. The believer then is accounted and is declared righteous in the sight of God. It is not simply pardon, therefore, that he has gained. Faith has not only secured the remission of sins that are past, so that he is free from the penalty of the law, but he is changed in the inmost ground of his being from the sinner that he was into a righteous man. From a sinner, exposed to the just displeasure of God, he has become free from that displeasure, and in love with Him and his holy requirements. So far as relates to his state of heart and inclination towards God, he stands on the same footing as if he had attained righteousness the other way. He expects the favor of God. The ground of this expectation has been changed from reliance on his own merits to the merits of Christ which he has appropriated by faith. Let us not be mistaken here. This is the legal standing of the new man, regenerate and believing. It does not mean that the man is holy as commonly understood, for that would imply entire sanctification from the start. The regenerate soul dwells in the old sinful body; it is a graft upon an old sinful stock, not a graft in the top but at the root, and all the vital forces of the stock, all the elements it shall gather from the earth and the surrounding air, are to be changed by the inworking principle of a new life. The new leaven of righteousness is at the centre, and in time, if it be not hindered, will work through all the conduct of the man. The kingdom of Mansoul has renounced its allegiance to the prince of this world in favor of Christ, but it will be long before all the subordinate powers and forces shall be brought into complete and willing submission, and the fair and blessed fruits of his laws be exhibited throughout all its provinces. The sins of believers are but the disturbances of some of these subordinate

forces and provinces, still rebellious after the ruling power at the capital is at peace, though grieving over the rebellious spirit of its subjects. In a word, sanctification, or the complete realization of the rule of faith, is a question of time, and follows upon faith under the directing agency of the Holy Ghost, applying the word of God as its instrument. We must then, in our examination, look simply at the act of faith and its result upon the believing soul ; and that result is righteousness — the end of the law secured, the sinner accepted as one righteous, to the love and favor of God.

Now, in order to this result, it is obvious from the foregoing remarks that three things are necessary, which, though contemporaneous, may yet be distinguished : first, the remission of past sin ; second, a radical change of heart from a state of sin and enmity to holiness and love ; third, positive righteousness. We will consider them in their order.

The remission of past sin. The sinner, awakened to a just sense of his real character and condition before God, finds himself burdened with guilt, and exposed to the righteous displeasure of God. His sense of justice finds expression first in the desire and effort to make amends. He would make atonement by personal suffering or sacrifice, even to offering, as among heathen tribes, the fruit of the body for the sin of the soul. Repentance alone by no means satisfies the awakened sinner ; that mode of escape from the difficulty is an after-thought of philosophy. The healthy conscience knows of no such method, but imperatively demands that the eternal principles of justice and truth be vindicated and honored. But in consequence of the overbearing sinful tendencies of his soul, the sinner finds that when he would do good evil is present with him ; that the best-directed efforts towards self-deliverance only reveal the depths of the evil, and the justice and holiness of the law he has violated. The burden only becomes the heavier, the more sensibly present, as his thoughts are turned towards it, and efforts are made to shake it off. And if he strive to forget it, and to lose himself in worldliness and the distractions of business or of sinful amusements, the burden is still there, and in his thoughtful hours is found to have gained steadily in its

crushing force. To the anxious inquiry, Who shall deliver me from the body of this death? What must I do to be saved? the gospel presents the sacrifice of the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world. The innocent has suffered for the guilty. The Son of God, that the sacrifice might be infinite and perfectly adequate to the sins of the world, and the amplest vindication of the law, — in the form of humanity, that he might be a sympathizing Saviour, and a Mediator between the guilty and their justly offended Maker, — he, then, who was at once the Son of God and the Son of Man, has himself borne the penalty due for our sins. “He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and by his stripes we are healed.” “In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace.” “Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation, through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness” — his way of justification — “for the remission of sins that are past.” “The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.”

It is easy to make captious objections to the use of the word “penalty” as employed above, and to such phrases as “Christ bore the penalty for our sins.” We use the words in the popular sense, as conveying the nearest approximation to the truth. We do not mean that each particular offence — the unkind word of yesterday, the lack of reverence at morning prayers the day before, or any or all of the thousand items of our daily offences — received its exact equivalent of punishment. We do not look at the matter in any such outside mechanical way. And many of the objections made on this subject arise from considering all our religious life as made up of separate acts or exercises, — the soul as an instrument of many keys, played on by outward influences, yielding always to the strongest motive, instead of as a living power, with the continuity of life, and with conscious ability to determine its own motives. Our sense of guilt does not attach to particular acts as such, but to the guilty heart out of which they spring. Christ made atonement for the guilty soul, that the penalty might be remitted that was due for its wilful alienation from God, of which particular acts are but the outward expression.

The remission of past sin is simply and only because of the blood of Christ, because of his atoning sacrifice. And to this our Lord called attention in the institution of the Supper, and of this we are solemnly reminded as often as we sit down to commemorate his dying love. "This is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins." The believer, conscious of the burden and guilt of sin, and his own helplessness, accepts with a glad heart the Divine method of justification, and bows in humble submission to the mercy and grace of God manifested in providing such a way of pardon. The precious blood of Christ is his hope of deliverance at the first, and all his life long, till the act of faith is fully realized. In the subsequent stages of the Christian life, in the work of sanctification, this act of faith is being constantly renewed, or rather it is the one continuous act stretching through the lapse of time, till the soul is delivered from its earthly tabernacle into the glorious liberty of the redeemed. In this continuous process, "if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." 1 John.i. 9. And so we sing,—

"Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more."

The second point is—The radical change of heart implied in the act of faith which is the condition of the remission of sin. The sinner is not pardoned while remaining a sinner, but when he has ceased his rebellion, given up his enmity to God, renounced the service of the world, and chosen God and the service of his Son in loyal love and confidence. This radical change of heart, of the ruling, determining principle of his life, is as much beyond the man's own power as the securing of pardon of sin by any works of righteousness he might have performed. It is primarily and substantially the work of the Holy Ghost; and yet a moral act, a spiritual process, such as is only possible for a rational soul, which he must seek after as his greatest need with all the energy of his being, and which, though wrought in unconsciousness, as much so as the first nat-

ural birth, and subsequently recognized in his conscious experience by the new emotions of faith and love, he finds himself gladly assenting to as the gracious work of God in him.

In consequence of this inward change, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ; and not only so, we joy in God. Remission of past sin, were such a thing possible, would have been of little avail without this inward change of heart. Without this we could not be declared righteous, since God can not call anything righteous which is not so. He calls the believer in Christ righteous, because his sins have been remitted on account of his faith in the appointed sacrifice for sin, and because of a state of heart in which all possible righteous conduct may be said to exist in the germ. "We are not justified by an inherent righteousness," says Charnock;* yet we are not justified without it: we cannot be justified by it, because it is not commensurate to the law by reason of its imperfection; we cannot be justified without it, for it is not congruous to the wisdom and holiness of God to count a person righteous who hath nothing of righteousness in him, and whose nature is as corrupt as the worst of men. With what respect to God's honor can it be expected that he should pardon that man's sins whose will is not changed, who still hath the same habit in his will to commit sin, though he doth not at present exercise it? It is very congruous, in a moral way, that the person offending should retract his sin, and return to his former affection. There is a distinction between justification and sanctification, though they are never asunder. Justification is relative; regeneration internally real. Union with Christ is the ground of both; Christ is the meritorious cause of both. The Father pronounceth the one; the Spirit works the other; it is the Father's sentence, and the Spirit's work. The relative and the real change are both at the same time — 'But ye are sanctified, but ye are justified,' 1 Cor. vi. 11 — both go together. We are not justified before faith, because we are justified by it, and faith is the vital principle whereby we live." As in the natural so in the spiritual birth, the life is ready to manifest itself as soon as it has opportunity; and it is all the same to the eye of God, and as related to his holy law, whether any

* "On Regeneration," p. 57. Edition of Pres. Board of Publication.

opportunity be allowed it or not ; whether a few moments only be allowed as to the thief on the cross, or a long life of love and service as to the Apostle John. The great work for such soul has been accomplished. " This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent." The soul so believing is born of God into a new and higher world. Its farther continuance in time is for the development of its life and the completeness of Christian character, that it may not be a babe in Christ, but may grow up into the stature of a perfect man. And therefore life, with its mingled discipline of joy and sorrow, of temptation and trial, is welcomed and cherished by the believer, as offering him an opportunity of doing something for his Lord and Master. And yet with all his efforts, and however much he may do in the eye of the world, he still recognizes the fact that he is an unprofitable servant, in need of the continued application of the atoning blood of Christ to cleanse him from sin, and relying only on the life of Christ as the ground of his acceptance with God.

Our third point is — Positive righteousness. This is necessary to complete justification, to realize the end of the law. But this again is beyond the ability even of the renewed soul. Although it can do all things through Christ strengthening, its actual attainments in righteousness are far from what is required to secure the favor and blessing of God. We are not saints, though believers in Christ and called to be saints, but regenerate sinners. Any thoughtful Christian, looking at his own conduct and character, might well despair if his acceptance with God were based on the purity of his heart, and the steadfast, successful endeavor to do the will of God. Christ is as needful to our righteousness as he was to secure us remission of sin. And in view of this unsanctified state of those who had believed in him, our Lord, in that last prayer before his sacrifice, uses the words, " I pray for them : I pray not for the world, but for them which thou hast given me ; for they are thine." . . . " Sanctify them through thy truth." This work of sanctification and seeking after conformity to our Lord is but the natural expression of the new and divine life begotten in the soul. The absence of this work, an entire neglect of it, through any false conception or abuse

of the doctrine of grace, may well be regarded as evidence of a continued state of sin. "Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness?" But whether we attain to a low or a high degree of sanctification, eternal life is still the gift of God. It is ever Christ Jesus who is made unto us wisdom and righteousness, sanctification and redemption. The wedding garment in which we are to sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb is the robe of Christ's righteousness. United to him by faith, we share in his divine life and his Father's love. God is not now pleased with us for what we are in ourselves, but for what we are in Christ. Thus Christ is as much our righteousness as he is our redemption. And it is only in this way that he becomes the end of the law to the believer. The pardon alone of sin would not place us on the same standing with those who had fulfilled the law, and thus won a place in the Divine love and favor. Again, the change of heart would not have secured that complacent regard which would have been given to the faithful, loving, obedient servant. But this is secured for us by faith in the righteousness of Christ. We can appropriate to ourselves the rewards of his holy life. They are promised to us as the purchased possession, as the inheritance reserved in heaven. Our life is thus hid with Christ in God. Through faith in his blood, he is made our propitiation for the remission of sins that are past; through faith, he is our ever-present advocate with the Father, that his atoning work may be consummated in our complete deliverance from sin. Crucified with him by faith, risen with him by faith, we shall live with him by faith for evermore. "For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

ARTICLE II.

FRENCH WRITERS BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.

History of French Literature in the Eighteenth Century. By ALEXANDER VINET, Professor of Theology at Lausanne. Translated from the French by Rev. James Bryce. 8vo. pp. 495. Edinburgh, London, and Dublin.

In the palace of Versailles is a spacious *salon* of solid marble, beneath, above, around, overlaid in panels and pilasters with heaviest gold-embossing of the richest moulds, with a stairway of the same luxurious workmanship sweeping upward in regal stateliness. It tells of the pomp and pride of that "grand monarque" whose portrait throws down from the wall a glance of haughty satisfaction at this magnificent display of his own unlimited extravagance. In another part of this same great palace is the room, with bed and toilet-furnishings left as when last used by him, in which this imperial posture-master, this made-up bundle of superficiality and sham, died of the small-pox, in helplessness and fear, like any other piece of earth's common clay. Wandering from one of these apartments to the other, through almost interminable exhibitions of the *grandeurs* and meannesses of the monarchy of France just prior to the first Revolution, the traveller may study the spirit of that period in these indications of its seeming strength and real weakness; and if he does not wonder at its capabilities of despotism and sensualism, neither will he be surprised that, along with these national disgraces, it should have blossomed out in an intellectual fruitage like that which gave the world the literature of the age of the fourteenth and fifteenth Louis.

It was a kind of tropical summer in which plants of every quality sprung and grew with forced exuberance—neither a natural nor a wholesome productiveness. One feels in its atmosphere as on entering a mammoth conservatory, where splendid exotics and natives are stretching themselves on artificial supports to surprising dimensions, amidst the heavy odors of

flowering shrubs that well-nigh poison you with their excessive aromas ; and all in a stifling temperature of next to irrespirable heat. You must have the fresh air again soon, or faint in this elegant but intolerable glass-house.

This Augustan age of French literature differs from the earlier development across the channel which bears the same name, much as an oriental garden of spicery like this, with here and there a stately cedar of Lebanon interspersed, would differ from the generous, out-door growth of an English gentleman's park and orchard-grounds. Bossuet, Massillon, Bourdaloue, the ever illustrious triumvirate, were men of strong native powers and high creative intellect, trained by scholastic culture into finished orators. But great as even the first of the three confessedly was, none but a Frenchman could have penned or quoted the exaggeration, that "after the Scriptures which have been inspired by the Holy Ghost, there is nothing so great as Bossuet." D'Aguesseau and Montesquieu have won for themselves an honorable place among learned civilians and juriconsults. But they had not the exhaustive erudition and the massive weight of brain of the first men of the days of Elizabeth and her immediate successors. Jeremy Taylor had all the classic accomplishment and the sweet saintliness of Fénelon, and, in addition, a versatility and grasp of thought — a genius — to which the gentle pietist of Cambray could lay no claim. Bacon sits peerless in philosophy and legal profoundness above the *savans* of Paris ; as Shakespeare looks down a long distance from the poetic Olympus to the ranges of Racine and Molière. There is, besides the dissimilarity of the Gallic and the Saxon mind, the further disadvantage to the former of the training of both a spiritual and a political absolutism. The Britain of Elizabeth and James was freedom itself to the mongrel theocracy of the later Bourbons of the ante-revolutionary period.

Just here we come upon one of the most remarkable yet natural of historical reactions. The sceptre which Bossuet had wielded with as much kingly state in letters, as Louis himself assumed in the political administration, after vibrating in a few weaker hands, (which we shall notice in their place,) settled firmly again in the grasp of Bossuet's only legitimate successor

in this literary autocracy — the arch-sceptic Voltaire. This slide, from an unchallenged ecclesiasticism to the very heyday of intellectual licentiousness, is but another illustration, a memorable one indeed, of Livy's observation in his opening of the Roman annals; "deinde ut magis, magisque lapsi sint; tum ire cœperint precipites." Or, as Cowper has given the familiar enough thought:

"The breach, though small at first, soon opening wide,
In rushes Folly with a full-moon tide,
Then welcome errors of whatever size,
To justify it by a thousand lies."

Voltaire was a lad of ten years when Bossuet died — the former having been born in 1694, and the latter departing this life in 1704. The one word which would best describe the literary, ethical, and religious régime which was waxing old and ready to vanish away, is its artificiality. A single fact, if only comparatively true, which Vinet gives us, may stand as the significant index of the spirit of the age — that "the term *country* does not occur twice in the writers of the seventeenth century." A straw shows the drift of the tide as well as a saw-log. So it was in everything to a degree utterly incomprehensible by us. Nature had been driven, like an uncouth, if not an unclean intruder, from the nation. "I am the State," was the working creed of the monarch, carrying forward his political views in the mingled temper of a Cæsar and a Solomon, though with the abilities of neither. The government was a financial bubble and a judicial falsehood. The national church was a painted, pictured, bedizened "House of Pryde,"* saved from utter reprobacy by the silent protests before God of some of his hidden ones — the salt which had not lost its savor. Society was a shifting, bewildering, corrupting masquerade, a whirl of fashion and of

* Spenser describes it; and *its mistress* — thus:

"So proud she shyned in her princely state,
Looking to Heaven, for Earth she did disdayne;
And sitting high, for lowly she did hate:
Lo, underneath her scornful feete was layne
A dreadful dragon with a hideous trayne;
And in her hand she held a mirrhour bright,
Wherein her face she often viewed fayne."

The Faerie Queene, B. I. Canto VIII.

folly, in which sound principles of human intercourse floated about like motes in the sunbeam, and vanity and vice divided or rather shared the lordship of the hour. Thinking was subsidized to the behests of these reigning powers. Morality was frittered away in periods of most unexceptionable rhetoric. Absolute doctrines in governing men's souls and bodies were promulgated in Ciceronian prose. Style was a profoundly studied art; and certainly it was brought to great perfection, abating no little of an over-delicate mannerism, as when Bonhours translating Demosthenes makes the fiery old Greek address the Athenians as "Gentlemen." But the mode of saying things was far better than the sentiments generally expressed. The writers cared far less for truth and virtue in their compositions than for "l'abondance et la diversité des tours, l'harmonie et la facilité de la période," in which one of their critics finds the fragrant, intangible quintessence of what we call—style. Here was a temple of idols tempting as well as awaiting the iron flail of the iconoclast. And the Goths were already on their way to the capitol.

Of the brief transition-stage from the supremacy of the churchmen in the domain of letters to that of the self-styled philosophers, some of the influential and popular authors were strongly imbued with the traditional religious spirit; while, less from predetermined purpose than from the steady setting of the currents around and within them, their pens often ran upon damaging discussions of the prevailing abuses of the times. The Jansenist Duke de St. Simon forcibly represents this class of writers. Master of a style of quick, penetrative, magnetizing power, a pictorial narrator, with a rare art of catching and sketching the likeness of distinguished actors in the scenes which he describes, full of recollections and observations of men and things, he wrote the memoirs of the Court of Louis XIV. from the point of a high-toned aristocrat and at the same time of a good hater of that monarch's person, policy, and family. If he is often more caustic than just, more of a partisan than a judge, if he flays his victim much in the way of an Indian warrior whose foot is upon his prostrate foe, he atones for this severity by a keen sensibility to genuine goodness, a tender sympathy with suffering, and a genius for exciting, scintillating,

copious, picturesque word-play which our author calls "a real phenomenon." No one, says M. Vinet, has darted across the fields, on the restive courser of the French language, and so broken it to bit and spur, as St. Simon. He puts it to all its possible paces, at his own wayward will. His thoughts press forward, sway backward, cross each other "like a crowd in some public place." A kind of coerced conciseness, in the *melée* of incidents and circumstances, flashes these out along his page "like a spark." He uses familiar words in new and remarkable stretches of meaning which would be condemned as forced and unlawful but for a happy dexterity which just keeps the use from being an abuse. His volumes preserve a surprising account of a grandson of Louis XIV. of which we must give the briefest possible condensation from the work before us.

Monseigneur the Duke of Burgundy, heir of France, was from childhood an object of terror—a young Nero in cruelty, passion, rage; furious in pursuit of pleasure; fond to excess of music, gaming, hunting; the slave of every appetite; savage and bitter in his jests and sports. With this he joined a prodigious mental force and brilliancy; a wit which cut like a falchion; and a grasp of abstract truth which was astonishing. A head like an Apollo; eyes of peculiar beauty; a look 'lively, touching, striking, admirable;' a 'lofty, refined, and intellectual expression;' curly, chesnut-hair, but with a bad mouth, were conjoined with a deformed shape, which only the more distorted his malignant disposition. The best of tutors, among them Fenélon, were employed to train this prodigy of badness and intellectuality, but with little of satisfaction in the results. Thus the case stood until the duke was about eighteen, when, says the historian, in a strain of charming devoutness:

"God, who is master of all hearts, and whose divine spirit breathes where He wills, performed on this prince a work of conversion. . . . From this abyss went forth a prince affable, pleasant, humane, moderate, patient, modest, penitent, and, as far as was suitable to his condition, and even beyond it, humble and severe to himself. . . . He placed all his strength and all his consolation in prayer, and sought his preservatives in the reading of pious books. . . . Being a novice in the exercises of devotion, and apprehensive of his weakness in regard to pleasure, he was inclined at first to seek solitude. . . .

How strange is the world! It had treated him with abhorrence in his first condition, and it was tempted to despise the second. The prince felt it, bore it, and attached with joy this species of opprobrium to the cross of his Saviour, that he might feel ashamed at the bitter remembrance of his former pride."

His family joined the persecution. The king, a zealot in his own operatic devotions, was vexed at this puritanic piety, especially when his grandson refused to be present at the court-ball at Marly. A cabal was organized against him as heir to the throne; but his irreproachable life and great sagacity disarmed it of mischief. He wisely returned to public scenes and affairs, comprehending, at length,

"What it is to leave God for God; and how the faithful performance of the duties peculiar to the state in which God had placed him is the solid piety most agreeable to him."

The historian is enthusiastic in portraying his subject; his pages take on the hue of Christian biography.

"A volume would not sufficiently describe the various conversations between this prince and me. What love of virtue! What self-denial! What researches! What results! What purity in the end proposed! and, if I may presume to say it, what reflection of the divinity in that candid, simple, and brave soul, which, as far as it is permitted here below, had preserved its image! . . . With so many and so great accomplishments, this distinguished prince did not fail to show some remains of humanity, that is to say, some defects, and these occasionally by no means decent. . . . I have referred elsewhere to some of his slight faults, which in spite of his age were still the errors of childhood; and which were sufficiently corrected every day to enable us accurately to conjecture that they would soon entirely disappear."

This wonderfully transformed young man in a few years sickened and died. His friend, the duke, thus paints his last days.

"But, great God! what a spectacle didst Thou give us in him. . . . What tender, but calm views! What lively transports of thanksgivings, because he had been prevented from wielding the sceptre, and from the account of it which he must have rendered! What submission, and how perfect! What ardent love of God! What an acute

perception of his own nothingness and sins! What a magnificent idea of infinite mercy! What religious and humble fear! What sober confidence! What wise peace! What readings! What continual prayers! What an ardent desire for the last sacraments! What profound recollection! What invincible patience! What gentleness, and what constant goodness to every one who came near him! What pure love, which urged him to go to God! France fell at length under this last punishment. God showed her a prince whom she did not deserve. The earth was not worthy of him; he was already ripe for the happiness of eternity."

This is an episode which we should not have expected to meet in the annals of such a period. Making fair allowance for personal affection and for French vivacity of narrative, it bears internal proof of a genuine renewal of God's Spirit. What effect the life and government of such a king would have had on the nation given over to retribution, is a vain conjecture. . Quite unlike the restive, impulsive St. Simon, our old friend Rollin belongs to this interval, another Catholic of the Jansenist school. From wormwood to honey, says our critic, is the passage from the great duke to the cutler's son. Rollin's authority as an historian is forever set aside on numerous points by more modern investigators. But in his day he laid a broad foundation for the hold which he still keeps of our book-shelves — a foundation of honest, transparent, benevolent virtue, running its thoughts and delineations into a clear, wholesome, mellifluous style, moral enough for fashionable dames, and religious enough for the tepid sentiment of a very moderate recognition of God in the earth. Young people of a studious turn love him yet, and in truth they might resort to many a worse oracle. He gives advice like a father, and reads homilies out of the old Assyrian and Carthaginian *imbroglions*, which ought to have made the century and a half of his easy reign better than it unfortunately has been. To his wretched successors at home, he was evidently no more than "the very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument;" for though they heard his words, they did them not — the fate of many another prophet much more Ezekielesque than he.

A contemporary of this well-meaning historian — the thought-

ful, epigrammatic, fragmentary Vauvenargues — might have been one of these to his backsliding generation, had he added to his really independent and puritanic intellect a hearty belief in Christianity. He has been called the Pascal of the eighteenth century. The points of resemblance between him and the illustrious Port-Royalist are striking. He, too, died young, after a life of singular personal sufferings; and left his observations of men and society in the same broken, incomplete condition in which his prototype's profoundly suggestive and weighty hints upon religion survived his early death — rough blocks of stone, unhewn timbers, to be shaped and fitted by other hands into the living temple of knowledge. "A wandering star in the age in which he was born, Vauvenargues was really a being by himself." A strong friendship connected him with Voltaire in the more youthful days of the latter; and it has been queried whether, if Vauvenargues had lived, the career of Voltaire might not have been greatly restrained from the lengths of licentiousness to which it ultimately deflected. Probably not. Both were deists; with wide constitutional variations, amounting to an almost diametrical mental opposition; but the common fault of a want of spiritual faith must have been fatal to any very decisive influence over the "prince of scoffers." Satan cannot cast out Satan.

Vauvenargues wrote, or rather talked, about virtue and duty, with a kind of admiration which is not unfrequent among contemplative unbelievers. "August religion! Sweet and noble belief! how can men live without thee? Is it not quite clear that something is wanting to men when their pride rejects thee?" Indications of this 'sense of beauty or feeling of regret' are not evidence of a Christian heart. They weave themselves into the stoical morality of another much more noted author of this period — Montesquieu, giving to many of his pages quite a Christian air; yet it would be more than a Corinthian charity to call the writer of "*L'Esprit des Loix*" a soundly religious man. That he was one of the men who widely shape the future is not to be questioned; "the only one, perhaps, (says Vinet,) among the great minds of the eighteenth century to which I feel a powerful attraction." But Emmons, as his recent biographer tells us, often tried to

read the "Spirit of Laws," but could never hold out; p. 73 : a perplexing discrepancy, not only in literary taste, but in philosophical judgment, between two eminent teachers of theological science.

Self-poised and proud of himself, yet timid in intercourse with others — with a strong natural religiousness, yet never getting beyond the porch of the sanctuary — the productions of this gifted man exhibit, with all their clearness and eloquence, a singular absence of thoroughly-settled principles controlling his convictions and inspiring his labors. The "Persian Letters" brought him early into public notice, — a piquant *mélange* of lively satire and serious reflection upon human affairs; now running off into pictures of lascivious pleasure and manners, anon inculcating lessons of severe self-control; frivolous by purpose, yet ever with a shading into some graver mood; the whole thing is just such a medley as clever writers love to shred together out of "metaphysics, theology, politics, literature, morality" and immorality, sense and nonsense. The style sparkles with ideas, conceits, and splendidly illumined language. The temper of the work is bold, almost to recklessness. Writing these letters with the fire of less than thirty years, and with a free abandon, Montesquieu's whole genius gets a completer portraiture here than perhaps in any subsequent effort of his pen.

The Greatness and Decline of Rome was a theme well suited to captivate his highly imaginative and philosophical mind, and under this title he wrote upon that subject in a strong, dignified, sententious style, worthy the argument, with graphic delineations of the grandeur and baseness of the supremacy of that mistress of the world, and unstinted denunciation of its violations of human nature and rights. This disquisition, designedly or not, was a demand for public reforms in a state crushed by almost another Roman tyranny. Under the *toga* of a classical advocate, a keen eye and firm hand are sharply probing contemporary abuses and diseases in the body politic.

But the fame of Montesquieu mainly rests upon his "Spirit of Laws." This undertakes an analysis of government in its different forms, and the life which works through them. It treats of the shaping agency of external circumstances as affect-

ing human laws, and their internal forces and tendencies. It cost its author twenty years of labor. Though directly disclaiming to write in the interests of revolutionary agitation, and indeed lukewarm as Laodicea in comparison with later publicists, Montesquieu could hardly have helped the increasing drift of things around him more effectually than by issuing, in 1749, this temperate, learned, imposing, stimulating treatise. He did not particularly concern himself with any one sort of administrative power, but passed under his critical survey the prominent modes of political institutions as the working machinery of civilized communities. The book is rich in wisdom, abounds in "elevated, useful, and practical truths." Its style is vigorous, imaginative, often sublime in eloquence; but occasionally the method of the author falls off into a fanciful freakishness, as where he gives the reader whole chapters of only three lines, and those not remarkably overweighted with thought — a caprice much worthier of Lawrence Sterne's eccentric taste. A graver defect is a faulty distribution of topics — Voltaire named him "the skipping Montesquieu" — and a large discount of false theorizing. He could not throw off the spell of the sensual, secularizing, materializing sentiments of his day; its poison vitiates the life-blood of his philosophy, condemning him, in the judgment of many, for "opening the way to fatalism, to political atheism, and to Machiavelism." A caustic bit of irony amuses us in a pretended search for reasons to justify African slavery. Have the confederate Jeroboams been studying backwards the "*Esprit des Loix*?"

"Were I to vindicate our right to make slaves of the negroes, these should be my arguments. The Europeans, having extirpated the Americans, were obliged to make slaves of the Africans, for clearing such vast tracts of land. Sugar would be too dear, if the plants which produce it were cultivated by any other than slaves. These creatures are all over black, and with such a flat nose, that they can scarcely be pitied. It is hardly to be believed that God, who is a wise Being, should place a soul, especially a good soul, in such a black, ugly body. The color of the skin may be determined by that of the hair, which, among the Egyptians — the best philosophers in the world — was of such importance, that they put to death all the red-haired men who fell into their hands. The negroes prefer a glass necklace to that of

gold, which polite nations so highly value ; can there be a greater proof of their wanting common sense ? It is impossible for us to suppose these creatures to be men, because, allowing them to be men, a suspicion would follow, that we ourselves are not Christians."

A far more numerous class of writers before the Revolution was distinctly aimed at, express, in their polite and easy pages, the sneering, heartless, polished scepticism of the hour, unrelieved by any vestiges of Christian or moral reverence save as perchance for sentimental or artistic effect. Laborious about trifles and triflers in serious things, they delighted their admirers with a never wearying sprightliness, and demoralized them with an atmosphere, inhaled at every pore, of subtlest, most fragrant miasm. Among these authors, Le Sage still finds readers, beyond his own countrymen, to laugh over the whimsical adventures of "Gil Blas" and "Le Diable Boiteux." But, passing others, Fontenelle is the chief of this corps of *littérateurs* ; in nothing great, says Hallam, though for the most part of a life of one hundred years enjoying "the full sunshine of Parisian literature, without care and without disease."* We get the exact type of his times in this passionless, fantastical, witty, semi-serious, philosophist ; paradoxical, good-natured, egotistical, and always sure to take care of himself. 'His wisdom consisted in living morally and intellectually in a moderate temperature . . . a tepid existence, but pleasant, like everything which is lukewarm.' For the last third of his long career he devoted himself to scientific memoirs. His own spirit and that of his age may be seen in the 'coquettish, boudoir-air' prettiness and pettyness with which he opens a treatise on astronomy. He brings in an imaginary interlocutor :

"Do you not feel, said I to her, that the day even is not so beautiful as a beautiful night ? Yes, she answered ; the beauty of the day is like a beauty with a fair complexion, who has more brilliancy ; but the beauty of the night is a brunette who is more striking. I agree, replied I ; but in return, a person of fair complexion, such as you, would make me enjoy a more pleasant dream than the finest night in the world, with all its beauty, resembling a brunette."

This was the lettered training of a generation of people for

* "Introduction to the Literature of Europe," Vol. II. p. 400.

that coming ruffled ruffianism which Fontenelle lived long enough to see the beginnings of, and which made him exclaim, in his hundredth year, "I am afraid of the horrible certainty which I now meet with everywhere." The miserable hypocrisies and godlessness of his day were bringing forth their serpent-broods. But even a French revolution could not go forward without its silk-hosed escort, though trailing along its bloody route a countless *sans culottes* rank and file. We never get out of the reach of the perfumed kerchief, even within hearing of the guillotine's stroke. "A sub-delegate complained to the intendant of Paris that his feelings were so sensitive he could not discharge the duties of his office without moments of poignant grief." * The sublime of affectation !

We are fast approaching the time, when (to quote again the author just referred to and the same work) "the French made, in 1789, the greatest effort that has ever been made by any people to sever their history into two parts, so to speak, and to tear open a gulf between their past and their future." To accomplish this, literary men with no experience of public affairs, mere speculative thinkers, had inaugurated themselves as the nation's political oracles, and inoculated the people with their doctrines, heralding a kind of logical revolution on abstract ideas, draped in rhetorical phrases, but as soulless as a statue of snow. "When the time came for action, men dealt with political questions on literary principles." The Corypheus of this accelerating movement was the man whose name is alike most famous and most infamous in French letters.

Voltaire's works, numbering at first a hundred volumes, now fill, in their collected form, a library by themselves of seventy volumes. He kept himself incessantly before the public, issuing something almost every month ; tolerating no rival near his throne ; "vengeance, pride, hatred," his chief inspiration. He wrote every sort of literature with the same seeming facility, but always with the special pleading of an attorney sharpening his logic or his rhetoric to the propagandism of his one idea — the constructing of a mere intellectual and materialistic civilization, which he tried hard to persuade himself and his clan was possible. What Voltaire failed to do, will Mr. Buckle

* De Tocqueville's "Old Régime and the Revolution," p. 85.

succeed in accomplishing? A poet without the vital spark, his fluent versification was original and impressive after the insipidities of Fontenelle. But no lofty enthusiasm fires his muse; merely a hot thirst for glory. "Epic poems (says Vinet) are true human bibles;" but Voltaire had not only no "religious heart," he had not even a "religious imagination." The "*Henriade*" glitters, but never warms. In the drama, he is a good artificer of situations, complications, and stage-effects. His perfect knowledge of human nature in society gave him the mastery of the popular ear and passion. But he knew not the soul of man as did Shakespeare; he had no line to sound its profoundest depths, no vision to penetrate the mysteries of the infinite, to comprehend the greatness of a spiritual existence. He had no self-knowledge, nor power of reflection by which to acquire it, and, through it, a true conception of humanity. This is fatal to dramatic excellence. He puts up grand bazaars and fancy summer-palaces *secundum artem*, but he builds no grand cathedrals in which the spirit may feel its own divineness, and adore its Maker. In prose composition, his characteristics are a natural simplicity and clearness of expression, an unfailing vivacity, and a surprising practical adaptability to the men and the times about him, — a common sense in pursuing his objects which is as sure in him as an animal instinct. But there is no weight nor majesty of movement. The philosophy of life is of the lowest grade, without loftiness of aspiration or breadth of apprehension. The man has no wings, however nimble of foot. He has the sharpness of short-sighted people for very near objects, but no eye-glass to bring distant prospects within reach. This describes his handling of literary criticism. In history, he was a tasteful eulogist of periods and persons that captivated his fancy for some exhibition of uncommon power or splendor — as Charles of Sweden and Louis XIV.; of such he wrote with rare elegance, but without regard to consistency or sincerity, to truth or justice. Without faith in God or providence, without any grasp of a unity of causation or purpose thus derived, he gives us a marked illustration of Lamertine's landscape to which the painter has forgotten to put a sky.

Voltaire's emergence upon the stage of French affairs was

just at the transition-line between the empires of hypocrisy and licentiousness. Respectably born, the Jesuits were his first schoolmasters, and he put their well-remembered lessons to adroit uses in after years. The youthful *protégé* of a Parisian woman of pleasure, he early saw behind the curtain of more than a mock theatre; he took degrees in free living and thinking, which thoroughly corrupted his whole being before his boyhood ended. Incapable of repose as quicksilver, with which his veins seemed to be injected, he was always moving, stirring, hurrying from spot to spot — bold, reckless, fearless of comment and scandal, the concentrated distillation of a revolutionary Frenchman — a born destructive. His nature was a compound of audacity, vanity, sensibility, intellectuality, frivolity, sensuality. “Gorge yourselves with pleasures (he wrote in advanced life); as for me, I can do no more. I have finished my time.” Incapable of love, he never forgave an unfavorable criticism, even of his allies in the antichristian crusade. This is what he says of Rousseau: “I should not have attributed to Jean-Jacques genius and eloquence. I find in him no genius. His detestable romance, ‘Heloise,’ is absolutely devoid of it. ‘Emilius,’ in like manner, and all his other works, are those of an empty declaimer. . . . He thought that he resembled Diogenes, and he has scarcely the honor of resembling his dog.” He told the truth, all but in the “friendship,” when he said once: “I am of a character which nothing can bend, firm in friendship and in feeling, and fearing nothing either in this world or in the world to come.” Few loved him; his whole generation feared him. His satire was like scalding lava, and he poured it out with a malignant luxury of delight, it mattered little upon whom, as in that most atrocious of his dramas, “La Pucelle;” and then most solemnly denied the parentage of his own wicked spite. He was a libertine in letters beyond all his compeers, acknowledging no law but his own changeful mood. But strong as was his destructive arm, the havoc of his onsets was largely owing to the weakness of goodness, the universal lack of faith, in his day. He did not make his age; it caught him up on its already swollen current, to which, in turn, he gave a deeper and more rapid flow. He smote the corners of a rotten house, like a wind from the

desert, and its beams and pillars tumbled into a heap of confusion.

Voltaire is the human Mephistophiles ; heartless, sardonic, brilliant, selfish, full of power and ineffable meanness, the culmination of scoffing infidelity. When he is merry, "there is hell in that smile ;" a satanic mockery —

"That laughs alike at ruin and redemption."

Yet he was opposed to persecution, and is said to have taken an annual fever on St. Bartholomew's Day. When dangerously sick, his courage failed him. In a slighter illness, twenty years before, he had taken the eucharist as a matter of sport, for which scandalous comedy even D'Alembert censured him. Now his ovation in Paris, amidst the shouts of the million, "Long live the author of 'La Pucelle!'" was speedily followed by his wretched death ; just before which he again sent for a priest, and put his name to this confession, which alone was wanting to change our horror at his crimes into a contempt of his pusillanimity :

"I, the undersigned, declare, that being attacked four days since with a vomiting of blood, at the age of eighty-four, as I was unable to crawl to church, the rector of St. Sulpice wished to add to his good works by sending to me the Abbé Gauthier, a priest. I confessed myself to him, and if I die, I die in the holy Catholic religion in which I was born, hoping in the mercy of God that he will pardon all my faults ; and if I have scandalized the church, I ask pardon for it from God and from her."

M. Vinet holds the balances with a steady hand in weighing the life of this strange being. We use some of his terms, but not with exact quotation. Not more wicked than some others, his wickedness was more freely developed. God and conscience gave no law to his conduct ; he had only instincts, many positively bad, others not. There was no harmony in his nature ; he was made up of ever-repeating antitheses, and multiplying extravagances. He is great, but never sublime. Bitter and gross in his assaults upon Christianity, he forged authorities for his statements which had no existence. He appealed to prejudices, and argued by sophisms. He was not an atheist, but

his deism was nothing better. His God had no personality or consistent character. He had an ideal of civilization and a feeling of social justice; he dealt with facts rather than with principles; but he was lame as a reasoner, and a despiser of humanity with all his pretended zeal for its improvement. Absolute as was his sway as an autocrat in the world of letters, it was brief as it was universal. "Beyond the age of the Empire, in which he had some imitators in satire and tragedy, Voltaire, as a man of literature, no longer exists in literary history."

The irony of Voltaire and the misanthropy of Rousseau were the blind guides of that most miserable of the ages into "the blackness of darkness." We cannot pause upon such names as Diderot, D'Alembert, Helvetius, Buffon; nor long upon this "compound of mud and fire," as the Edinburgh Review styled the Genevese recluse; which volcanic combination was habitually in a state of active explosiveness or sub-base growling of suppressed wrath. Different as was constitutionally possible from Voltaire, Rousseau possessed not a grain of common-sense. Sentiment, sensibility, passionateness, imaginativeness running into a dreamy reverie, fitted him to minister to the wants of a numerous class whom the dry, keen, practical spirit of Voltaire could never attract or satisfy. He was the loadstone of the melancholic and romantic temperaments of the age. But he misled and corrupted his admirers by offering to their religious longings a worthless, deathly food—a gospel of stone, and serpent, and scorpion, instead of the bread which their hunger craved.

A precocious and meditative youth, left to his own safe-keeping, Rousseau says of himself; "at twelve, I was a Roman, at twenty, a blackguard." The story of those years is familiar. His nature had great constitutional excellences and defects. A morbid element vitiated it which subsequent experiences aggravated into downright monomania. From the first there was a love of solitude, not only for its liberties, but from an original sympathy with its isolation from other lives. His character was marred by an utter destitution of moral firmness, filling his intercourse with society with all manner of petty deceptions and meannesses. This he was conscious of, and has himself

minutely detailed ; yet, by an unaccountable contradiction, he was proud to excess of himself as a pattern of manly virtue, not hesitating to write to a correspondent ; " I . . always believed myself and . . still believe myself, all things considered, the best of men." A bad friend, ungrateful, untrue, especially to women, and a father who, with all his sensitiveness, cast off his offspring upon the public charities, he nevertheless could make this appeal in his "Confessions" which he penned to clear his reputation with posterity :

"Let the trumpet of the last judgment sound when it will, I go with this book in my hand and present myself before the sovereign Judge. I will say aloud, There is what I have done, what I have thought, what I have been. I have shown myself what I was — contemptible and vile when I was so ; good, generous, and elevated when I was so. I have unveiled the inner man, such as thou, O eternal God, hast seen him thyself. Gather around me the innumerable number of my equals to listen to my confessions. . . . Let each of them in his turn lay open his heart at the foot of thy throne with the same sincerity, and then let a single one say, if he dare, I was better than that man."

Libertine as he was, by his own revelations, in heart and practice, this astonishing self-conceit has an explanation in the consciousness which he felt, and has given evidence of in his productions, of a deep sense of spiritual beauty and justice ; in the consent also of his understanding to a high standard of abstract morality. No one has discoursed more eloquently and tenderly of these things than this impassioned, poetical novelist. Nor was he sordid in his feelings, nor unrelenting in his hatreds, like Voltaire. When he could no longer love this vindictive rival, he could address to him a dignified and temperate letter, professing still an admiration for his contemporary's writings which could no longer be extended to his person.

Rousseau was a nature-worshipper of the intensest devoutness. He loved the still life of her sequestered haunts with an unaffected enthusiasm. He quaffed the cup of pleasure which she there mingled for him with an exquisite zest. He understood the physical life around him, and enjoyed it thoroughly. This was one secret of his popular power — the magic wand of an interpreter to duller souls of the wonders, beauties, myste-

ries of the material world. By far the most subtle and penetrative genius of his age, his electrical utterances vibrated the nation as the ringing of bells or the clash of music undulates the atmosphere. His spirit was full of the minor melodies, through which a "hidden wail," as in the singing of the slave, is always running. He had the air of a serious, earnest man. "Man at the bottom of his heart remains a serious being; whoever speaks to him in a serious way has a better chance of being listened to with attention. . . . The people, when men laugh with them, think they laugh at them. The masses are serious." He was superstitious. Musing one day in a grove on future destinies, he found himself mechanically throwing stones at the trees. A thought struck him.

"I said to myself, I am going to cast this stone at the tree opposite to me; if I hit it, then this is a sign of salvation; if I miss it, it is a sign of damnation. In saying so, I threw the stone with a trembling hand and with a fearfully beating heart, but so successfully that it struck the very middle of the tree, which really was not difficult, for I took care to choose one very thick and very near. From that time I no longer doubted of my salvation."

Singularly enough, with all his weaknesses and irregularities of mind, Rousseau possessed the reasoning power in a very high degree. His logic was almost faultless in its unstudied processes, saving this — that he was almost sure to start from false premises. In this he was the most irreclaimable of sophists. But admit his postulates and his conclusions were inevitable. Hence the mischief of his influence upon the unsettled minds of his countrymen. His treatises on society, government, education, manners, religion, abound with noble, admirable passages as far beyond the range of Voltaire's conception as a star in heaven transcends the white phosphorescence of decaying wood. But they are fraught with error, delusion, falsehood, which to believe is to die. Yet his aim was not destructive, but rather reconstructive, fatally as he mistook the only true regeneration of society. He did even more harm to the world than his greatest contemporary, because his grasp took hold of its innermost heart: but he was never irreverent like the scoffer of Ferney, though Catholic, Protestant, and neither in turn.

He died two months after Voltaire, "in solitude, in abandonment, and almost in indigence;" haunted for years with the phantom of his own suspicions that everybody had entered into a conspiracy to blast his renown and destroy his peace — a pitiable wreck as of a golden treasure-ship on some sunken reef, with thousands of other freighted argosies following in its wake, going to pieces upon the same treacherous coast.

These men, so gifted and so reprobate, did the work, as others before us have said, to which they were sent. "They remind us of those who ravage nations, and who receive, like Genseric, this word of command: *"Go to the peoples against whom the wind of God's wrath blows."*

ARTICLE III.

THE AMERICAN BOARD AND ITS REVIEWERS.

1. *Memorial Volume of the First Fifty Years of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.* Fifth Edition. Boston: 1862. 8vo. pp. 464.
2. *The Christian Examiner.* March, 1862. ART. VII. The American Board.
3. *The North American Review.* April, 1862. ART. IX. Memorial Volume of the American Board, &c.
4. *The American Quarterly Church Review and Ecclesiastical Register.* January, 1862. ART. II. The American Board of Foreign Missions and the Oriental Churches.

Is Christianity better than heathenism? Are the Gospels above the Vedas? Is Christ more than Confucius, and the Holy Spirit more than the "Great Spirit"? These questions arose unbidden as we read the "Christian Examiner's" article on the "Memorial Volume" of the American Board. What could the volume be that suggested such a review? We had not yet opened it. What could be the critic's critical or Christian

stand-point to see and say such things? We at once procured the Memorial, and read it from preface to appendix, and then again read the "Examiner." We cannot see how it has said so much, and yet so little about the book, failed so totally to grasp it and the topics of which it makes record, and yet found so many items and phrases to set in quotation marks and surround with unamiable sayings.

"Rev. Rufus Anderson has produced a cold and calculating official report, — a painful blue-book." (*Examiner*, p. 273.) It was not the object of the author to write a history of the Board. He sought calmly and correctly to put on record in a memorial, its origin, constitution, and relations; and to give an intelligent idea of its meetings, correspondence, finances, agencies, officers, missionaries, churches, schools, deputations, fields of labor, principles and policies of working, and resultant literature. A versatile talent and style of writing, felicitous as it is varied, has attained this object, and we think that a heart warm with desire to give the heathen nations to Christ, their Redeemer, will not find the work a cold report.

The reviewer (and we think it but justice to a fair-minded and classic periodical to say the reviewer rather than the "Christian Examiner") speaks of "the odious elements of the spirit of the board," always striving "to make a fair show in the flesh;" but the ground of such a reference to so noble an institution does not appear. We class it with expressions like the following; others can perceive as well as ourselves the ground and the spirit of them: "Dr. Anderson avoids his subject under the cover of a vigilant effort to be pious." "The Board's Holy Ghost is guaranteed by certain rich and blameless Pharisees of benevolence, who like to be hinted at in reports and memorials." "It would be a curious problem to calculate how much failure would put an end to this smooth culture of corporate self-conceit." "The attitude of the board seems to us to no small extent an instance of unconscious false pretences." "This 'conversion' is mere wood, hay, and stubble." "It would be a noble enterprise to goad this eminently pious Board into a vigorous application of common sense to their operations." "The labored efforts to avoid the vital topics of this history." "Probably one hundred cents represents the average desire of

‘a professor of godliness’ out of our cities for the rescue of pagan souls from the certain (?) perils of hell !” “The Unitarian body, if it does forever criticize itself before the world, is at least free from this resolute contest with the most ghastly failure. For our part, we do not desire its organizations and its members to resolve themselves into a mutual admiration society.” Such expressions declare their inspiration of what kind it is.

More than half the article in the “Examiner” is devoted to the finances of the board, and by small criticisms and great suppressions it labors to make its point that, financially, this effort of half a century is an “unquestioned ill success,” a “most ghastly failure.” It would seem that common candor and fairness could have found room for at least one paragraph of fact, that the receipts of the board have steadily increased from one thousand to three hundred and fifty thousand per annum ; that during this half century it has collected and disbursed more than eight millions, without having experienced a defalcation or suspicion ; and that its paper has been among the best commercial paper of the world. But this simply and obviously just statement of facts that lie upon the surface of the history of the board would have spoiled more than half the reviewer’s work. “Every means has been resorted to for collecting funds, and yet none can be said to have succeeded.” The writer seems unable to discriminate between a “most ghastly failure” and a variation or improvement in the modes of collecting. But if the trifle of eight millions is a failure, what is the Unitarian idea of success in collecting for Foreign Missions ? And what is their experience ?

“We had hoped,” says the writer, “to discuss, in connection with this ‘Memorial Volume,’ the principles and working of the Missions themselves, their interior policy, and the service which they may perform, especially the kind of agencies which they should make use of ; but we find almost nothing in regard to the matter in this volume.” (p. 282.) This statement surprises us, since, of the four hundred pages in the body of the Memorial, one hundred and seventy-five are an *exposé* of this very thing — “the principles and working of the missions.”

But all these faults in the review of the Memorial are minor and trivial compared with its vast omissions and suppressions.

Its original sin and depravity consist in "a want of conformity unto" the great facts of the volume. Indeed, we suspect that the theological status and the religious and spiritual mood of the critic did not qualify him to do such a work. The field to be reviewed seems to lie beyond the neighborhood of his thoughts, and perspective, and grasp. The missionary forces put into the fields of the Board are not stated and estimated in any moral balances; their Christian results are not reviewed and summed up; the principles, working, and interior policy of missions, occupying so large a part of the volume, are not touched; the educational fruits are not mentioned even in the gross; the broad field of missionary literature, a theme so inviting for a Christian examiner, receives no allusion; the moral contrast wrought out under the eye of the Board in its fields of labor between 1810 and 1860 is not sketched or hinted at; and the Christian worthies, who founded the institution and who have made it illustrious for half a century, are passed by with a perfect and profound silence.

For us, therefore, to accomplish our purpose in reaching the Memorial Volume, we must leave the "Examiner." But before taking leave we must advert to the reviewer's ideas on the duty of sustaining missions to the heathen:

"It is an error to say that missions, as such, are made obligatory by the law of the gospel and the words of Christ." "A mission beyond the sphere of clearly defined good opportunity, simply that we may think that we have done our duty in the matter of missions, is the serious error of many good men. Place a given church in the midst of a heathen community, and it must become, like the early church, a missionary organization. Not so placed, it cannot so readily undertake the work of missions." "Benevolent organizations, like that of the American Board, should confine their operations to gathering and administering funds in aid of those enterprises which can support their appeal by clear evidence of a good work *already begun*, and sure to be done to some extent even if no aid is rendered." — pp. 283, 284.

That is, if we are made comfortable by Christianity, not being "in the midst of a heathen community," no matter what religion others have or how they fare. The early Christians were under no obligation to send and carry the gospel to our pagan ancestors, unless they saw a "clearly defined good oppor-

tunity." If Madagascar is towed in and anchored off Cape Cod we are obligated by the opportunity to evangelize the island. But lying off as it does at God's moorings in the Indian Ocean our duty may not extend to so inconvenient a distance.

We have not so learned Christ in his last command. Our Christian sympathies are not so pent up. That "indefinite sentiment," of which the Board is said to be the organ, leads us into the effort to "preach the gospel to every creature." The "good opportunity" to labor where there is "clear evidence of a good work already begun," is said to be the only warrant for beginning a mission. So Paul confessed to a great mistake when he said: "So have I strived to preach the gospel, not where Christ was named, lest I should build upon another man's foundation." Eliot should not have founded his Indian churches. The pioneers of the Board had no right to Christianize the Sandwich Islands, or in any place to fulfil prophecy, and make the wilderness bud and blossom as the rose. The first Christians in any given locality must be autochthones.

The "North American Review," whose article on the Memorial Volume we have indicated at the head of this paper, expresses our views and feelings on the duty of Missions so thoroughly and so admirably, that we in this connection make a quotation. The whole article is a noble and worthy tribute to the genius, progress, and success of this half-century enterprise. The broad Christianity, scholarship, and compass of the Editor, pressed by the onerous duties that a painful providence has suddenly imposed on him, find time to revel in his theme, and the grace of his pen is excelled only by the grace of his spirit.

"The quiescence from which the churches of our land were roused by the formation of this Board, was an utterly unchristian state. The legitimate gospel can have no statics, but only dynamics, so long as there remains a nation or a soul not under its influence. It is in its founder's purpose an unresistingly aggressive force. The church that makes of itself a close corporation, furnishes the means of religious nurture only to its pew-holders,—its members bringing their own shallow cups to the fountain of salvation, and never proffering a

draught to a thirsty outside brother,— has no title to be regarded as a church of Christ. The prime law of our religion is diffusive love; love imparts what it most prizes; and he can know little of the blessedness of Christian faith and hope who yearns not to make his fellow-men partakers of that blessedness.” — p. 466.

We cannot appreciate these half-century records composing the Memorial Volume without first admitting to our mind some tolerable idea of the state of the Christian world as related to missions, and of the missionary field, when the Board commenced its work.

On the continent of Europe there was very little civil or religious liberty. Evangelical religion had barely an existence. We were just beginning to be known and felt as a member in the family of nations, being in our second vigintal, and with less than a fourth of our present population. We had no railroad, no telegraph, and but two or three steamers, coasting and creeping at five miles an hour. A few local Home Missionary and Bible Societies were doing something in a small way, but national organizations to give the gospel to the world were not thought of. Nor, indeed, was there any general idea in the American church that this was a Christian duty, and could be discharged. The morning light was breaking in England, especially among the Moravians, Baptists, and Wesleyans. Here and there could be found an English or Scotch missionary in Sierra Leone, South Africa, India, Tahiti, and the West Indies. But the American church at this time had no organization for foreign labor, and no foreign laborer for Christ. His friends were ignorant and apathetic, while his enemies derided such an undertaking.

The missionary field was as vast and as dark as the friends of missions were few and feeble. The Moslem power was yet a terror in all the East. Turkey in Europe and in Asia, and all that region where are now our most successful missions, was under the pale light of the crescent, and the guard of bloody hands. Southern Asia, at widely separated border spots, showed a faint tinge of the coming dawn. But inland and direct to the arctic, or sweeping around through China's seas, with an inclosure of the millions of the Celestials and Japanese, there was scarcely one oasis. True, Morrison had planted a

solitary olive-tree outside the walls of the Chinese empire, but it was so small it could ill spare a single leaf for the inquiring dove. Africa, dark, stricken, bleeding Africa, still lay an almost unbroken offering to heathenism, and to the traffickers in human flesh. Two years only before the organization of the Board our government had forbidden the foreign slave-trade, we leading the nations in this crusade of mercy. The islands, from continental Australia to the smallest coral reef of the Pacific, were, with very few exceptions, in unmitigated and unvisited paganism. No comforting and saving words reached them from Him who "was in the isle that is called Patmos." In our own land the wigwam was still in Ohio. St. Louis counted scarcely her thousand residents, while from the mouths to the springs of the Mississippi, in all her tributary head waters, now the homestead of fifteen millions of whites, the paddle of the Indian was dipped without molestation, and almost without a rival. Cincinnati still numbered her inhabitants by hundreds, and it was not till two years later, 1812, that Buffalo rose to the magnitude of a frontier military post.

Such was the position of the church in the earth, and such the mournful state of the heathen world, when Mills proposed to his praying companions "to send the gospel to that dark and heathen land, and said, we could do it if we would." In connection with their wishes to go, and their necessities in going, the American Board was formed.

If the limits of this paper would allow, it would be a rare pleasure, a Christian enjoyment of the highest kind, to name and characterize the earlier members and managers of this Board. To begin to call the catalogue, with the memorialists for the charter, adding the first body of corporate members, and then the earlier corresponding secretaries, Worcester, Evarts, Cornelius, Wisner, stirs to new life and vigor our noblest qualities. All the better associations of our childhood are linked in with this institution and these men. We were taught, by the way in which it was annually presented, received, supported, spoken of, and prayed for, to place it next to an apostolical institution. Probably no single manifestation has done so much to give us a complete conception of the spirit and scope of the religion of Christ. As an educating power in the

land, unfolding to the present generation the genius of Christianity, and shaping and stimulating the church to those other organized labors that lie outside of parish limits, its influence has been beyond parallel or computation. These names are interwoven with the whole. It seemed to come of God through them. So but to call over the catalogue of them is a means of grace. But time would fail us. Partial portraits of some of them are beautifully and nobly drawn in the Memorial. The author has shown a rare power and grace in making a few lines portray so much, while in the comprehensive and truthful sketches of the founders of the Board we recognize the pen, peerless in Christian biography, of the Rev. Dr. Sprague, of Albany. What the Earl of Shaftesbury said of the men composing our missions in Western Asia, is eminently true of this noble roll-call: "They are a marvellous combination of common-sense and piety."

The American Board is a phenomenon of fifty years' growth and standing. Its origin, first movements, and development, were all voluntary. It started in no denominational spirit, took impetus, shape, and direction from no ecclesiasticism. It was the natural outgrowth of the evangelism that inheres in all parts of the real church of God. The spirit of Christ within the church, and the working providences of God without, conjoined and contributed to produce this institution. Nearer to the common Master in spirit and in policy, it was born of no particular church, but of the Church. Like Him it has always been above sects and denominations. It is the child of doctrine and of evangelical experience. The "Examiner" says, "the American Board is very largely the organ of an indefinite sentiment." On the contrary it is practical exegesis of the teachings of our Lord. It is a most legitimate deduction from the New Testament and the Westminster Assembly's Catechism. In the first years of the Board, the "Panoplist," a staunch Calvinistic magazine, was its medium of communication with the public. How far the "Panoplist" was the medium of "an indefinite sentiment," the Unitarians of that day could probably better say than this reviewer in the "Examiner." Broad principles underlie it, making its position steady, its development uniform, and its proportions massive. Its first

annual meeting was held in the parlor of Dr. Porter, of Farmington, Connecticut. The members of the Board present were four, and the audience was one person. Five others of its earlier annual meetings were held in parlors and boarding-houses. Seven members were in attendance at the second, nine at the third, and twelve at the fourth. Now its annual meetings are as when the tribes of Israel went up to Jerusalem. How many at the meeting in Hartford, in 1854, and at the Jubilee, were reminded of "the last day, that great day of the feast," when, amid the thronging hosts, "Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." On several occasions the multitude have filled and overflowed from the first house of meeting till several of the nearer churches have been crowded, as when the poor widow did borrow vessels not a few of her neighbors to catch the miraculous overflow of oil.

The receipts of the Board have shown the same steadily and strongly rising progress, as if from the growth of an organic elemental power. The income for the first year, 1811, wanted forty-eight cents of being one thousand dollars. The average for each of the four years ending with 1859, was \$345,296, while the receipts for 1860 were \$429,799.08. There is a charm for the Christian heart in that tabular column in the Memorial that shows a steady and almost uniform rise in the income. The column stands as a nilometer, marking each annual increase in the rise of the waters that shall make a broader belt of desert to wave with a harvest and glitter with sickles. So may these fertilizing waters of mercy continue to deepen and overflow till they 'comfort all the waste places, and make the wilderness like Eden, and the desert like the garden of the Lord.' One marked feature in this phenomenon is, that while all the contributions to the Board are voluntary, its managers are able to depend on them with so much certainty that it can make all its appropriations in advance of the receipts. Not only so, but the credit of the Board, as a business house, has never been brought into suspicion, and its paper is as good in any part of the commercial world where it is needed, as that of the best bankers. "Its bills," says the Memorial, are "as good as gold to its missionaries in every land." The cost of the agencies, so called, for collecting funds has been a little

more than three and one third per cent. on the gross receipts of the Board from the beginning, a fact that should shed some light and quiet some complaints.

The accumulation of a debt at different times has been owing to the fact that the increase of the spirit of benevolence in the church, as shown in its contributions, has not kept pace with the increase in demands that God has laid on the Board by his providential successes and openings, which demands the very pressures of providence compelled them to meet. When afterward the facts in the case have been given to this voluntary constituency they have promptly met and removed the pressure on the treasury. So has God led the way to the acts that the Memorial thus records :

“It is believed to be a fact, that the great permanent advances in the receipts of the Board all stand in immediate connection with its larger debts, and would seem to have resulted from the effort to throw them off.” p. 159.

But great as has been the amount of funds contributed to this world-wide enterprise, the human life and labor, the mental and moral treasure far outweigh it. At the beginning four men, from as many different colleges, Brown, Williams, Harvard, and Union, offer themselves for foreign missions. The western continent had no organization to hear such an offer. The American Board was organized with an ear, heart, and hand to accept such offers. In carrying out its great work the Board has sent out, reckoning only up to the Jubilee, four hundred and fifteen ordained missionaries, and eight hundred and forty-three not ordained ; twelve hundred and fifty-eight in all. Each of these was a self-moved, free-will offering to Christ and the church. Indeed true religion is a power, and it controls some men.

What these men have accomplished can be stated in our compass for this article only in summary. We know how meagre a form results are made to take when shown in figures, specially when those results are moral and religious. It is like opening the catacombs of Rome, classifying the bones of the martyrs, and then showing them as the heroic and martyr age of Christianity. Yet a summary is all we can give, and we

take it from the elaborate Semi-Centennial Discourse of Dr. Hopkins, at the Jubilee.

“There have been established thirty-nine distinct missions, of which twenty-two now remain in connection with the Board ; with two hundred and sixty-nine stations and out-stations, employing four hundred and fifty-eight native helpers, preachers, and pastors, not including teachers. They have formed one hundred and forty-nine churches, have gathered at least fifty-five thousand church members, of whom more than twenty thousand are now in connection with its churches. It has under its care three hundred and sixty-nine seminaries and schools, and in them more than ten thousand children. It has printed more than a thousand millions of pages, in forty different languages. It has reduced eighteen languages to writing, thus forming the germs of a new literature. It has raised a nation from the lowest forms of heathenism to a Christian civilization, so that a larger proportion of its people can read than in New England. It has done more to extend and to diffuse in this land a knowledge of different countries and people, than any or all other agencies, and the reaction upon the churches of this foreign work has been invaluable.” pp. 16, 17.

To see all which in its true estimate we must see it in its relations to the heathen world and the great future. It is “the handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains.” In the eyes of our children and children’s children “the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon.” In all this we see the three score and ten thousands of Solomon that bare burdens, and the four score thousand hewers in the mountains, and we see the cedar trees and the fir trees coming by sea in floats unto Jerusalem. Also herein we see the great stones, costly stones, and hewed stones, to lay the foundation of the house. Solomon’s builders and Hiram’s builders, even the stone-squarers, are hewing them. So are they preparing timber of fir, and timber of cedar, and stones to build the house. The dedication hastens. Blessed are the hands that are setting up the stones and laying the beams in the deep quiet of their work, equally blessed with those that shall bring forth the top-stone. Beautifully and justly does the “North American Review” say of these laborers and their work :

“The missionary has no thought of fame ; his only impulse — the noblest indeed, and the mightiest of all — is the desire to save his

fellow-men from spiritual death, and to enlarge the empire of Him whose are all souls, and to whom is destined 'the kingdom and the dominion under the whole heaven.'” His work “is the noblest conception which can enter the human soul, the most godlike service which can be rendered by human wisdom and charity.” “Such men do not live or die to themselves. They reproduce something of their own likeness, not, alone on the arduous paths they trod, but in unnumbered homes and quiet walks of duty, in humble scenes, in the susceptible hearts of children, in our colleges, in our rural parsonages, and wherever is a chord that can vibrate at the touch of what is most noble, generous, and holy.” pp. 481, 472, 468.

As much in point and in force is the testimonial of the Earl of Shaftesbury to the members of our missions in Western Asia, a testimonial that, with little variation, would apply to the main body :

“I do not believe that in the whole history of missions, I do not believe that in the history of diplomacy, or in the history of any negotiations carried on between man and man, we can find anything to equal the wisdom, the soundness, and the pure evangelical truth of the body of men who constitute the American mission. . . . There they stand, tested by years, tried by their works, and exemplified by their fruits ; and I believe it will be found that these American missionaries have done more toward upholding the truth and spreading the gospel of Christ in the East than any other body of men in this or any other age.”

We cannot refrain from appending here what Richard H. Dana, Jr., Esq., said of the results of missionary labor at the Sandwich Islands, after being there two months in 1860 :

“It is no small thing to say of the missionaries of the American Board, that in less than forty years they have taught this whole people to read and to write, to cipher and to sew. They have given them an alphabet, grammar, and dictionary ; preserved their language from extinction ; given it a literature, and translated into it the Bible and works of devotion, science and entertainment, &c., &c. They have established schools, reared up native teachers, and so pressed their work that now the proportion of inhabitants who can read is greater than in New England. And whereas they found these islanders a nation of half-naked savages, living in the surf and on the sand, eating raw fish, fighting among themselves, tyrannized over by feudal chiefs, and abandoned to sensuality, they now see them decently

clothed, recognizing the law of marriage, knowing something of accounts, going to school and public worship with more regularity than the people do at home, and the more elevated of them taking part in conducting the affairs of the constitutional monarchy under which they live, holding seats on the judicial bench and in the legislative chambers, and filling posts in the local magistracies." Memorial, p. 393.

We are aided in making a just estimate of the results of all this labor of the American Board, by a survey of the missionary literature that has been created by the enterprise. A half century ago the American church was in a deep and sinful slumber over our duty to the heathen, and it required no little labor of the press, as well as of the living voice, to produce a scriptural public sentiment. In the protracted struggle for the charter of the Board, it was objected in the Senate that it was "designed to afford the means of exporting religion, whereas there was none to spare from among ourselves." The country then felt the objection but did not understand the philosophy and force of the reply made by the late Hon. Daniel A. White, of Salem, that "religion was a commodity of which the more we exported the more we had remaining." In working up a proper religious belief and sentiment on the duty of foreign missions and in carrying them on, a new class of literature was produced.

The Board at first used the "Panoplist" as its organ. For a time the "Missionary Herald" was connected with it, but became a separate periodical in 1819, and now makes forty octavo volumes of near four hundred pages each. It is a compend of the observations and study of hundreds of educated men during forty years' travel and residence in the most of the unknown parts of the world. It makes record of nations, their physical, mental, and moral condition, their habits, religions, education, government, and pursuits. It is a library in itself, and much sought in other countries as well as our own by the more profound students in geography, physical science, government, commerce, and religion. The library of the Board also shows one hundred and thirteen printed missionary sermons, forty-seven of them being its own annual sermons. They have been thrown broadcast through the land, illustrating and en-

forcing this work by presenting it in all its features, phases, and aspects. With these we very properly mention about sixty tracts designed to enlighten, encourage, and stimulate the church in this work. A large part of these were written by the secretaries of the Board. It may interest the curious, furnish some insight into the work done at the Missionary-House, and perhaps give information to any who suppose the salaries of the leading officers there are high and their labors light, to state in this place that in the archives of the Board in Pemberton Square, there are one hundred and sixty-five heavy folio volumes in manuscript and letter-press. These are made up of autograph letters of the secretaries and the treasurer, copies of letters, by pen and letter-press, to missionaries and others in foreign lands and among the Indians, and instructions to departing missionaries. To such and so extensive hidden authorship are these officials devoted, this being but one of the departments of their labors. We indicate a creation that very few minds can admit the conception of when we add that the missionaries of the Board have reduced twenty pagan languages to writing, given them type, and furnished them reasonably with a printed literature. The Board have also printed at their own presses works for the missions in forty-three different languages. Twenty of these languages were spoken by missionaries at the house of the Senior Secretary on the evening following the Jubilee meeting. But we shall best show what the Board has done in creating a foreign literature by gleanings from the well-digested chapter on this subject in the Memorial by the Rev. Joseph Tracy, D. D.

In thirty or forty foreign languages the Board have prepared elementary school-books. In twelve, they have prepared grammars; in nine, dictionaries and arithmetics; in three, algebras and astronomies; in ten, geographies; and in six, histories. These text-books were published and used by the Board in the various mission-schools as indispensable or greatly aiding in the teaching and reading of the Holy Scriptures. Of the Word of God, new translations, entire or in part, have been made into all those new languages reduced to writing by the missionaries. In some of the other languages translations existed, but so imperfect as to need much revision, and in certain cases new

translations. Of the latter class the Arabic is a prominent illustration. Two ancient versions of the Bible existed in it, but want of idiomatic elegance and accuracy of rendering, as well as the want of taste and finish in the letters and type, made the editions of the Bible quite unacceptable and even offensive to the literary culture and refined taste of the Arabic mind. For the Arabs have an extensive, varied, and highly cultivated literature. The language spoken by them and read by their learned men, is the language of one hundred and twenty millions and of their Koran. This they had never allowed in type because of the inelegant and unscholarly appearance of the letters. The missionaries, with great labor and care, collected the best specimens of Arabic copy-hand, and from the best characters in these they prepared a font of Arabic type to print like the most elegant manuscript. Then, "besides the best dictionaries, grammars, and other philological helps known in Europe, others, some of them very extensive, the work of Arab scholars, still in manuscript, were collected. Native linguists, competent, and cordially interested in the work, were engaged as assistants. After years of intense labor the New Testament has been translated, printed, and put in circulation, and the publication of the Old Testament is far advanced." In almost all, if not all, of the forty-three languages in which the Board have had printing done, parts or the whole of the Bible have been published. We cannot go farther in showing what the Board have had printed in foreign languages than to say, in brief, that their different works amount to about *two thousand*. For illustration, there are forty-four in Arabic, one hundred and nineteen in Armenian, forty-three in modern Syriac, one hundred and eighty in Mahratta, three hundred and seven in Tamil, one hundred and fifty in Chinese. In carrying on this vast work, in operating this wonderful laboratory for creating light, the missions have had in service fifteen printing houses, forty-four presses, seventy-eight fonts of type, nine type-founderies, and nine book-binderies — a polyglott establishment of forty-three tongues. If we return to the English language and home publications of a missionary character and resultant missionary literature, issued by the Board and more private publishing-houses, we find thirty-one works

in the department of missionary biography, "of which there is not one," says the *N. A. Review*, "that has not had its divine mission in rebuking scepticism, awakening conviction, urging Christians to a more devoted life, and inspiring new and more vigorous endeavors for the growth of religion in the world," (p. 468), ten memoirs of native converts, ten historical works, prepared by our missionaries, twelve of missionary travels, — one of which, the Rev. Samuel Parker's "Exploring Tour beyond the Rocky Mountains," in 1835, "first made known a practicable route for a railroad from the Mississippi to the Pacific," (p. 380), with eleven others of a miscellaneous origin and character, but all connected with the one great work. Well does Dr. Tracy remark, in closing his admirable summary of the literature produced by the Board:

"This immense contribution to the school literature of the world has cost a great amount of labor; but it has been found indispensable to the raising up of intelligent Christian populations, capable of maintaining themselves permanently at the elevation to which missionary labors had raised them. The aid thus rendered to the sciences of comparative philology and ethnography, though merely one of the incidental results of these labors, has a value which only scholars in those departments can fully appreciate." p. 375.

Dr. Hopkins, in his Semi-Centennial Discourse, speaking of the general labors of the Board and their reflex influence, says: "It has done more to extend and to diffuse in this land a knowledge of different countries and people, than any or all other agencies."

The "*North American Review*," in the article already quoted, takes a very broad and scholarly survey of the "incidental aid to good letters and valuable knowledge" that has been furnished by the missions of the Board. We avail ourselves once more of its pages to express the common conviction of scholars on the services in this respect that this institution has rendered to the republic of letters. This article in the "*North American*," we may add, is one of the fairest, fullest, most appreciative, and most genial toward the cause, of any we have read, as covering this half century of Christian work:

"Its services to learning and science merit especial commemoration in treating of the missionary enterprise. In philology, and in descrip-

tive and physical geography, more has been effected within the last half century by this agency than by all others, and in our own country the contributions of the missionaries of the American Board to these branches of knowledge have borne to other researches and discoveries a proportion which it would be impossible to estimate, and which, could it be stated in figures, would seem almost mythical." . . . "As regards geography, in every region that has been opened to the curiosity of the present generation, if we except the region of the Amoor, missionaries [ours and others] have been the pioneer explorers. They have penetrated Africa in every direction, and their carefully written and ably illustrated volumes, filled with what they have seen and experienced, and vivified by the humane sentiment which pervades them throughout, stand in strong contrast with the jejune, spiritless sketches of some secular tourists, and the exciting myths and exaggerations of others." . . . "We ought not to omit emphatic mention of the '*Missionary Herald*,' a periodical containing reports from all the missionary stations, with accurate statistics embracing every department of knowledge on which the researches of its contributors can throw light. If we were to leave out of thought its prime purpose of enkindling and sustaining zeal in the great work of evangelizing the world, and to regard it solely as a journal for the dissemination of knowledge and the advancement of learning, it would easily hold the first place among the periodicals of the age." pp. 475, 479, 481.

Nearly one half of the Memorial Volume is devoted to the theory and practice of Foreign Missions. It unfolds the constitution and origin of a mission, its development, laws of growth and completion, the relation of preaching, the press, and schools to the missionary work, the formation and culture of native churches, and the ecclesiastical status of the Board, the missionaries and the native churches as related to each other. The whole is set forth in the clear, candid, and succinct style of Dr. Anderson. He has succeeded admirably in combining principles and experiments, facts, arguments, illustrations, and interrogatories in this part of the work.

An extensive reading of it would much enlighten and harmonize the church on her great work of obeying our Lord's last command. Our space contracts, but we must, though briefly, state some of the principles, interior policy, and practical working of the system of the Board.

The missionary work of the Board has been a series of ex-

periments and improvements as to its methods. It was not to be expected that the best methods would be discovered first; or that any one could be adopted as the best at one time, that would not be subject to an improving change at a later time. The school system of the Board has gone through these experiments and improvements, and is as yet far from being settled. There is still needed an induction from a more extensive accumulation of facts than the missions have so far furnished, and, even then, each mission must probably be determined in its school policy by peculiarities of its own.

In 1830, '31, '32, the number of pupils in the schools at the Sandwich Islands was, respectively, 39,000, 45,000, 53,000. The number of teachers, natives, was, in 1831, about 900, of whom not more than a dozen received compensation from the mission. Their qualifications were extremely moderate, and so the schools soon declined; in 1837, to a little more than 2000 pupils. Then schools for the education of teachers were established and the common schools revived, when, in 1847, the Hawaiian government assumed their entire management and expense.

The number of pupils in the free schools of the Mahratta, Ceylon, and Madura missions from the beginning to 1860 was about 70,000, under the instruction mostly of heathen teachers. Of the spiritual results within its own limits, the Mahratta mission reported in 1854: "We cannot point to a single case of conversion from among all this number. . . . The result seems to show, that these schools have failed of accomplishing, except to a very slight extent, what was hoped from their establishment, in the way of influencing the people, and gaining them over to the truth. From this result follows, as a general rule, the inexpediency of employing heathen teachers in common schools. The main ground upon which such schools are urged at present is, that they are a means of communicating with the people, of forming some kind of connection with them, of getting a congregation. It is probable, however, that, in most cases, the missionary can secure a hearing for his message without the aid of such schools." (pp. 306, 307.) The Ceylon mission reported about thirty conversions in its schools, and that a few of the heathen teachers became hopefully pious, but that the

pupils were too young to receive much spiritual benefit. The Madura schools were not more prosperous.

In 1855, the employment of heathen teachers by these missions had nearly ceased. Their services had been overestimated, and these schools had had a delusive appearance in value. A change was needed.

These three missions had also higher or boarding-schools, the pupils being mostly heathen children. The object was to secure the conversion of the pupils and gain efficient native helpers. They were designed to be training institutions for schoolmasters, catechists, preachers, and pastors. The English and the vernacular were taught in these schools, and, till 1843, the board and tuition were gratuitous. Afterward, those who could were required to make remuneration. But unexpectedly there came in "a class of students from wealthy families, whose sole object was to fit themselves for government service, or some lucrative post in agriculture or commerce." A passion for English became excessive among the natives. A change was needed.

An expensive "Mission Institution" was founded by the brethren at Bombay, in 1854, though not adopted by the Board, which those brethren afterward discontinued, for the reasons that English was made too prominent a study and too much the medium of instruction, that to make it successful it must be very expensive, and that the effects of it must be unfortunate on other missions. On more careful examination, they found that "the experiment had been tried elsewhere, under the most favorable auspices, and the results, if not actually disastrous, have at least proved unsatisfactory. The system seems to be a forced, artificial one, and produces artificial fruits."

The Syrian mission commenced a high school for training native helpers, in 1836, in which English was taught, but closed it in 1842. When English forces there engaged in the war with Mohammed Ali the officers drew off these pupils for dragomans, and so they were demoralized, and lost, mostly, to the missionary cause. Another seminary was opened at Abeih, in 1846, on the basis of excluding the English, and, as far as possible, preserving among the pupils oriental manners and customs. This school still continues.

"Nowhere have the higher schools been more signally blessed with hopeful conversions than among the Nestorians. That for males was commenced in 1836, and the one for females in 1838. Two thirds of those who have been educated in the male seminary give hopeful evidence of piety. The same may be said of an equal portion educated at the female seminary. A large portion of the educated young men are preachers of the gospel, or teachers in the schools; and the greater part of the pious graduates of the female seminary have become wives of these missionary helpers. Both of these institutions have been signally favored with revivals of religion. The instruction has been almost wholly in the native tongue." p. 320.

As a general result of the educational efforts among the American Indians, it is said that had they "been sufficiently isolated to have retained the use of their own language, and to have used none but the vernacular in the schools, it would have been better for their moral and religious interests. With few exceptions, those who acquired most knowledge of the English language were furthest from embracing the gospel." p. 321.

To remedy some of the evils now mentioned in the mission boarding-schools, changes were made "requiring more age for admission, a shorter residence, a Christian parentage, (if not actual piety,) and a more religious course of study." As to the use of the English language in the higher schools, the *Mahratta* missions agreed that "they should be strictly vernacular schools." The *Madura* mission thought that those preparing to be school-masters, catechists, and in some cases pastors, "should be restricted to purely Tamil studies; but that a part of the higher class should study English for mental discipline and to have access to English literature. But as a medium of instruction, the English should be excluded when proper text-books in Tamil can be obtained." The *Ceylon* mission declared it inexpedient to continue the study or use of English in the higher schools. The effects on the pupils, as well as the missionaries who taught, were variously unfortunate. After a survey of all the facts concerning education and mission-schools, a few of the more prominent only we have been able to indicate, the Board have for the present settled down on these principles of action:

"In the present advanced state of most of its missions, it finds a more profitable use for its funds than in the support of heathen school-masters. Nor does past experience encourage any great outlay for common schools, composed of very young heathen children, even with Christian masters."

"The Board has been obliged, in the progress of its work, to decline connection with expensive educational institutions for general education, to prepare young men for secular and worldly pursuits." "It has been found necessary to exclude the English language, in great measure, from the training schools for educating village teachers, preachers, and pastors." "What the schools most need is better teachers, and to derive more of their support from the parents of the pupils. The self-supporting principle among native Christians, in all its application, needs an unsleeping guardianship and culture." pp. 325, 326.

The Christian world, however, is in a fair way to know whether larger expenditures for education, a higher grade of schools, studies with immediate reference to secular life, and a prominent place in them for the English language, will better promote the object of foreign missions than the policy indicated by the American Board. For the Scotch Missionary Boards are giving preëminence to the educational system as a leading branch of missionary labor, while the English Boards have either adopted the American basis, on the points in question, or are rapidly approaching it.

The "Church Review," whose article on the Board we have indicated at the opening of this article, while laboring under what is probably a reporter's deficiency, degenerates into severity, and shows itself very naturally as extremely Episcopal. The Review thus speaks :

"A statement of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Bedell, at the late meeting of our Board, at Philadelphia, astounds us. In the debate on the Greek missions, he said, 'that three days ago he met the venerable and noble Dr. Anderson, of the A. B. C. F. M., and asked him what — after all his long experience — was his opinion of the conciliatory principle in regard to missions in Greece and among any decayed churches. He said he had no hesitation in declaring, that the only possible principle for such a work, was the conciliatory principle, in opposition to anything aggressive or looking to the establishment of a distinct church.' And yet a principle directly the reverse of this is the settled policy of

the A. B. C. F. M., and is steadily pursued in their operations among the Oriental churches." p. 419.

The "Review" further declares that the Board has a "destructive policy," and a "destructive principle," and shows its ecclesiastical tendency and design by publishing in Armenian the "Assembly's Shorter Catechism, with Proofs," "Church Member's Guide," "Rule of Faith," &c., and that native teachers have been "ordained," and "converts, notwithstanding their immaturity, were called on to lead in extemporaneous prayers, and in these devotions, prayers were offered for the conversion of the Patriarchs and Bishops." A few words can and should set the American Board right historically, whether Dr. Anderson said more or less than the above quotation, and whether the reporter of Bishop Bedell recorded more or less than what he said.

The actual policy and aim of the Board, in the Greek, Armenian, and Nestorian missions, as stated in the Memorial, have been to revive pure and undefiled religion in those ancient churches. Provided the reformation were brought about, the Board cared little for the ecclesiastical form it might take. But while it seemed undesirable to make unnecessary changes in the forms of those old communities, to which the people had been long accustomed, the Board did not esteem them so highly as to be willing to risk much for their preservation, while in the pursuit of the main object. So when the Greek church rejected its aid, and when the Armenian church cast out its converts and made them outlaws, the Board found no more use or place for the 'conciliatory principle.' It was not till these converts were excommunicated from the old church, for not conforming to its idolatrous practices, that the Evangelical Armenian churches were organized. The forms of ecclesiastical government in the old church could no longer be regarded, and the great commanding spiritual object of the mission was kept in view, in a comparative disregard of minor things. The Board really has had very little solicitude what form the Armenian church might receive when evangelically reformed. It must be admitted that the present actual policy of the missions of the Board is aggressive toward the Arme-

nian church. How could it be otherwise since the "Review" even confesses to "the deplorable ignorance of many of their clergy, the superstitious and doctrinal errors which have been the accretion of centuries," and that "the spirit of a cold, objective formalism hung over them, with its icy atmosphere, chilling their hearts and withering the germ of spiritual life." p. 420.

Is it so surprising that a warm-hearted young convert should pray "extemporaneously" for such a clergy and church?

Toward the Nestorians the policy has been different. They are a peculiar people, and so have received peculiar treatment. While it cannot be said that even among them the Board has acted on the "conciliatory principle," it cannot be said, after thirty years, that it is "looking to the establishment of a distinct church." It still is hopeful that it may see that ancient missionary church reformed, as such, with her Episcopal constitution substantially remaining to her. A thorough spiritual reform is what the Board is aiming at, in dependence on the ever blessed Spirit; and so far as the government of the church and its prescribed worship do not stand in the way, it is not aggressive. With the Nestorian clergy its course from the first has been conciliatory, and as far as now appears, may continue to be so. The Board would do no unnecessary violence to the prejudices and habits of those ancient churches, the Greek, the Armenian, and the Nestorian. It would show Jesus unto them, who is more than ecclesiastical government and forms, "as he who hath builded a house hath more honor than the house."

The instructions of the Prudential Committee, delivered by Dr. Anderson, to the Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, when about to embark on his Turkish mission, in 1839, declare the entire and constant policy of the Board with reference to those Oriental churches. We close this topic, viewed in so unfortunate a light by the "Church Review," with a few passages from those instructions.

"These churches must be reformed. Lights must be made to burn once more upon those candlesticks that remain. The fire of a pure Christianity must be rekindled upon those Christian altars." "It is indeed certain that they will one day be renovated. The elements of reform are already among them." "Those churches have sunk too

low to rise speedily without assistance. They need an impulse from without. They need help from their Christian brethren." "Our object is not to subvert them ; not to pull down and build up anew. It is to reform them ; to revive among them, as has been said, the knowledge and spirit of the gospel. It is no part of our object to introduce Congregationalism, or Presbyterianism, among them. . . . We are content that their present ecclesiastical organization should remain, provided the knowledge and spirit of the gospel can be revived under it." *Miss. Herald*, 1839, pp. 39-44.

But the revived and quickened members in these churches were excommunicated, exiled, and outlawed, and so the Board had no alternative left, if it would provide at all for them spiritually, but to have them organized into new churches. So the Evangelical Armenian Churches are the fruit of necessity, and not of the policy or original choice of the Board.

In the examination of this Memorial volume and other documents pertaining to the Board, few things have interested us more than the studied and well arranged policy throughout, and a constant tendency and pressure to develop and employ the native forces on the missionary ground to establish Christianity.

In the outset the Board assumes no ecclesiastical connection with or control over its missionaries. They are left to manage in their church relations and ecclesiastical polity as they please. As to churches and ecclesiastical bodies springing up among the converts, they are earnestly advised not to connect themselves as members with them.

Here our system of missions divides radically from that of our Episcopal brethren. Their missions are an extension of their church, and they consider themselves obligated to organize church government and to exercise ecclesiastical control over all their missionary agents. But the Board regards its functions as exhausted when it has selected its agents and furnished them with pecuniary means and with counsels for bringing the heathen to Christ. It feels that it must leave them on the mission field to their independent judgment and choice in the matter of church order and government. The design is to slide responsibility along to the prospective Christian churches and communities that are to be formed on heathen ground. Adopting this idea, the missions theoretically and practically assume

that they are not colonies, or settlements, but movable, migratory bodies. So soon as they can plant Christian institutions in a place and feel that they will be safe under native management and support, they are to leave for another field. The personal work of the missionary is temporary. So soon as the new Christian material can wisely be organized into churches, this is to be done, and with the expectation that as soon as possible those churches become self-managed and self-supported. Looking to this end of his work, that he may depart for a new field to conquer, he is empowered and instructed to raise up native helpers, — the catechist, school-master, preacher, and pastor. As he is to leave only native churches and forces behind him, he does not become a member or pastor of one of them. It is in the theory that the foreign and native Christian are to separate so soon as it is safe for the latter. Then it is good for him to bear the yoke in his youth, by being from the first and organically separate from the other. The pastor should be of the same race, social condition, sympathy, and style of living with his church. Hence it has been necessary, in the education of a native ministry, to guard most carefully against elevating them above the people with whom they are to dwell, or making their manners and customs unlike those that are national to their future flocks.

This general theory and practice of the Board and of its mission being foreknown, it is exceedingly interesting to trace in this Memorial, and in the reports and official papers of the Board, a purpose and spirit permeating the whole, to raise up an able and independent Christian community around every mission, and then, as soon as safe, remove the mission as a foreign and temporary substance, as the mould is removed from the casting.

So we find the Board constantly working on the unsettled problem how and when a mission may safely withdraw — the spiritual, intellectual, and social difficulties being overcome. A conclusion is reached "that a less number of foreign missionaries is needful for the work in a heathen country than was once supposed," and that native pastors should be ordained as fast as suitable men can be found. The native church is to be urged to support its native pastor as far as it has ability,

and to manage its own internal affairs as best it can, looking for nothing more authoritative than Christian advice from the missionary. The Committee submit to the prayerful consideration of their brethren the expediency of ordaining a native pastor over each of the churches, as well at the stations as at the out-stations, being satisfied that the early and complete organization of native churches under native pastors is indispensable to the early, healthy, vigorous development of the religious life in native communities. In all this difficulties must be expected, but met, as the price of a free, responsible, self-sustaining church. They recommend this course, that the missionaries may be able to disperse, invading, conquering, organizing, and superintending, in "regions beyond." In the settlement and dismissal of pastors they encourage the usual ecclesiastical forms of the American churches. Having this policy of native pastors in view and force, the Board feel that they have now nearly or quite the requisite number of missionaries among the Armenians, and so see the beginning of the end of planting the gospel among them. In addressing the Hawaiian brethren, they take it for granted that they will furnish all the native churches with native pastors at an early day. While the Board, in addressing the missions, speak of education, they urge that all native laborers must be educated in their own land, that they may be as little changed as possible in national characteristics and the innocent tastes and habits of their own people. Otherwise the future pastor may feel above his people, or be diverse from them in manner, dress, style of living, and domestic and social habits, and so offend them, or be unable himself comfortably to adapt himself to the necessities of his calling and condition. The education should also be as far as possible at the expense of the natives themselves, because of the reflex advantages of such efforts on their part, and it should ever have in view the main end of missions — the evangelization of the people. The education and even the evangelization of the masses by foreign aid is not to be attempted or expected. A few self-sustaining centres are to be established, and then the work thrown on the native Christian communities. Perfect trust is felt in the interior and essential force of Christianity to work its own way under fair auspices.

In the religion of our Saviour it is preëminently true that samples are powers. How far the American Board has been able to carry out its policy, as to native forces, may be seen in the fact that it now has two hundred and fifty native preachers, one hundred and sixty-three native churches, and thirty native pastors.

ARTICLE IV.

ENGLISH COUNTRY AND COUNTRY-FOLK.

A GREAT city, in a commercial country, is, to a considerable extent, a law unto itself. Its image and superscription are in only a small degree received from the peculiar type of national institutions, political or ecclesiastical. In its main elements it exhibits far more of power to assimilate than of susceptibility to be assimilated. The possession of capital or of commercial enterprise is necessarily a chief condition of strength and influence. Its merchantmen are its ruling princes. Its working classes are always characterized by a high comparative intelligence, whether the State has provided schools for them or not. A great city is in itself a school, diffusing a vast amount of valuable knowledge by the inevitable contact of men congregated in large masses — not only stimulating and sharpening the intellect, but making the mental stores of each one the property of all.

The disposition of the common people to flock to great cities will always keep the supply of labor considerably above the demand. The sure result of this will be, the continual presence, to a certain extent, of idleness and destitution, with the usual consequences, vice and crime. The spirit of competition, which, in all places alike, is reckless of everything but gain, must necessarily aggravate these results. And then the feverish excitement of the passions, and the multiplication of temptations, the easy isolation of individuals where men congregate in masses, and the consequent removal of social re-

straint, make every great city a vortex of sensual indulgence, and a terrible whirlpool of destruction.

Hence all great cities in commercial countries are essentially similar. You will be far more impressed with the likeness of Liverpool to New York, than with any unlikeness. Even in London, old town-commonwealth of the middle ages though it is, and proudly retaining institutions and usages which were brought, so many centuries ago, from the meadows of Jutland, its every-day life exhibits the immutable law of great cities scarcely less than New York or Boston.

Not so much, therefore, in the towns and cities of England, will you expect to find the full development of the peculiar characteristics of English institutions, as in the country. The entire structure of society in the rural districts savors strongly, not only of the presence and influence of a hereditary nobility, but of the spirit of the old feudal laws. The very aspect of the country, by the exceeding richness of the soil and beauty of the landscape, will remind you that the broad acres are the envied possession of a multitude of petty kings. The haughty barons of the olden time were scarcely farther removed, in their position and sympathies, from the common people, than are the hereditary lords of modern days. Nor would it be easy to decide whether of the twain more nearly resembled the untamed savages of the forest in their contempt of all useful arts, their love of horses and dogs, and eager devotion to the pleasures of the chase. So wide is the contrast between these men and the poor peasantry who till their fields, in physical and mental characteristics, that the intervention of a very lengthened period and powerfully modifying influences must be admitted to reduce them to a common tap-root. Neither among the classes which fill up the broad space between these two extremes do you find all that personal independence and true manliness of bearing which a republican would expect to see if the influence of feudalism had passed wholly away.

In a plain talk about the country and country-folk in England we propose mainly the development of one idea, to wit: the high position and commanding influence of the English landholder. You will not be long in discovering the importance which every Englishman attaches to the proprietorship of the

soil. The idea is indissolubly associated with the largest respectability, and the very highest social position. To be the master of broad acres is the fondest day-dream of the wealthy merchant, the successful lawyer and physician, and even of the poet and man of genius. The proudest Manchester cotton-lord is not fully made until he becomes a *land-lord*. We remember an Englishman of finished scholarship and elegant accomplishments — having completed his education by a protracted residence in Italy — a man of high professional reputation, and an associate of nobility and gentry, who was so much enamored of the idea of possessing a thousand acres of the rich prairie lands and fine oak openings of Wisconsin, that he was strongly tempted to sell his handsome carriages and abandon his profession for a home in the far west of the United States.

This universal passion is the result, in part, of the fact that the proudest men in England — barons, earls, and dukes — are large land-owners. To a very great extent the soil is the property of the gentle-folk and nobles. The park enclosures around innumerable mansions and palaces cover an immense aggregate breadth of territory — that of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth, embracing three thousand acres, within a circumference of not less than ten miles. Moreover, the propriety of the occupants of these mansions and palaces extends, in most cases, far beyond their parks, including, not unfrequently, farm after farm of rare extent and beauty. Partly for embellishment, but a great deal more for his own profit, it is the resolute policy of the lordly English landholder to have very few small farms. Two hundred acres in the best agricultural counties is considered quite too small. Six, eight, and ten hundred are preferred, while now and then you may find a single farm half as large as the park of the Duke of Devonshire. This arrangement excludes, of course, all but men of ample means from the occupation of farming. To exclude all but rich men is the very purpose and design of the arrangement. The rich tenant is sure and punctual in the payment of his rent, and, besides, is very likely to make improvements which will be amply remunerative to himself before his long lease expires, and then will remain to add permanently both to the value and beauty of the farm. Thus the Englishman's passion for land is owing, in

part, also to the fact that it is the most valuable of all property, as well as the most beautiful to look at. It yields a large profit both to landlord and tenant. The poor peasant who performs all the labor comes less into the account than would seem to be demanded by a wise self-interest, according to the rule which requires you to feed your cattle well if you expect the largest amount of profit from their work. For the matter of continued dependence and strict subserviency, the thing may be adjusted very admirably as it is. You will by all means seem to be kind to your servant, but you do not want him to wax fat and kick. It was Alexander, not the Russian nobles, who moved for the emancipation of the serfs; and not earlier than the millennium, certainly, will every generation of masters, whether of white or black, be seen to volunteer for diminishing materially the distance which separates them from those who constitute the base of their mountain — the pedestal of their power and pride.

There is yet another strong reason why every Englishman should covet earnestly to be a landholder. It is the kind of possession which ministers most largely to the pride of a family name — a pride especially characteristic of Englishmen. It constitutes the only entailed estate. The ample farms of which we have spoken, or the farmers' residences, have oftentimes their particular designations, in imitation of park and castle of the nobility; as "Herringswell Hall," "Wellick," "Mock-beggar's Hall," and "Paradise." These places, moreover, have sometimes a history of their own which helps mightily in the same direction. "Wellick," now the homestead of a very wealthy farmer at Wendour, Bucks, was once the residence of the infamous Judge Jeffries.

The statutes of the realm are singularly in keeping with the universal sentiment we are endeavoring to illustrate. If you are a foreigner in England, you may become the possessor of unbounded riches in *personal* estate. You may have shares without number in railroads, and mines, and gas companies, and make the government your debtor to any amount, by the purchase of stocks. But you cannot be the owner of one square yard of England's soil without a special act of parliament passed by lords and commons for your particular behoof, with all the

cumbrous complications of English legislation, making you a British citizen, and a sworn and loyal subject of the Queen, at an expense of five hundred pounds sterling. The subject of the naturalization laws was brought under parliamentary discipline about twenty years ago, and a committee of inquiry appointed, of which Lord Brougham was a very active member. The whole matter was thoroughly investigated, and a voluminous report presented, which argued with much earnestness the hardships and injustice suffered by foreign residents under the existing statute, with the citation of cases running back through a long period, and strongly urged an extensive revision for their relief. The upshot was the passing of an act permitting a foreigner to take out "letters of denization," at an expense of thirty pounds sterling, which would confer the right to vote for members of parliament, with other trifling privileges. There the matter rests, so far as we are advised, and there, in all likelihood, it will rest, for at least another hundred years. Being a foreigner, you cannot be a landholder without the costlier parchments. Though the father of your wife should bequeath real estate to you for the benefit of his own daughter and her children, it would not be yours, but, without a special parliamentary interposition, setting aside the statute in your case, it must escheat to the Queen.

In a study of the great social edifice as it exists in the rural districts of the fatherland, our attention will naturally first be directed to the proud capital — the hereditary nobility. Their easy, almost familiar, bearing towards those below them, is no more than an indication of their conscious impregnable supremacy over the broad gulf which lies between. They would be as much amazed at the very slightest manifestation of a disposition to reciprocate the familiarity as Jupiter would to see mortals leaping up to share his throne. A single word or look or gesture would instantly dash all such insolent pretensions to pitiful confusion. The expression of mute wonder and astonishment with which a peasant gazes after a lord as he rolls past in his glittering equipage is natural enough, no doubt, although it may strike you as ludicrous. All earthly dignities, hereditary or acquired, have their claims for deference, and it would be neither good philosophy nor good

manners in us, plain republicans, to be over-critical in scanning the habits of those who have grown up under the shadow of aristocratic institutions. We must, nevertheless, protest our inability to appreciate the eager obsequiousness of middle-class Englishmen toward all above them — whether the superiority be in titles, or riches, or power, or any other thing on which poor human pride can fix a little corner-stone of caste. It can hardly be set down to the score of financial policy, for, if the aristocracy are great customers, they are, by all accounts, very small paymasters. How many times have we been told by tradesmen in different commodities, that there is no class from whom they find it more difficult to collect their bills. If an edict were issued to-day, to prohibit the wearing, to-morrow, in all England, of any coat or hat that had not been paid for, many a proud lord would be seen barcheaded and in his shirt-sleeves. And if the same edict forbade the lighting of fires in all houses whose masters had not settled with the coal-merchant within the last two years, a great multitude of the same class could not have even a mutton-chop cooked for their dinner. A country tailor, in the centre of a region abounding in mansions of the aristocracy, most of whose backs were covered with coats from his shop, told us that he had outstanding accounts for clothes supplied to regular customers amounting to four thousand pounds at one time. The same man stated in our hearing that he had spent an entire morning in going to ask the occupant of a lordly house for an instalment of an account which had been running more than two years, and was refused. Yet the same nobleman should alight from his carriage before the door of that tailor the very next day, and his entrance should be the signal for the profoundest bows; and a new order for clothes to the amount of fifty pounds should be received with warmest professions of gratitude. If you expressed surprise after his lordship had departed, the tailor would assure you that this was his only hope of ever getting his account settled at all. A coal-merchant, in the same place, expressed great satisfaction on hearing that a newly-projected railroad was to pass over the land of a baronet in the neighborhood, as he hoped that a portion of the money received in compensation might go to the payment of a bill which for years he had been trying in vain to

collect, either wholly or in part. We remember an eccentric old Yorkshireman, for many years a tobacco-manufacturer in London, into whose warehouse a dainty nobleman entered one day and ordered a rather large parcel of high-priced cigars to be made up for him. The thing was done accordingly; but when my lord, with infinite condescension, was beginning to act the porter of his own parcel, he was quietly informed that he could not take it away until paid for. As he happened not to be in funds at the moment, the cigars were left behind. Similar things may occur every day for aught we know, but this was talked of, and the courage of the old Yorkshireman much applauded.

One meets occasionally, in the rural districts of England, with very refreshing exceptions to this obsequious temper. There is no man, after all, who has a larger share of genuine pluck than an Englishman, albeit it does not always show itself where we, with our republican notions and feelings, might like to see it. Hardwicke Heath is the name of a beautiful park near Bury St. Edmunds, in which is situated the antique mansion, occupied, till his recent death, by Sir Thomas Cullum, the wealthiest man in all the region round about, and whose pride was a counterpart to his riches. Now it happened, much to the annoyance of Sir Thomas, that there had been from time immemorial a public footpath through Hardwicke Heath, passing very near to his mansion. This footpath is not only a favorite summer evening's walk to all the people residing in the neighborhood, but a frequent and much frequented thoroughfare for the poor peasantry and every description of laboring people. A cat may look at a king if she can get a chance, but here the cat's poor master may stroll, at will, every day in the year, through the most beautiful section of a proud baronet's park, and gaze almost into his windows as he passes within a stone's throw. A few years ago, Sir Thomas resolved to hazard a game, the odds being between his aristocratic self on the one side, and the sturdy common people — backed by old English law — on the other. The handsome iron gates, which had so long swung easily on their hinges at the points of ingress and egress of the well-worn thoroughfare, were removed, and, instead thereof, barriers of decidedly prohibitory dimensions

and aspect were erected. The parties interested watched with a suppressed satisfaction till all was nicely finished, and then, assembling in a strong body, before breakfast, they demolished both barriers in much less time than it had taken to put them up. An Englishman does know when he is beaten, Napoleon to the contrary notwithstanding. The handsome iron gates were restored, and the common people resumed their ancient privileges, which they still maintain, and will leave to their heirs.

The most strenuous advocate of a hereditary peerage will hardly allege its moral influence as chief among its benefits. The facts are much too broadly in the other direction. Exceptions there will be of course. Such names as Shaftesbury and Carlisle make us feel how brilliant a lustre good character can reflect on the highest earthly station. No men in all England devote themselves with a more simple and unostentatious Christian zeal to whatever is fitted to elevate and redeem humanity — schools for poor children, mechanics' institutes, Christian associations for young men, ragged schools, shoe-black brigades, and special Sabbath services for the ignorant and degraded masses. Not a few of the most laborious and useful teachers in the Sunday-school, and visitors at the cottages of the peasantry, are the daughters of wealthy nobles. We have seen a young earl — heir to one of the proudest marquisesates in England — accompanying his beautiful countess in her visits of mercy among the humble cottagers of the village near their country-seat, till every poor child knew their voice and heard it with joy, as the harbinger of some substantial and seasonable kindness. And when in those humble ministries the young husband caught the small-pox, and his noble wife, who in her beautiful devotion insisted on acting as nurse at his sick-bed, fell under the same dreadful disease and died, sacrificing her own life in saving one that was dearer, the grief of the poor people was like the mourning of the children of Israel in the threshing-floor of Atad.

It is needless to say that such nobility as this is the very rare exception. The rule, unhappily, is of a widely different complexion. In the great majority of instances it is their life that should be for a lamentation, rather than their death. The

lordly pride which looks down with ineffable disdain on men of lower rank is their most venial fault. It were well for the good morals of England, and for the purity and peace of even its humble homes, if a coronet always raised him who wore it above every species of intercourse with the common people. The utter remorselessness with which haughty barons and dukes violate the sanctity of domestic life among the lower classes, and lay waste the purity and happiness which they should feel bound by all law human and divine to watch over and defend, is a startling and painful illustration of the incredible baseness and rank infamy which so often lie hid beneath the outward show of honor and chivalrous nobility. We must not, in these pages, describe in detail the things which are but thinly covered by the broad shadow of aristocratic assumption and pride — the strange intermingling of castes, and queerly tangled pedigrees, where no modification of complexion or features tells the tale, and helps a child to hunt up his own father. We do not care to describe these things. To remember them is enough, and makes one blush for those who occupy the high places of modern civilization. If our readers should forget, and imagine that we are describing the *soi disant* nobility of our own southern states, we should not wonder. The picture is marvellously like, we must confess, and may help to explain that mutual interchange of sympathies across the water of late, which to some has appeared strange and unaccountable.

“A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind.”

The peers temporal of Great Britain are about four hundred, mostly hereditary — dukes, earls, marquises, viscounts, barons. These men are born statesmen and legislators. They are supposed to be highly educated as graduates of Cambridge and Oxford, studious, dignified and grave, in all respects well qualified to look after the interests, temporal and spiritual, of the greatest empire in the world. Yet how many of them are ever found taking any part in parliamentary debate? How many of them could by possibility make a decent speech if they tried? A little child might count them. How many of all the four hundred are found on a division in ordinary legislative business? Let any one of our readers take pencil and paper

and write down every British lord he can think of as having impressed his name on his memory by anything he has said or done during the last twenty-five years :— Brougham, Wellington, Lyndhurst, Campbell, Palmerston, Russell, Derby, Carlisle, Shaftesbury, Fitzwilliam, Eldon, Radnor, Ashburton, Newcastle, Elgin, Durham, Ellesmere, Devonshire, and a few more. But what are they among so many ? And where are the great majority, and what are their lordly exploits ? Here and there a son of Nimshi gains eclat as a “ whip,” in other words, by his skill with four-in-hand — a fair match for an English stage-driver. Or a Marquis of Waterford rises into fame by his sleight of hand in wrenching off knockers, or his noble daring in making a smash-up among the crockery spread out on the pavement on a market-day. These, however, are dignified in comparison with the ordinary avocations of the great mass, whose names the world never heard of, and never will ;— hunting, fishing, the race-course, the gambling-saloon, eating, drinking, smoking, swearing, idleness which would drive an intelligent mechanic mad, and all the untold “ mischief still ” which “ Satan finds for idle hands to do : ” — all this, with an unprincipled recklessness of expenditure which encumbers hopelessly their estates, and general habits of shameless profligacy, which no purlieus of St. Giles or mysteries of Paris can surpass.

As we descend in the social scale we shall find that every other class is formed as much as possible after the model of the nobility. This is especially true of those who take the denomination of “ gentry.” It is hardly necessary to say, that in this class, as among the nobility, are found many men of the highest distinction and influence, blessing all around them by a life in which intellectual strength and brilliant accomplishments are beautifully blended with the severest moral and Christian virtues. The gentry also includes all the Sir Barts. and Sir Kts., untitled and unendowed scions of noble families, without even the shadowy hope of “ heir presumptive,” an oddly assorted yet jealously guarded selection of honoraries, and a cumbrous multitude, whose claim to any social position whatever would seem to be found, certainly not in any intellectual or moral qualities fitted to awaken respect, but in the fact that they

live in utter idleness, on the barest competency which is not a competency — being immeasurably and inextricably in debt to everybody that will trust them — as consumers, very great, but as producers, the forlornest of ciphers. Their haughtiness is immense, as you would expect, far surpassing that of the nobility, being of the mock-cavalier, or strutting hidalgo description. This is owing to the fact that their social domain lies on the very border-land of gentility, and is not very clearly defined, demanding the eternal vigilance of pickets all along the line to prevent encroachments. The richest brewer in London, a man of vast wealth, was refused admission to a fashionable country ball, a hundred miles from the metropolis, because he was a “*tradesman*,” while many of the “*gentry*” who were present were poor, as the London brewer bitterly reminded them, telling them — if we may quote his classic and elegant phrase — that “the hoops on his empty old beer barrels would buy up the whole kit of them.”

Their respectability was largely of that peculiar type, so much abounding in the rural districts of England, which depends on some family relationship, more or less remote, to the lords of the soil. They shine with borrowed light. They are Jupiter’s satellites. They establish one leading idea. You shall still find that a man’s position and influence are determined, to a great extent, by the length of his rent-roll — in other words, by the number of broad acres of which he is master. His mansion, and park, and horses, and dogs, and equipage, and manner of life, all denote the noble of inferior degree. If he lacks the hereditary claim to a seat in the House of Lords, and is, in consequence, much distressed to fill up all his precious time, even with the help of hunting, and fishing, and the race-course, the expenditure of ten or twenty thousand pounds sterling in a popular election will bribe a constituency into making him its representative in the House of Commons. And now the measure of his glory is full, and his constituents, whatever may become of their *interests*, have the honor to be represented by a “*real gentleman*,” a matter about which Englishmen are particularly sensitive, insomuch that you shall sometimes find non-conformist electors recording their votes by hundreds for a flashing Sir Somebody, to the

utter discomfiture of plain Mr. Smith, the puritan, a man of the highest intelligence, and a champion in their own ranks. He is entitled to add those high-sounding initials M. P. to the end of his name. He is numbered among his country's grave legislators, and finds himself therein only a single grade below those whom Heaven made great at their very birth.

There is yet another rank of kings below the gentry, and that, in some sense, the most important of all. These are the farmers. Their wealth and position, their character and influence, enter largely into any complete survey of country life in England. In the best agricultural sections of the land they take very decided precedence of the merchantmen of the cities. The seller of purple and fine linen looks with envy on the farmer, as occupying a higher and more independent position among his countrymen. We have seen a handsome young fellow of this description, well educated, of good character, good property, and good social position, going with his fine phaeton and pair to make suit to a neighboring farmer's daughter, but my proud lady said him nay, preferring to wait for the plainer, but more substantial young farmer, who, she hoped, would come on a subsequent day. The father of the damsel was a gray-headed man of very plain appearance and dress, simple and unassuming in his manners, living in a quiet village in a section of the country from which many of the pilgrim fathers came, and which gave its name to one of the most charming townships of Massachusetts. She was very beautiful and highly accomplished, and would bring, in due time, to the young farmer of whom she dreamed, although she had never yet seen him, a dower of twenty thousand pounds, provided the paternal estate was shared equally by herself, her only sister, and their three brothers.

We mention this, not as a case to be found occasionally in the father-land, but as a fair sample of what may be met with every day in most parts of England. It may be taken as an illustration of the wealth and social position of the English farmer. This man was probably richer than most of his neighbors. Yet we suppose it would have been easy to find many richer than he. In another county, and not far from the house in which the great John Hampden once lived, there were farmers

at that time of whom common report said that they would leave to their daughters a hundred thousand pounds apiece.

It must be long before the farmers in the United States can hope to equal the English farmers in wealth ; but there appears no good reason why they should not even surpass them in all which constitutes the chief value of agricultural pursuits, as they do, unquestionably, excel them already in intelligence, and public spirit, and true enlargement of heart.

Of the picturesque beauty of English farms it is hardly possible to speak in terms too glowing. At a distance they present the appearance of innumerable parks. As you roam over a particular farm you are struck with the number, size, and variety of the trees. The elm, some specimens of which we nurse and guard with so much care on our Common, grows in its native soil to a surprising magnitude, and is covered with a foliage of exceeding luxuriance. The walnut, whose fruit we import, is also a tree of immense size. We remember one in a brickyard at Bury St. Edmunds, amid the foliage of which a large house might be entirely hid in leafy June. This particular tree is said to be one of the largest trees in Europe. The magnificent horse-chestnut is found everywhere, of wide-spread and towering dimensions. When you first see it in full foliage, laden to the uppermost twig with its rich conical clusters of blossom, you are filled with astonishment and admiration. There is also a species of poplar which we do not remember to have met with elsewhere, equalling the chestnut in size and beauty of form, with stately trunk, numerous slender and graceful branches, and such a superabundance of brilliant foliage that you might imagine it had borrowed of its neighbors for a special occasion. A single tree of this description is not unfrequently the principal feature in a landscape-picture, worthy of the pencil of old Crome himself. Of the English oak — *princeps inter nobiles* — we shall say nothing, because everybody is familiar with it, except that in size, beauty, and venerable appearance, it is all that you ever imagined it to be.

The trees on an English farm are of so much value for timber that a lease is never executed without the insertion of a very particular clause in relation to them. But they are cultivated almost as much for ornament and shade, and those most

valuable for timber are seldom cut down in such a way as to impair perceptibly the pictorial character of a farm.

Doubtless a country whose entire surface exhibits only one acre in eight of waste land, and where the mildness and moisture of the climate secure a perennial greenness of the richest shade, and the almost universal absence of stones compels the use of the beautiful hawthorne hedge for a fence, must be admitted to possess peculiar natural advantages for agricultural pursuits. It is equally true that the exceeding beauty of an English farm is owing quite as much to what is entirely within the reach of the farmers of New England, to wit, scientific and high cultivation. One of the finest wheat-fields we ever saw in England had been reclaimed only a short time before from an unsightly and worthless bog, at an expense of ten pounds per acre, by carting chalk from another part of the farm; and the farmer who had made this outlay, though only a tenant, assured us that he should get back the entire amount, with ample interest, before the termination of his lease.

The division of labor — whether in town or country, in the shop or on the farm — is carried to an extent which we do not easily conceive of. One man does one thing, and he never thinks of doing any other thing, almost as within the bounds of possibility, or, at least, of propriety. It would be an infringement of the honor of his craft to ask him. Even a chimney-sweep would think it an insult to his professional dignity to be asked to rake hay. And any other than a trained agricultural laborer would be regarded and treated as an intruder by the laborers themselves. His awkwardness in handling the rake or the hoe would speedily betray him, and so far from receiving any assistance in the way of instruction, he would be so unmercifully set upon and ridiculed by men, women, and boys, that he would be glad to make his escape, and would not be in a hurry to try his hand again at any work out of his own particular line of things. We have spoken of women among farm laborers; they are employed in the lighter agricultural processes in many parts of England. We have seen them wheeling stones in a barrow, but such a case is of very rare occurrence. Hoeing up weeds among the wheat is a common employment for them in some localities. Our readers are probably familiar

with the English method of sowing wheat. The ground is thrown up into round, broad ridges, straight, even, and smooth, as the flower-beds in a garden. On these the wheat is sowed in drills, as straight as a line, and between the drills, when the wheat is two or three inches high, all the weeds are carefully cut up with a long narrow hoe. It is no unpleasant spectacle to see ten or fifteen women and boys stretched out in a line, side by side, and moving over a magnificent wheat-field in this comparatively light work on a balmy spring day, when the larks are singing most deliciously over their heads, and the thrush and blackbird are pouring out their varied and rich notes all around.

The principle of which we have spoken — the division of labor — is applied to the different processes of agriculture. That man whom you see sauntering listlessly about, or sitting under a hedge knitting coarse gray stockings, not far from a large flock of sheep, is the shepherd, whose sole business it is to look after the sheep. On the broad open pasture lands of Salisbury Plain we have frequently noticed flocks which could not have contained less than a thousand animals, so large and plump as to remind one of the fine, juicy legs of mutton so common on every English dinner-table. We regret to say, that while shepherds on Salisbury Plain are as numerous as ever, a "Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," is still not oftener found than in the days of Hannah More. The man who takes care of the horses, which take the place of oxen in English farming, is quite as much confined to that one thing; and the time and pains bestowed every day on their horses, in stabling, grooming, and feeding, would hardly be believed among ourselves, where horses of every description are shamefully neglected, greatly to the loss of their owners, beyond a question.

You will soon perceive that English farming exhibits precisely the results which might be expected from the combined influence of the division of labor and the absence of haste — one man doing one thing, and having ample time to do that one thing well. The whole appearance of an English farm is exceedingly beautiful; a thousand acres frequently without one square yard of barrenness. No rough borders, overgrown with weeds; no unsightly corners, abandoned to scraggy bushes,

and stones, and snakes. All is even, smooth, and productive, like the lawn and flower-beds of a gentleman's garden.

The dwelling-house of the English farmer is in good keeping with the picture we have drawn. Not unfrequently it stands embowered among thick shading trees at a short distance from the road, like a little palace, with sweet flower-garden, and verdant lawn, and hawthorne enclosure. It is handsomely and luxuriously furnished, with elegant editions of the choicest English literature on the centre-table of the drawing-room. The farmer's wife is a lady, of genuine refinement and intelligence, and has always a sufficient number of servants to save her from all danger, whether to her health or personal charms, from household cares and toils. At the same time, she is thoroughly domestic in her habits, understands perfectly whatever belongs to good management in a farm-house, keeping all things trim and thrifty about her, and shows, oftentimes, an interest in matters out of doors, and an acquaintance with them, which would fill most American ladies with unfeigned astonishment. The sons continue in their father's line of things, or go to college, and enter the various professions. The daughters are well educated and accomplished, full of health and broad common sense, and form, as we have seen, good matrimonial alliances.

The English farmers are luxurious liver where the prevailing style of living is much more simple than with us; and they exercise a noble hospitality. As their dwellings are amid the verdant scenery and singing-birds of the country, usually standing alone on their pleasant farms, it is a rich treat to get away from the noise and dust of a crowded English town to the delightful freshness and repose of an English farm-house. One such we especially remember, where the farmer was a portly, handsome man of sixty, his wife was an elegant woman, fresh and fair and plump at fifty, as English women are apt to be, and needed not the presence of her beautiful daughters to convince you that she must have been exceedingly attractive at an earlier period. The children — partly hers and partly those of a former wife — were more than a dozen. Most of them were married and away. A reunion of that household was a beautiful picture. The long table, so amply furnished, with sire and mistress presiding at either end, and the extended sides filled

with children and grandchildren, all overflowing with mirth and fond affection, made one think of the patriarchs of former days. As the farm comprised some hundred acres, it was a pleasant morning's employment to spring into a saddle and gallop over it with your host, observing its various operations, and listening to the directions given to the men.

You will have come to the conclusion that the farmers do not till the soil and make butter and cheese with their own hands. English farmers are rich men and gentlemen. They constitute a kind of gentry on a smaller scale; dwelling in little mansions — "Wellick," "Mock-beggar's Hall," or "Paradise," — on elegant estates; keeping fine horses and carriages, luxurious, if not splendid; and surrounded by dependants, who occupy their cottages and till their broad lands. In the better portions of the agricultural districts of England only men of ample substance can be farmers. The man who is only the tenant of a farm of five hundred acres in Norfolk, England, must be richer than the owner of the same number of acres, with a good family residence, in Norfolk, Massachusetts. We knew a farmer in Suffolk, which ranks as the second agricultural county in England — Norfolk being the first — who rented two hundred acres, having two thousand pounds of his own; and he was a poor man among English farmers, and had to borrow an additional two thousand at five per cent. in order to cultivate that number of acres properly, and get a return for his own money. This is a fair average in the eastern counties. For every acre that a man cultivates with advantage he must have twenty pounds sterling of private capital. When it is remembered that in the best counties two hundred acres is reckoned a small farm, while an extent of ten, twelve, and fifteen hundred acres is not at all uncommon, it is plain that the farmers of England must be men of wealth, although not one of a thousand is owner of the land which he occupies. The beautiful county of Devon is an exception to what we have been saying. The farms are small in comparison, the dwellings are inferior, and the farmers and their sons labor with their own hands. The same is true of other counties and sections of counties, to the estimated extent of about one half of all the farmers of England, but very much less, of course, than one half the aggregate breadth of the two hundred thousand farms.

It might reasonably be expected that such a class of men as we have described would be somewhat characterized by intelligence, and public spirit, and general influence in society. It is so here and there, but such cases are the exception. One instance, however, is worthy to be particularly noted. The English dissenters are remarkable, in town and country, for the numbers and efficiency of their lay preachers. In the rural districts farmers often occupy a prominent place among these. The patriarch, whose family reunion we have glanced at, was a lay preacher among the Baptists, and regularly addressed his little congregation of peasants on Sabbath evenings. It is no very uncommon case for such a man to devote his Sabbaths entirely to his very rustic and most interesting charge. In addition to preaching once or twice each Sabbath, he will have an efficient Sunday-school to which several hours are devoted, and in which reading and spelling are taught, as well as scriptural lessons, this being, in many instances, the only opportunity which the poor children have for such instruction.

As a class, however, the English farmers take no high rank for general intellectual culture, political intelligence, or true expansion of soul. The farmers of New England are decidedly superior to them in every one of these particulars. They read little, think little, and know little, except what pertains to the cultivation of their farms. Very guiltless are they of meddling with the literature which lies on the centre-tables of their drawing-rooms. The provincial newspaper, which is hardly more than the echo of their own prejudices and narrowness, furnishes their principal reading. For all theoretical knowledge they affect supreme contempt, and honestly believe that, being men of experience, they understand more of political economy than Ricardo, Adam Smith, and McCulloch put together. They are never sent to parliament, or chosen to any office more important than that of poor-law guardian, parish church-warden, or justice of the peace. They are distinguished for a keen appreciation of whatever pertains to the good condition of the body. No tables in all England except those of the nobility — if, indeed, they are to be excepted — groan beneath the burden of such rich and substantial viands. They attend one market at least every week — sometimes two or three — whether or

not they have anything to dispose of, talk with one another about the price of wheat and fat lambs, eat a sumptuous market-dinner at the "White Horse," or "Bull and Mouth," always washing it down with plenty of strong beer and old port; indulge in conversation too often characterized by coarseness and vulgarity; and then, seating themselves once more in their handsome gigs, polished like a mirror, and drawn by sleek horses, they drive home, with faces round and red, like the sun seen through a fog, being more than ever convinced that they are the main pillars of the commonwealth. We have seen them under such circumstances, handsome, proud-looking men, their eyes glistening with other fires than those of genius, reaching forth unto the things which were before with such a very peculiar singleness of aim, that child or lady happening to be in their way, would inevitably have been run down but for a sudden spring to the sidewalk. The rudest and most disagreeable people with whom we ever travelled during a residence of more than ten years in England were farmers returning from a fair, their hands covered with dainty kid gloves, and their brains reeling with the fumes of alcohol; and the most disgraceful riot which occurred in the country in the same period, was a riot of wealthy and well-dressed farmers, at a public meeting respecting the corn laws, in the episcopal city of Lincoln, the butt-ends of their heavy whips being the weapons with which they freely dealt their sturdy blows. Our curious readers may find an account of that remarkable gathering of the "nobility, gentry, farmers, merchants, and others," with wood-engraved illustrations, on pp. 71, 72 of the 16th volume of the "Illustrated London News."

The farmers are ruled in most things by the landlords; who are of the aristocracy. Especially do the landlords make their politics for them, and, as the politics of all aristocracies are mainly to let things be as they are, the farmers are chiefly Tories. Yet they are little kings, and believe themselves to be preëminently the glory of their country and its best hope, because the landlords assure them they are so as often as they pay punctually their ample rents, or when they meet them at an agricultural dinner, and toast them in a bumper of wine.

ARTICLE V.

THE VOTARY.

THY heart is love ; — but hast thou nought
To offer to thy King ?
No jewel, through the wide world sought
Before his throne to fling ?

Hast thou no gold — no rich attire ?
No power thine arm has won ?
No title in the stars of heaven,
Or the bright setting sun ?

Hast thou not formed one soft-hued flower ?
One leaf upon the tree ?
Or given the songster of the bower
One note of minstrelsy ?

Then bring a wave of yonder sea,
A breath of fickle wind,
A ray of light — whatever be
The offspring of thy mind.

What ! hast thou nought ? art thou so poor ?
And wilt thou dare to cry
For mercy, at the lofty throne
Of His infinity ?

Poor am I, naked, weak ; yet this
Shall my best offering be :
I seek the gifts that have no price
He doth extend to me.

And though I come in poverty,
Yet hath my heart such love —
Fain would I give the world below,
The glorious heaven above !

Though all were mine, my heart would lay
Its glory at His feet ;

And mid the lowest of his saints
His look of pardon meet.

This is his choice, a humble heart,
A love that cannot end ;
Who hath it, owns the universe,
And calls its King his friend.

ARTICLE VI.

OUR SABBATH-SCHOOL LITERATURE.

WE wish the churches would pass a decree that our Sabbath-school literature should be drawn and quartered. Let one quarter be thrown on the burning pile with those books of the "vagabond Jews, exorcists, which used curious arts," in Ephesus. For this class of instrumentalities, like "the seven sons of Sceva," call in vain "over them which have evil spirits, the name of the Lord Jesus." The defiant reply will continue to come back, "Jesus I know, and Paul I know ; but who are ye ?" A second quarter might be placed in some cheap week-day library, where the people are specially partial to union books, which, while they aim at no particular truth or good, yet manage either to communicate considerable general information, or to afford much exciting semi-tragic or dramatic entertainment. The third quarter might, perhaps, be profitably assigned to some of the modern institutions for feeble-minded youth. While the fourth could be returned uneclipsed to the schools to do, as in the past, their noble work of opening the way to heaven's great luminary, the Bible ; attractively unfolding Christian experience and life ; and strengthening the hearts and hands of all those who are laboring to feed Christ's sheep and lambs ; thus blessing our children, our churches, and the world, to all coming time.

And of whom might the churches require the execution of their decree so appropriately as of the publishing society which

they have called into being, sustained by their contributions, and made their depository? Will it be said that the society is unable to resist the call for exciting and amusing stories, and must compete with general publishers in supplying books that will sell? Then why do we longer need the society? But might not the churches enable the society to resist the tide and establish a correct and wholesome taste for reading by purchasing only such books as could be fully endorsed by the most efficient, careful, and rigid board of managers? Is the piety of the present day so weak in resistance as to afford no hope that the churches, coöperating with the society, would be able to lift up an efficient standard against the prevailing evil? We do not believe it. The great rebellion against constitutional truth must and shall be broken. What we need is, that attention be roused and fixed on the subject; and that both the dangers and the remedy be clearly pointed out. As with the officers of an army, who must give place to others if they fail of meeting the demands of their position, so in Sabbath-school literature, failure is fatal, and success is of more consequence infinitely than that our boards be filled with timid, harmless, popular men, even though they may have large societies and patronage to bring with them. Such men may answer well enough in times of peace and safety; but when danger comes, the salvation of the cause demands self-sacrificing courage and efficiency.

It is easy to see that the fault may belong to both the society and the churches. In most coöperative efforts, wrong, when it exists, is mutual. "Like people, like priest." Here is a large congregation with an unusually large proportion of young people. With great liberality the church determines to secure the purest, most religiously useful, and attractive Sabbath-school library that is possible. They do not believe in the dignity of dulness, and so their committee exclude most that is dry, heavy, and prolix, on the one hand, as well as most that is flashy and fictitious on the other. After large outlay of means, and great pains and care in selecting with reference to the wants of both scholars and teachers, it is found, in a little time, that the library is not generally used. The best books stand on the shelves from week to week unread. What now is to be done? Let us suppose that instead of setting themselves diligently to

the task of correcting the dangerous taste, and stimulating interest in those books which are of greatest value, thus nipping the evil in the bud, the church yield to the notion that their library must be changed for one that is written more in the spicy and extravagant style of modern light literature, that will be read, will carry its own weight, and also prove a decided attraction to the school. Say the committee, our children and youth will not eat plain and wholesome food, therefore we will furnish them highly seasoned and stimulating viands. If we do not remove the plain loaf altogether, we will place by the side of it the attractive confectionery, and let our children take their choice. Often the committee have not the time or the patience to make a careful examination of the merits of each and all the books to be purchased. So they pack up their carefully and conscientiously selected library and return with it to the depository, requesting that it be exchanged for books that will be read. They add, we must have as attractive a library as our neighboring churches, or we shall lose our scholars and our congregation.

Now comes the temptation to the society : shall they be firm and exert just the conservative influence which is needed, and for which they are appointed ? Or will they fall back upon rum-sellers' plea ; they will have these books, somebody will sell them, and we can best guard against abuses ? It is an age of compliance and compromises. Puritan firmness and strictness is at a discount. Let us suppose that instead of answering, we cannot comply with your demand. This is just the object for which we have our organization and our hold on the churches for support, to secure that only unexceptionable and positively good books shall be read by our schools. The fault is with the parents and teachers of your congregation. You have a great work to do at home and in connection with just such books as these, and if you fail to do it you will drift out upon a stormy sea, as sure as effect follows cause or darkness the setting sun. Instead of saying this, we will suppose the officers of the society make a compromise. They propose to open the door (and when once open, even a little, it will prove like the rat-hole in the Holland dikes) to religious stories, or romances, with various caveats, apologies, and protestations of

truthfulness. Or what is just as bad, if not worse, they will weave the desired fiction around a basis of facts in such a way that the children cannot tell when they are reading fact and when fiction. Like the ancient oracles, it will be equivocal, and the children may call it romance and the parents call it truth, and so both be reconciled to it. Even the plainest matters of fact shall be shrouded in mystery, or bedizened with highly-wrought pictures. It shall open with a new grave in a strange, dark forest. It shall weave in plenty of mystery and moonlight, it shall borrow modestly the drapery of the theatre, and hint of love and marriage, as in the fashionable novel. And as for the other desired books which they clearly cannot publish, they will send out for them to all the irresponsible publishers, and thus return to the committee a large variety from which to select, adding the hope that the reading of a few of their best books may possibly be secured.

Look now at the wrong and injury done by and to both parties. The churches will soon come to say, there is not much difference between the books of the society and those of other publishers. At least there is no safety in trusting to their selection, for they send us as many kinds as the animals, "clean and unclean," that entered the ark. We might as well buy at one place as another, and if we are to have novels let us have the genuine. While the church committee, carrying home their miscellaneous and attractive library, find it sufficiently sought after indeed; but they also soon find that they have made every other religious instrumentality dull to the younger portion of their congregation. The Bible is a very tame book. The plain and honest preaching of the gospel is insipid and tedious. Family catechetical and biblical instruction is no longer tolerable. The children, one here and another there, are absorbed in devouring the last and most stirring religious tales that the weary superintendent in his weekly search could obtain. And, in no long time, the young people of the congregation who have now fully taken the reins and whip into their own hands, rise up and demand a style of preaching, of concerts, prayer-meetings, and all things, to correspond with their new and brilliant Sabbath-school literature. It will also be found, as in the use of intoxicating drinks, that the exciting element must be gradually

increased until the insatiable appetite is formed for the whole-intoxicating flood of demoralizing romance.

When we consider who the readers of our Sabbath-school literature are, we cannot easily exaggerate the evils under which we are laboring. They are the dependence of all our missionary and benevolent organizations for the next generation, a generation on which are to fall the responsibilities of perhaps the most important and critical period of the world's existence. And it is because we appreciate the good and great work which Sabbath-schools are to accomplish, that we are so jealous of this incoming tide of evil. These readers are now in the impressible and formative period of character. "Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." Says Archbishop Whately, "As hardly anything can accidentally touch the soft clay without stamping its mark on it, so, hardly any reading can interest a child without contributing in some degree, though the book itself be afterwards totally forgotten, to form the character; and the parents, therefore, who, merely requiring from him a certain course of *study*, pay little or no attention to story-books, are educating him they know not how." And in another place the same distinguished author adds: "It is very important to warn all readers of the influence likely to be exercised in the formation of their opinions, *indirectly*, and by works not professedly argumentative, such as poems and tales. Fletcher, of Saltoun, said he would let any one have the making of the laws of a country, if he might have the making of their ballads." As in the four seasons there is but one sowing time, so life's spring-time is to decide what shall be the summer growth, the autumn harvest, and the winter experience. Preaching to adults, fearful as is the responsibility, may be of less consequence than the moral instruction and guidance of the young. We were told of a sceptical leader of a choir who boasted that with the tune after sermon he could *neutralize* the best discourse. Beyond question a perverted taste for reading formed in youth is likely to prove a fatal mistake, rendering all after efforts of parents and ministers futile. Worthless and bad books are fully as pernicious as are worthless and bad companions for our children.

Shall, then, the publication of our Sabbath-school literature

be left to irresponsible and speculating book-traders? Shall the men or the societies of surpassing advertising abilities, that can fill their shelves with the most salable and highly-wrought tales and pictures, supply the books for our Sabbath-schools? Shall the writers of our Sabbath-school books be in any cases those who could write nothing else, or who think the great object is to dilute the gospel and artfully conceal two grains of wheat in three bushels of chaff? After all our boasted advance in general education, shall we treat our Sabbath-school children and youth as if they were mere babies that could understand or would be interested in little but prattle and twattle? Shall a prime object of the library be to excite attention and compete with promiscuous town libraries for readers, just as some noisy superintendents seem to think the great object of the Sabbath-school concert of prayer is to gather a crowd and have a grand time? Shall we allow our question-books to be prepared by goodish men with high pretensions founded on higher-life views, or men with large professions of charity based upon "union" and "liberal" tendencies? Shall our hymn and tune books be compiled by the person who can give the best dramatic effect to an entertainment?

We are not to suppose the managers of Sabbath-schools to be always fully competent to select only the good from a mass of doggerel and rubbish placed in their hands. Think of the tremendous spiritual effect when, of a sudden, the singing comes to a dead pause while a faint strain of voices is heard from some ante-room or from the horse-shed, sometimes called the "stove-pipe echo"; everybody begins to wonder who, where, and what it is. Is it really angels coming over the place as once over Bethlehem? But the more they think of it the better they become satisfied that the occasion does not call for it and it is not; and soon their expression of breathless amazement is turned into sardonic smiles of disgust at being trifled with. If any one has come to that school or meeting with the purpose of presenting serious truth, he now makes up his mind that he will not be heard unless he can sugar-coat and season after the highest French method; and so the sweetening and spicing goes on increasing in each exercise to the end of the service. At four or five successive Sabbath-school concerts we have

heard the hymn (if we must call it a hymn) sung with great enthusiasm, commencing, "We love to sing together." The tune is even more silly than the words, which is saying much. In each stanza, the words "we love," are repeated ten times, almost in succession. First the girls sing, then the boys and girls; then again the girls, and after them the boys and girls, then follows the full chorus. The grand, climacteric, concluding stanza closes, on a high key, with, "We love, we love, we love, we love, we love to be together; we love, we love, we love, we love, we love to be together." Undoubtedly they do. And the hearers have had ample time and hints to think of various things which they love. No one can hear the performance without being reminded of the deacon who repeatedly undertook to "raise the tune," but each time could get on no farther than, "I love to steal." Here is another taken from the *very* popular "Sabbath-School Bell":

"Will you come to our Sunday-school?
I really wish you would;
O come and join our Bible-class,
And learn how to be good.
Will you, will you, will you, will you
Join our Sunday-school?"

Let the reader think how such "Mother Goose" melodies compare with the simple and significant songs of Watts, which never yet failed to interest and impress children. Several years ago we were called to the bedside of a hardened old man who was about to die. We tried in vain to interest him in religious subjects until, at last, we asked him if he had received an early religious education. In a moment his countenance changed, and tears streamed from his eyes as he replied, "O yes, I had a pious mother who taught me to repeat the hymn,

"Behold the wretch, whose lust and wine
Have wasted his estate!
He begs a share among the swine,
To taste the husks they eat."

We are confirmed in the belief that we are not overstating the evils of our Sabbath-school literature by the reports which are beginning to come to us from the most discerning and earnest Christian workers in the churches. Many are waking to

the question whether it would not be better to cast out Sabbath-school libraries altogether. For who wishes to give his money at the annual collection for the purchase of many of the very books which he is striving to keep out of his family? Some parents utterly forbid their children to bring home books from the library. There are cheap religious novels enough lying around and creeping in everywhere, like the frogs of Egypt. We have heard of one superintendent who always accompanies the giving out of books with an exhortation not to read them on the Sabbath; not thinking, perhaps, that their week-day reading might spoil their taste for proper Sabbath-day reading. A highly accomplished Christian mother told us with deep sorrow that she had no difficulty in interesting her children in Bible instructions in her room on the Sabbath until these miserable story-books were introduced into the schools. Our own attention was called to this subject by incidentally finding the strangest Sabbath-school books in the hands of our children. They have come again and again with their doubts about the propriety of their reading such books. For a long time we could not believe that other schools were as unfortunate as our own. A wider investigation filled us with amazement and grief. In the desire to interest and please some books had been purchased which covertly taught the peculiar tenets of other denominations. Others were written without the least effort to inculcate religious truth or produce spiritual impression, except, perhaps, a page or two of forced scripture quotation, or a dry, mechanical religious homily thrown in somewhere as a hard necessity, and which we were assured the children, in their eagerness to pursue the thrilling story, instinctively skip over with as much ease as the greyhound scales the dry log in his engrossing pursuit of the artful fox. In some of these books objectionable sentiments, unworthy aims of life, and vulgar conversation were freely introduced, and not very manifestly, if at all, censured or condemned. Some teachers find the minds of their pupils so weakened and their tastes so perverted by the reading which is allowed them, that the only way they can engage and fix the attention of their classes is to resort to similar stories, and throughout the week their minds are on the rack to find exciting anecdotes or extravagant pic-

tures and illustrations with which to entertain their scholars. The result is that whole schools, if you question them about the leading truths and saving doctrines of the gospel, are almost as indefinite and bewildered in their answers as are some of our literary theological students on examination for licensure and ordination.

We have found it to be a very significant fact that all the Sabbath-school publishing societies and houses, both in this country and in England, have entered, either openly and fully or in some modified form, upon this course of story-printing and semi-religious fiction. Even the New York Tract Society, so stanch in some things, has been tampered with, and a little seduced. None seem wholly able to resist the clamor of the age for the pleasing and fanciful. Perhaps we may find here the chief and germinal evil in Sabbath-school literature. Fiction once introduced, has, like gaming, a bewitching charm for the young, and is, like water, of such a facile nature that it is difficult to limit and restrain it. Hence the flood-gates will open to all that is deficient, superficial, and flippant, as well as positively erratic and injurious. It seems to be the danger of the times to lose confidence in simple gospel truth and the divinely appointed means of grace, and to go abroad to the devices of the world for instrumentalities that are broader and better adapted to meet the tastes and move the sensibilities of all classes. We have heard a pastor confess his opinion that the plain scripture truth on which the earlier preachers relied would not do for our day; the people would not be satisfied with it. And so we must resort to the attractions of literature to help out the tame gospel. We must bring the forces of history, the charms of poetry, and enter the boundless domain of the imaginative, if we would draw and save the people. Is it wonderful, therefore, that the "Lay Element," about which we hear so much in certain quarters of late, should have caught the same spirit, and, with the bold ignorance of the fabled Icarus, entered upon the work of sticking waxen wings upon our Sabbath-school literature? "Is it not because there is no God in Israel, that ye have sent to inquire of Baalzebub, the god of Ekron?"

Why is this resort to the style of romance and fiction, unless

it be to gratify a craving for pleasurable emotion? If a sound and wholesome taste were sought to be met and cultivated, interesting and important truth, written in a clear and lively manner, would amply suffice. And we would advocate no stupid, turgid, cold, formal style; no platitudes and commonplace statements; no dry, logical arguments, most assuredly. Nor is there need of it. There is a broad field of stirring fact, strictly truthful narrative, poetic sentiment, instructive reasoning, and persuasive argument and appeal, open to the writers of positively religious books for children. What a rich and exhaustless variety the Psalmist points out when he says, "They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power; to make known to the sons of men his mighty acts, and the glorious majesty of his kingdom." Only let the authors be the wisest, ablest, and most fervent that the church affords, and a deep and permanent interest will be secured which shall merit the entire confidence of ministers and parents, who have a right to be solicitous that their efforts to guard and save the children be not defeated. Dr. Alexander has well said, in the introduction to one of his little volumes, that it is a great mistake to suppose that all the Sabbath-school books should be adapted to the capacities of children. The adult members of a congregation should be invited to the school, and the exercises and library be such as to interest and profit old and young. But to gather there the various classes of professional and business men, the intelligent and thoughtful women, and then offer them story-books to read, such as "Aunt Judy's Tales," with "Cook Stories," "Rabbits' Tails," &c., and invite all to rise and join in singing "Willie and I, Willie and I," borders on the comic and satiric. That we have many excellent children's hymns and books which all older persons can join in singing and reading with profit and delight, we do not mean to deny. But this only sets the ridiculous ones which are often most selected from certain politic considerations, in greater contrast. If we must, let there be fewer books, and they better read; or let there be no books at all rather than that the silly, the extravagant, and the corrupting should weaken and pervert the taste for all that is good and substantial.

But in the preparation of books strictly for children, the

arguments for resorting to petty tales and the style of romance are weak and fallacious. It is astonishing that among Christian men the great argument should be, that the substantial and good books will not be much read and cannot so readily be sold. This, if it were true, would be no valid reason. No doubt if the two classes be placed together, both in seamen's and children's libraries, the former will bear the marks of use, while the latter will return mostly with the leaves clean and uncut. The same would often prove true, undoubtedly, if the first were far worse than they are, even positively and directly vicious. Wholesome food and drinks would, many times, return untouched, if the savory and stimulating were freely placed with them in the storehouse. Only remove altogether from the table your dainty preserves, your painted candies and sparkling wines, and appetite for the wholesome fruits of Nature will return, and with it strength, beaming health, and joyful activity. We have lately seen the experiment tried in one Sabbath-school with the happiest results. One of our ablest and best superintendents, after much examination and thought, became disgusted with the large majority of the common Sabbath-school books, and swept them from his shelves. With the assistance of his pastor and a committee of the church, who were fully in sympathy with him, and after the most patient care and toil in gleaning, a library was gathered consisting of the truest and best religious books which could be found, written and printed with ability and good taste. In their wide search, they were told, over and over again, that their books would not be read, and their library would prove a failure. When the task was accomplished, the attention both of parents and scholars was particularly called to the great value of profitable and safe reading in contrast with the superficial and enervating, and effort was made to interest all in the thorough perusal of the volumes which had been so carefully selected. Parents and teachers began to reflect that in securing the reading of these books real and great good would certainly be accomplished. Discouragement was thus thrown upon *all* miscellaneous and novel reading. In a few months the minister and teachers began to see a difference in the attention and interest of those whom they addressed, and a precious revival of religion was

experienced in the school. Doubtless other agencies were important ; but without this purification of the library they might all have been neutralized. Never were the Sabbath-school books more generally drawn and read both by youth and adults. One of the deacons has been heard to say that the library was never before so efficient, and that he was reading these books from week to week with the greatest profit. We have taken pains to inquire of the children, and without exception they have said, We never liked the books so well. And all this is perfectly natural and legitimate. For there is always an unpleasant reaction after finishing an exciting or unauthorized and questionable fiction, as there is always a loss of self-respect after the indulgence of passion or any groundless excitement. Indeed the first impression of many religious novels may be good, like the first warming and cheering effect of brandy. A parent may report to a publishing-house, My child went right to her room to pray after reading your last story-book ; but even this should not be received as decisive evidence of the value of the book. The same effect might be produced on a child thoroughly educated in the Gospel, by some touching passages in the writings of Dickens, who has never yet, so far as we have seen, recognized the Christian system. Hundreds and thousands have been drawn to the "anxious seat" by the heated harangues of an ardent but superficial preacher or "exhorter," only to become more hardened and sceptical in after-life ; and we have long observed that, as in the case of Julian the apostate, it is from this class that a large proportion of the leaders and champions of credulous infidels and bitter liberals are drawn. The cause is plain. There is not a religious basis of doctrinal truth in such harangues sufficient to make the sudden interest rational, salutary, and permanent. It requires much more than the rousing of the sympathies and better feelings of the soul to change the character of man. "Sanctify them through thy truth ; thy word is truth."

This craving for unnatural stimulants in Sabbath-school reading is the evidence of a diseased state of mind. Furnishing stimulants but increases the rising fever, and if persisted in will bring on delirium. It is a law of mind that whatever is sought and indulged for pleasurable excitement as an end, shall not

only aggravate the restless and insatiable craving, demanding a steady increase of the exciting element, but also react upon the mind to demoralize it permanently. The same inevitable rule applies to stimulating reading as to smoking, drinking, gaming, and the theatrical passion. The grosser indulgences are not reached at a bound. At first they are not relished. A beginning must be made with the mild wines, the sweetened brandy, in the most respectable company and place, and with the temporary refreshing and pleasing results. "At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

But we think we have been considering an extreme case, which we could afford to yield in the argument. It is surely a very small portion of the later issues of Sabbath-school story-books of which it could be said that they induced any child or youth to go alone and pray. Certainly many of them tend to dissipate the mind, and unfit and disincline it either to pray or to study the Bible, and even to read books of science and history. We have heard Christian parents sorrowfully say that their children were already beginning to ask for a class of novels which cannot be found even at Sabbath-school depositories. In a neighboring village a town library was recently called for and liberally supplied. The librarian soon found that almost the only books drawn are the flashy and inflammatory novels (generally written by sceptics who have little else to do but gain a livelihood,) which so rapidly succeed each other, like the foamy bubbles of the agitated sea. And we think the clamor for this town library, and the quality of the books demanded, can be traced back quite directly to the prevailing character of the Sabbath-school books of half a dozen rival societies in the place. And now, after the churches, with their "wide-awake superintendents" and their "lively Sabbath-schools," have greatly stimulated, if not created this morbid passion for the frivolous and unreal, we are gravely told by certain apologists that there is a natural taste in the young for the imaginative and the fictitious, which we must use and control for good. If such an argument were allowed to the rum-seller as valid, the cause of temperance reform might forever despair. Perhaps it is a new theological "taste scheme," specially diluted and adapted to children, and will surely have the great merit of being popular

both with the children and their confectioners. We suppose premature senility must be guarded against in the religious as in the natural life. A very good, cautious, but rather politic and narrow spirit, is in danger of meekly submitting to all kinds of moral compromises of good and bad, and of allowing prudence and charity to degenerate into a kind of chronic timidity or indolent hopefulness. The only preventive is a larger mixture of the old, rugged, Puritanic and apostolic element of Christian doctrine.

By a peculiarly successful device of Satan, the town library alluded to (and perhaps it is the common practice) is open chiefly on Saturday afternoon and evening, as the sermons of certain popular and rattle-headed ministers and the serial "love and murder" stories are printed in the Saturday papers, that as many as possible may be kept from, or be unfitted for, the house of God by this spawn of ruinous reading. No storm will prevent these victims of attractive literature, who were but lately, if they are not now, members of Sabbath-schools and readers of their small fictions, from drawing their full quota of Saturday books. And late into the night, and into early dawn of Sabbath, or perhaps through the sanctuary hours, they may be found excitedly poring over the wonderful tales. If they attend the public worship, or the Sabbath-school service, they are in a condition not much more hopeful of benefit by the sermons and prayers than is the drooping, vacant-minded inebriate after his night of dissipation. Many a minister wonders why he has so feeble a hold upon his younger hearers in the sermon; wonders why the little cloud of spiritual promise which now and then rises in the horizon so uniformly vanishes rainless away. If at any time an impression is manifestly made upon any soul, there is some unaccountable influence which never fails to scatter and dissolve it. But let him search diligently, and he will find in many a home and under many a pillow the stimulating novel, which proves as effectual in the dissipation of conviction and soul-trouble as was the "brown jug" to the oft-convicted farmer of whom Dr. Spenser tells us in his Sketches.

There is one other argument by which, as a last resort, religious novels for Sabbath-schools are sought to be justified; and

it is that which almost every bad cause in turn has attempted to make available. It is said the Bible employs fiction, as in its parables, types, and allegories; and that it contains stories without much religious truth or spiritual impression, as in its books of Ruth and Esther. It would seem hardly possible for any one to reason thus who had ever studied, or even carefully read these great inspired productions. Do these books bear any resemblance to the modern story-books? Are they simply *founded* on fact? Is any liberty taken in filling out the pictures, or even in supplying fictitious names? Or do they not more nearly resemble memoirs and narratives of unadorned facts, such as it is said our Sabbath-school children will not read? We do not know where to find books more direct and simple, and yet more full of the great truths and practical lessons of religion. We should like to light upon a few such volumes among our modern publications for Sabbath-schools. We have a few older ones that have taken unchallenged rank among our best Christian literature. So fast as such works as "Pilgrim's Progress," and some of Hannah More's, such as "Parley, the Porter," and the "Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," shall appear, we will welcome them to our homes and schools. That a very few such may have lately been published we will not deny. But these, and such as these, are the very ones that are set aside as tame and uninteresting, and their places supplied with "Tabby's Travels," "Jenny and the Birds," "How I rose in the World," "The Old Red House," &c.

As to the parables and allegories of the Bible, they are the teachings of inspiration, and therefore absolutely true and safe in their teachings and impressions. But this affords no reason for confiding such precious interests to every writer who may attempt to mingle fiction and fact for our children. It is so much "easier to misrepresent than to tell the exact truth. There is but one truth in regard to a fact, but there may be innumerable falsehoods." We by no means object to the use of the imagination by an author in stating, illustrating, and impressing religious truth. But we want to be secure from the thousand exaggerations and false colorings which are so imminent to those who venture, unguided by the Divine Spirit, into the boundless and trackless realm of possibilities. We want the

very wisest, maturest, and best minds to guide us and our dear ones, if we are to be led across the bounds of the known and real. We want to be satisfied that the writers are not seeking chiefly to please, not making the excitement of pleasant feeling and of curiosity an end, so that they may find numerous readers and buyers. Says the late Professor Dr. Clement Long:

“The so-called religious novels have, for the most part, made religion but a poor apology for the excitement of a morbid sensibility. . . . An author of merit will go before his age. He will not be contented to reflect only the spirit of his time, conforming himself to its prejudices and feelings. He will have ideas and sentiments in advance of his contemporaries, belonging to himself, and instead of going back to them, he endeavors to bring them forward to his own position. And if his views should not be agreeable to their taste, he will not, for such a reason, suppress them, because he cares more for truth than for men. But the popular writer, whose sole object is to gratify his readers, communicates nothing of his own to them, but studies their views and feelings, and reproduces themselves, thus humoring their tastes and exciting their self-complacency. He thus exaggerates instead of reforming their defects.

“When I speak of the wrong and the inexpediency of reading works whose end it is to please, I do not allude only to such as stimulate vicious passions, or inculcate wrong principles. They may be perfectly free from all positive immorality, but if their end is the production of agreeable feeling, they are neither worthy nor proper to be read. And the principle I lay down is that excitement is not, in its nature, an end. The feeling of pity for a fellow-creature in distress, for example, is not produced for the sake of the excitement. We do not feel because we wish to feel, but because we forget ourselves and our feelings, and the object of pity seizes our minds with power. To throw the object into the background, and direct the interest to the feeling, is perfectly unnatural. And this is what those writers do whose ultimate purpose it is to arouse the feelings of their readers. This is what those readers do who read for excitement. Such writers and readers are immoral. And at the same time they neither confer nor receive intellectual benefit. These authors are intellectually wrong; and the principle of their authorship is of the lowest kind.”

It is of just this manifest aim to meet the popular taste that we complain. It is against the gross exaggerations and multi-form untruthfulness, as well as lack of religious soul and spirit-

ual power in our modern Sabbath-school books, that we enter our earnest protest. Here is a volume which opens in this excited and extravagant manner :

“ Little Antoinette, come hither ! Antoinette, my babe, my blessing, my glory ! come back to me from the grave’s dark portals. Stand in this summer light, the sunshine resting on that dear, golden hair. Stand with that white hand uplifted, those holy eyes beaming with the serene love of Christ-like childhood, that graceful bend of body and poise of foot, as thou wert wont to spring to my knee.

“ Antoinette, my blameless one, my love, my darling ! Laying on my heart so, as in the olden time, thy lips to mine — those lips that never said an unkind word ; oh, the fragrance of those little, crimson portals ! Tell me, my child-angel, tell me, my sinless one, what thou hast seen in heaven.”

Just now, we have been having the so-popular “ Tim, the Scissors-grinder.” Where was there ever, in reality, such a wonder of success as Tim, and when was the world so easy to reform and change ? If such a body ever really existed, there would have been felt no need of his wearing any veil of concealment and fiction. For the truth would be strange enough even to satisfy the demands of the day, and he would be a living miracle to whom the whole world would be drawn out into the wilderness “ for to see.” He has more than the enchanting spell of Aladdin’s lamp. With a sweet smile, and a word or two, he can bring anybody right to the feet of Christ, and very soon on to the mountains of Beulah. Harlan Page sinks into insignificance in the comparison. Moreover, there is a charm about the other characters of the book enough to give it a wide sale, they turn out so prosperously and desirably. We do not wonder that a shrewd and excellent unmarried lady came to the book-store, and with an air of earnestness inquired for the town in which Tim lived, remarking that she should like to live there, for all the young ladies in that town were certain to find good husbands.

There is a sure remedy for the evil tendencies of our Sabbath-school literature. Let pastors and parents examine the books of their library. We are convinced they do not generally know the character of the books which, by various devices, find their way there. The consequences to our churches are

so momentous that the time and pains required cannot be better employed. Let the churches and ministers also demand that there be at least one depository where only good and safe books, and books of real and permanent value, shall be kept or countenanced. And then let them patronize and sustain that depository, at whatever trouble and cost. Is it of little consequence to make sure of one place where unpoisoned, and positively nutritious food can be obtained for your families and societies? And above all, higher and more spiritual views must be taken of the Sabbath-school work. Christians must be made to feel the tremendous responsibility of preparing and selecting reading for children and youth. It must not be left to the superficial, the bold, and the self-interested, however ardent they may be. The Sabbath-school must be kept to its legitimate aim of aiding, not leading the church and ministry. Its use is a subordinate one, that of rendering the divinely appointed means of grace more effectual, not of superseding and destroying confidence in them.

The tastes of children and youth should be preserved pure and natural, so that the divine and beautiful simplicity of the Gospel may not lose its charms for them; so that the work of parents in guarding their reading and education may not be rendered more difficult, nor the addresses of pastors on the saving themes of religion be despoiled of their power. The concert should not be an exhibition, but a meeting for prayer, and for the interest and profit of parents and teachers, as well as of children. And if the children of Christian parents are converted while in the Sabbath-school, it should be remembered that they would probably be converted if there were no Sabbath-school.

We love the Sabbath-school, and yield to none in our desire to see it made the most useful and efficient instrumentality in the cause of our Redeemer that is possible. It should not be forgotten that they are our real friends who snatch us from peril, and lift us up to higher and firmer positions of effort; not those who say pleasant things of us, while they leave us the more satisfied to grope on in the mire, or to float on the easy current over the cataract.

ARTICLE VII.

SHORT SERMONS.

“Forgetting those things which are behind.” — *Philippians 3: 13.*

NOT literally. Memory has a proper work to do in recalling past incidents : meditation may also profitably linger around them, to draw from them lessons of various wisdom.

Yet the habit of excessive retrospection is bad. It enfeebles, confuses, discourages, hinders. The organs of vision were put in the front of our heads for a purpose. The Christian is not a waterman, looking backward while pulling forward ; but a traveller, with eye and foot both turned in the same direction.

Forsaking or letting go the things which are behind, is the idea. What things ?

(a) The extravagant hopes of early years. These are natural enough to the period which produces them. But they are largely unfounded in good sense ; are fanciful, foolish, and wholly unsuited to maturer life. “When I became a man, I put away childish things.”

(b) Undertakings for which experience has proved our unfitness. It is useless to go on repeating old failures in any line of effort, caused by our incompetency. Probably there is something, which everybody may do well, that will benefit the community. If there were less pride and ambition in the world, it would not be so difficult to discover what that thing is, either for ourselves or our children.

(c) All habits which are hurtful to ourselves or others. They may be mental, spiritual, physical ; private, domestic, public. The question is not — are they pleasant, gainful, or hard to give up ? But, are they evil ?

(d) Quarrels and difficulties with others. These should be reconciled and forgotten oftener than returning communion-seasons. They should never survive a sunset. (Eph. iv. 26.) Keeping up old grudges is as stupid as it is wicked. It makes a dyspeptic stomach, and a miserably lean and graceless soul.

(e) Sins which we have repented of. If this has been sincerely done, we have nothing more to do with them. Our Surety has taken charge of that account, and settled it. We may remember them for caution and humiliation ; but not with anxiety nor discomfort. Faith in Christ forbids it as a sinful distrust of his promise of a full absolution to the genuine penitent.

Cut the traces of all these drags, and leave them as near the bottom of the hill as possible.

"I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." — *Philippians* 3 : 14.

WHAT mark? Not a prize of earthly ambition in any of the countless forms of this world's alluring toys or treasures. Paul was in pursuit of such a mark when he was reading law at the feet of Gamaliel; and when he was pushing on to Damascus, at the head of an armed police, to harry the Christians. But he lived long enough to find that God's high calling is higher than these objects. It includes —

(a) A true culture of our individual natures. This demands personal religion. All self-culture which omits the training of our souls to holiness, is false. God's spirit is the only sufficient educator of a human spirit. Be our other attainments however complete, they are fatally deficient, if they have a less purpose than to "be holy, and without blame before Him in love."

(b) A higher measure of Christian activity. How much of this we should exercise is to be determined by our capacities, and opportunities of influence. Whatever the best attainable culture of gifts and graces can prepare us to accomplish for God and man, may be set down as the extent of our duty. Doing good to others is the ultimate object of getting good to ourselves. This glorifies God, whose spiritual activity we should emulate, so far as our finite being will allow.

(c) The state of heavenly blessedness. This crowns the final victor. It is the end of faith, and hope, and perseverance. The Christian's grandest prize is the inheritance undefiled, indestructible, that fadeth not away. It is the last mountain-top which lifts its sunlit summit far into the warm sky;

"Where we shall walk in soft white light
With kings and priests abroad;
And we shall summer high in bliss,
Upon the hills of God."

Two further thoughts. To reach this mark requires a steady, earnest, unfainting struggle. "I press." There is a world of determination and striving in that word. It is all necessary. — Success in 'this pressing toward' lies entirely in the help, the presence, the gift of Jesus Christ. There is no high calling of God out of Christ. There is no gaining the prize of life and glory save in and through his redemption.

ARTICLE VIII.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Spirit of Hebrew Poetry. By ISAAC TAYLOR. With a Biographical Introduction. By William Adams, D. D. 8vo. pp. 386. New York. 1862.

WRITERS, whose thoughts have powerfully moulded our mental characters, hold us not only by an admiration of their abilities but by an affection for their persons, and even names. We were collegians when the earlier volumes of this strong and imaginative author began to arrest the attention of the reading public; and now, at the age of almost fourscore years, the eye of this veteran in letters is not dim, nor his natural force abated. The papers of his "Saturday Evening" were almost a text-book with us for a decade, and his "Natural History of Enthusiasm" has left nothing more to be supplied on that difficult theme. In the present volume, the ingenious, penetrating, appreciative analysis, which gave us the inner life of Methodism and of Jesuitism, has opened to view the Spirit of the Hebrew Poems, not so much as compositions of high creative genius from a human point of criticism, as being the medium of the communication of the Divine thought and emotion to men. The investigation thus assumes, to some extent, the apologetic form, and defends, against recent as well as earlier cavillers, the reality of an inspiration from God in these ancient odes and lyrics. These points are ably handled, and with every indication of thoroughly matured reflection. With this important inquiry, various other matters are fittingly interspersed; as, a landscape-painting of the old patriarchal home of the sacred muse, around which the writer throws a charm not inferior to that which veils in beauty the isles and shores of Hellas; also we have an historical account of the growth of the Hebrew literature; and other disquisitions upon separate topics of biblical criticism — the books of Job, Psalms, the Song of Songs, the earlier and later prophets; and some concluding observations concerning the continuance of Hebrew poetry and prophecy, to the end of time.

Artistically, we question the contrivance which converts a common 12mo. into a seeming 8vo. volume, by encircling the page with a black line that offends the eye as a mechanical impertinence, and needlessly increases the price. But this is not the author's fault. With

some tangential tendencies at here and there a curve of his track, we regard him as one of the foremost thinkers of his day. He never wearies with a wordy dulness. Earnest, independent, devoutly Christian in his own soul, he puts life and power into other spirits. His long-lived vitality is surprising. In one of his early books he says, "that the imagination is the chrysanthemum of the intellectual garden." How beautifully this fall-flower is still blooming in his well-kept *parterre*. May it blossom far into the winter!

Text-Book of Church History. By DR. JOHN HENRY KURTZ, Professor of Theology in the University of Dorpat, &c., &c. 2 vols. 8vo. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blackiston. 1862.

WHEN we began the study of ecclesiastical history some twenty-five years ago, Mosheim and Milner were our only accessible guides. What additional furnishing of this department has since been supplied to American scholars may be suggested by the names of Neander, Milman, Guericke, Gieseler, Hagenbach, Schaff, Kurtz, to say nothing of authors in this fruitful field who have not as yet been habited in an English dress. We read a century in Mosheim to get the skeleton, sinews, muscles of the age; and then the same century in Milner to get its soul of piety and true Christian life. Of nothing is the Apostle's word truer than of Church History, that the body without the spirit is dead; we think the *deadest* of all things "plucked up by the roots" and laid out to dry. We liked Milner best, for the unction which everywhere run down his skirts like Aaron's holy oil. And for this reason, among all the later masters in this department of sacred letters, Neander is our favorite. We cannot say (with one of our brother clergymen) that he is admirable for "light-reading;" but we have read his massive volumes from beginning to end, foot-notes and all, with a richer sense of substantial remuneration than ordinarily has been our experience among the doctors in the schools of the prophets. His *sense* of the presence of a devout heart in the individuals who require his attention, is wonderfully quick and accurate. His sympathy with Christ works like a magnet to draw towards him whatever really gracious affection is around him, though feeble and sadly buried beneath contemporary errors and follies. Neither is he free from these in forms of grave deflection from what we believe to be the "good old way;" but, while we should not accept him as a safe guide in sacred criticism at all points, and object to not a little of his reasonings upon special facts, preferring to draw our own philosophical conclusions sometimes, he is our *primus inter principes* as a narrator of

the grand and glorious fortunes of the kingdom of Christ thus far among men.

We would earnestly advise our ministers to take time sufficient to read and digest that princely work. It will give them sermons like an inspiration. But for purposes of seminary instruction it is too voluminous. Conciser and more elementary treatments of the subject are found in several of the authors whose names we have grouped above. The Andover and New York chairs of this department of instruction have each sent out excellent manuals translated and annotated from Guericke and Gieseler. And now we have another of these text-books, in the work named at the head of this notice, which worthily ranks with those just mentioned, as it quite closely resembles them, in certain points, yet with specific differences. It gives the main thread of events in a succinct narration, with copious references to standard authorities, to assist the student in separate and further research. This makes the subject look rather sterile and uninviting; but it is unavoidable in a class-book. The professor must fill in the color and shading, if he is fitted for this difficult service. We know of but few positions which demand an abler incumbent than these historical professorships. The chair of didactic theology is scarcely more important. Dr. Kurtz devotes a considerable share of attention to modern developments on the continent of Europe — Papal and Protestant — and is rich in criticism of his own national authors. His sympathies are undisguisedly with the evangelical party of his country, though a Lutheran in polity. His book is a valuable introduction to the general range of Church History; but merely to read such a *resumé* without further and far more extended explorations, is to grasp but a very small fraction of the treasure which lies hidden in that field. We love our good Neander's five-volumed prolixity and minuteness, just as we prefer a quiet journey afoot or in the saddle through a land of wonders and of beauty to the fast driving of a rail-car.

A Text-Book of the History of Doctrines. By DR. K. R. HAGENBACH, Professor of Theology in the University of Basle. The Edinburgh translation of C. W. BUCH, revised, with large additions from the fourth German edition and other sources. By HENRY B. SMITH, D. D., Professor in the Union Theological Seminary of the City of New York. 2 vols. 8vo. Sheldon & Co. 1862.

THE doctrines of the Christian church run through the historic events amidst which they were developed, as the sinews and tendons of the human frame lie embedded in the muscular tissues of the body;

they consequently need these full historical elucidations in order to a thorough comprehension. This is another of the excellences of Neander, who gives us the growth of doctrinal Christianity just as it came forward from the early ages, with all the varying aspects and workings of the sharply contested conflicts which opposed and perverted, or shaped and confirmed, the faith transmitted by the apostles. We not only have the sequence, in time, of the first age of the doctrine of the Divine Nature and Person; then, of Sin and Redemption; then, of Ecclesiasticism; then, of Scholasticism; then, of the Reformation of Doctrine and Polity, and so on: but we have the living genesis of all this re-creation in its order of the dawn and the meridian of each new day. Yet here, again, the whole is too much for elementary teaching. It is necessary to dissect out the complex organs and show the anatomy of the structure in separate parts. Dr. Hagenbach has stood at the head of authorities, in this department in our schools, since his able work was introduced to English readers in 1850, through the Edinburgh translation.

He divides the whole Christian age thus far into *five* periods, thus: (1). The age of Apologetics, A. D. 80–254. (2). Polemics, 254–730. (3). Systematic Theology, 730–1517. (4). Polemico-ecclesiastical Symbolik, 1517–1720. (5). Criticism, speculation—the antithesis between faith and knowledge, philosophy and Christianity, reason and revelation, 1720 and onward. Under these sections, the learned author collects and arranges a rich digest of processes and results in the field of dogmatic inquiry and controversy, with ample references to original and collateral authorities.

Like many other transatlantic works of the highest erudition, this *History of Doctrines* has largely gained by passing through the hands of an American editor. Our scholars show an admirable talent for this kind of labor—a common-sense idea of just what is needed in a given department of knowledge, and the ability to supply it when not adequately done by the learned men abroad. Prof. Smith has greatly enhanced the value of his author by these judicious and scholarly emendations and additions. The translation of Mr. Carl Buch has been revised, and several new sections on British and American theological history have been supplied, without which the work was seriously deficient. As it now stands, we see not why this important segment of historical science is not as nearly perfected as we can expect. Still, we never know what new suns may be coming up towards the horizon to pale the great lights which now rule the day. We also believe that all “knowledge is always progressive” which does not rest in an authoritative supernatural revelation.

A Commentary on Ecclesiastes. By MOSES STUART, etc. Edited and Revised by R. D. C. Robbins, Professor in Middlebury College. 12mo. pp. 346. Andover: Warren F. Draper. 1862.

THE Book of Ecclesiastes is, substantially, a dialogue on practical philosophy. The reasonings and deductions are based on experience, and a general unity pervades the whole. It is not a book of miscellanies, as the superficial reader may think. It has a theme, with opening, progress, and conclusion, and this theme is asserted a score of times in the book. Different speakers argue for and against it, and were their positions, objections, arguments, and rejoinders freely set off, as in a modern work, with the names of persons speaking, and with quotation-marks and dashes, much of the mystery hanging over the volume would be cleared up. A liberal use of inverted commas alone would be a good commentary on the Book of Ecclesiastes.

The theme of the book is the utter vanity of all merely worldly good. The digressions of the writer from his topic are only apparent; they are but illustrations, and so the work is no scrap-book. What seem to us as the untenable positions and objections of interlocutors, introduced to carry forward the discussions, Prof. Stuart regards as the different mental experience through which the author passed in going from a sceptical to a sound philosophy of life.

"The most natural account of the plan of the book seems to be this, viz.: that the writer has given a picture of the struggle and contest through which his own mind had passed, when he set out on the road of philosophical inquiry." We think fancy aids to such a view. But be the theory of the plan of the book as it may, the sceptical doubts and arguments are not to be quoted as among the "proofs of holy writ."

All antiquity ascribes the authorship to Solomon, and almost all modern critics dissent from this view. The dissent is based mainly on these three points: The writer represents Solomon as speaking only occasionally; the state and condition of things when the book was written, as shown by the book itself, mark a later age than Solomon's; and the style of the book itself is foreign to his style, as seen in Proverbs, and later than his age. Idioms in it indicate later times. Who the author was Prof. Stuart does not pretend to know, but thinks it evident that, whoever he was, he introduces Solomon in the book as saying and suggesting many things in it. The time of the composition he thinks must have been between the return from the captivity, 536 B. C., and the time of Ezra, about eighty years afterward.

These views of the Book of Ecclesiastes and its author, Prof. Stuart

has set forth to some extent in his able, though somewhat irregular, introduction of one hundred and ten pages. With them he has interwoven other views from which we distinctly dissent. The Commentary casts much light on this difficult portion of God's word.

The Supernatural in relation to the Natural. By the REV. JAMES MCCOSH, LL. D., Author of "The Method of the Divine Government," &c. 12mo. pp. 369. New York : Carters. 1862.

THE flurry produced in the theological world by the issuing of the ill-starred "Essays and Reviews," has hurried this volume to its publication in a less thorough and completed form than a more leisurely treatment would probably have given it. It is, in fact, but the first instalment of the discussion projected under this title. The book is interesting, and in many places shows the hand of a master in philosophical analysis and reasoning. It lacks compactness and equal strength, and discovers much less mental toil in its elaboration than the brilliant and somewhat erratic work of Bushnell on the same general subject. We do not think it so able a treatise as the "Divine Government," which at once placed the Belfast theologian in the front rank of contemporary defenders of the faith. Possibly its defects may give it a more popular circulation. No writer deals with abstruse subjects in a more common-sense and comprehensible way. His mental habits keep his lines of argument and illustration within the ranges of the living and moving world. This gives freshness and practical grasp to his pages. We shall look with much expectation for the remainder of this investigation.

Leisure Hours in Town. By the Author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson." 12mo. pp. 457. Boston : Ticknor & Fields. 1862.

WE gave our views of this popular essayist's qualities, at length, in our last number. This volume of similar miscellanies includes one, at least, of the papers noticed in that review, as then going through the magazines. The Parson has a very prolific vein, and does not seem to be in special danger of exhausting it; yet we hope he will not feel it to be necessary to fill a new volume oftener than the shower of manna comes freshly and freely. Fecundity is dangerous even to the strongest mental constitutions. If he knows when to shut down the gate and let his grist fill up, he will show more wisdom than some of our ever-going mills which run an empty hopper oftener than a full.

We did not anticipate just such a portrait of our clever friend ; but, on a second inspection, it matches very well with his shrewd, common-sense, and genial way of looking at men and animals.

TRACY'S History of the American Board of Foreign Missions.

THIS work has been out of print for some years, until lately about fifty copies were found in sheets, which have been bound, and are now for sale by Crocker & Brewster. These are the last. It is not probable that the work will ever be reprinted *in full*. It will either be abridged and published with a continuation, or superseded by a new work which will give the history of the first thirty years much less completely. This is, therefore, the last opportunity to obtain so complete a history of the Board and its Missions during the first generation of its existence. This narrative is thoroughly prepared, and a standard authority upon the subject which it treats. It is not known that any other history of this institution is contemplated at present.

. WE have received from Walker, Wise & Co., Boston, "Recent Inquiries in Theology," and "Tracts for Priests and People." Also, from Appleton & Co., New York, "Aids to Faith"; to which volumes we wish to give a more extended notice (particularly the last two) than our space will at present permit. Several other important works on our table await future attention.

ARTICLE IX.

THE ROUND TABLE.

THE WAR. — What now are its omens ? The wisest can only conjecture. It looks, at times, very like a reorganization of society. It has some features that remind us of the descent of the Northern tribes upon the enfeebled and effete Roman empire, which infused a new blood and vigor into those Southern regions. Life sprung forth from that terrible dying of a worn-out nationality. Half a continent underwent a reconstruction of its social institutions. Old oppressions gave place to new liberties. Thousands and myriads of people, too corrupt to be of any use whatsoever, went down before the hosts of a fresher race, making room for them to try their hand at the founding

of a better order of things. God thus sets aside those cumberers of the ground who have demonstrated their moral worthlessness in this world, and gives to others a chance to do what has been left undone. War is the usual agent of these national re-creations.

Our civil conflict seems to be assuming these proportions, to be pointing to these issues. Once more the North is moving downward upon the softer civilization of the South, not, as we begin to forecast, merely to inflict some severe and well-merited chastisement upon it for its cruelties and its crimes, but to make a permanent occupation of its soil, forfeited by secession and treason; and to repopulate at least important sections of it, as the centres of a far better and rapidly diffusive state of society. A year gone by has done much to prove what many suspected, that southern life has become too essentially vitiated in its ruling sentiments and policies to be saved from self-destruction. If this be so, it had better die soon by some external compress, than eat itself up like a cancerous body. If too far diseased for successful medication, it had better go the way of all defunct flesh, that a living birth and growth may come after it, to increase, and multiply, and replenish the earth in a more Christian fashion.

If this be the will of Providence, we shall be resigned to the dispensation. We regard our army not only as an immense fighting corps, but as an eventual colonization society. Young, and full of enterprise, ingenuity, intelligence, and industry as are our soldiers generally, they have just the training requisite for the resettling of that wretchedly abused, but magnificent territory. If they follow all great historic precedents, multitudes of them will find a home amidst those inviting regions. They are likely to see enough of the brutality of the slave-system, not to desire its re-installation in its former abodes. If the South had wished to disgust the entire rational creation with that caudal appendage of its domestic life, it could not have taken a more effective way to do it than its insane folly has invented. It has contrived to destroy the most of whatever sympathy used to be felt for its complaints at the North. That sympathy will never be revived in people who have even a very small modicum of common-sense. Our soldiers have a large measure of this serviceable commodity. We will trust them against the wiles of this faded, and shrunken, and foul Delilah.

We watch our struggle from month to month with more than the gratitude and triumph of a victorious and righteous crusade; with the profoundly solemn emotions of those who are witnessing one of God's sublimest restorations of national honor and integrity from amidst the overthrow of gigantic evils no longer endurable. The days of creation

have come again, with the evenings and the mornings of a new era of prospective prosperity, liberty, righteousness — so we hope, and almost dare to prophesy. If a North that is worthy this name, can stretch itself to the Gulf of Mexico, as a permanent proprietor, then we can see how slavery will soon cease to trouble the land. If it can anywhere nearly approximate this, then also the backbone of negro oppression is irreparably broken.

ARABELLA JOHNSON.

APRIL, 1880.

LILY of England, pure and fair ! we bless
 The charm of thy pale beauty, 'mid that band
 Of stern, devoted heroes, who their land
 Forsook for Freedom's shore. Thy loveliness
 Gilded the shadows of that fateful hour.
 Dear Puritan ! with thy soft, patient smile
 Still shining through the dark, thou did'st beguile
 To tenderness the souls, not wont to cower
 Beneath a despot's frown. Meanwhile, for thee
 A martyr's crown was waiting. Yes, I know
 'Tis said, thy brave compeers trod *moodily*
 The soil of liberty. It may be so.
 How could they smile and deck their brows with light,
 Watching bright stars, like thine, fade from their night ?

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE. — Some of the best moral essays we have ever read were on the unconscious influences of a worthy life. There are other unconscious influences that men exert, not yet, to our knowledge, woven into any essay — waiting, probably, for the pen of a devout Lamb. Some hints for the same have accumulated on our Table. We make a donation of them to any one who will give us a copy of his essay.

He is exerting an unconscious influence who, on the examination of candidates before ecclesiastical councils, makes his own questions declaratory and argumentative for his own peculiar theology, and so succeeds better in showing his own opinions and abilities than in eliciting those of the candidate.

That man who, in conventions, is always seen on the platform and near the president, though himself neither vice-president nor secretary, and when committees are to be nominated by the chair, or several rise

at the same time to address the meeting, has something important to whisper to the chair, is exerting an unconscious influence.

The pastor, who is frequently obliged, *unexpectedly*, to be absent on the Sabbath when one or two of his brother ministers are at liberty and can be pressed into service for him, is unconscious of the influence he is exerting, specially when it is known that he receives handsome compensation for service elsewhere on those days of unexpected absence.

The man who says he is called of Providence to a wider field of ministerial labor, but confesses he made a mistake when he discovers that the change was not a good financial movement, is exerting an unconscious influence, not very creditable to him or to his office.

When a pastor frequently advertises his Sabbath services, and under quaint texts and on queer topics for a pulpit and the Lord's day, he is exerting an unconscious influence. And he will best see his own policy, and standing, and influence if he will once advertise himself thus: 'The Rev. N. N. of Christ's Church, will endeavor to preach the gospel as usual to-morrow, at the usual place and times. All those who prefer the gospel to anything secular or odd are invited to attend.'

When a minister advertises his regular services, the impression is that he has concluded to stay with his people another Sabbath, for we have noticed that those who practice much on this newspaper notoriety do not stop long with any one church.

HEBRAISMS.—The infancy of language is always marked by an extreme simplicity and naturalness of expression. Its forms of speech take direct hold of ideas as sensible objects, and make everything a picture. This is peculiarly true of the most ancient parts of the Bible. We give a few specimens taken at random, mostly from the book of Job; setting the common version and the original phrases side by side.

OUR VERSION.

"Let it not be joined to the days
of the year."
"The dawning of the day."
"The sparks that fly upward."
"The power of the sword."
"Weakeneth the strength."
"Heels of my feet."
"Vain words."
"Strength of his skin."
"To be affrighted."
"Apple of the eye."

THE LITERAL FORM.

Let it not rejoice among the days
of the year.
The eyelids of the morning.
The sons of the burning coal.
The hands of the sword.
Looseeth the girdle of the strong.
Roots of my feet.
Words of wind.
Bars of his skin.
To lay hold on horror.
The little man of the eye.

These forms of language are not in harmony with our more ideal and philosophical modes of expression; but had our translators retained them generally, they would have easily vindicated their propriety to the common reader, and have made of the Scriptures the most pictorial and living book, in its merely literary dress, ever written.

A HYMN.

I HEARD, and disobeyed !
Thy judgment-hand, O God,
Uplifted, smote me to the earth
In the dark way I trod.

Low-lying in the dust,
Broken by Thy reproof,
I said, " His mercy I have lost ;
Wrath holdeth Love aloof."

Humbly I wept and prayed —
No more by sin enticed ;
Then, lifting up my streaming eyes,
Beheld the wounded Christ.

Lo ! in His bleeding hands
Love's richest pledge I see ;
And mercy's sweetest message falls
From His dear lips for me.

O just and holy God !
Thy wrath I read amiss :
The love that follows Thy rebuke —
Was ever love like this ?

POUNDING THE SCRIPTURES, AND EXPOUNDING THEM. — 'O, but unco gifted was Donald McGregor. We've not had the like o' him sin' the day. He was nae wi' us a twelve-month, yet he kicked twa pulpits to pieces, and danged the in'ards out o' three Bibles. He was unco gifted, and mighty in holy writ, one of the Lord's strong ones.' And the good Scotch woman spoke for many hearers when she said that of Donald. Pounding the Scriptures is a popular pulpit exercise, and many prefer it to expounding. For ourselves, we have observed

that it has a more immediate and impressive effect on not a few. It is much as a man is educated. Some have learned to locate power in the arms, and others in the head and heart.

THE DOCTORS DIFFER :—the literary ones we mean, just now. It has, for instance, grown into a rule with the critics, that two thirds of the success of a book or an article depends upon its first very few sentences. So we are inclined to think, especially as to contributions to periodicals. A neat and taking portico is a great recommendation to a house. But the successful essayist of the "Concernings" expends some of his mild wit upon 'the inexperienced writers who rack their brains for something to set out with'; being over 'anxious to make a good impression at first.' He considers this well, if not quite indispensable, in a sermon, but that a good piece of writing for the printer can easily get over the disadvantage of a bad start—witness (he says) "Adam Bede." Still it is better, one would judge, to avoid the bad start; though a mental as well as a material rail-car may not be able to run its first mile as quickly as its fortieth. In spite of the "parson's" theory, however, we observe that his commencements are generally careful and catching.

The writer of a "Letter to a Young Contributor," in the "Atlantic" for April, is decidedly out against those choice scraps which scholarly *littérateurs* find it so natural and agreeable to slip into their English particularly from the classic tongues. "Deal cautiously in Latin." Certainly we do not want the mongrel dialects of the "Anatomy of Melancholy" restored to our current authorship; and possibly "Horæ Subsecivæ" carries this antique fashion too far. But we must let the gentle medico of "Spare Hours" speak a word for himself, and for us too just here :

"With regard to quotations—and the much Latin and some Greek, the world of men, and especially of women, is dead against me. I am sorry for it. As he said, who was reminded in an argument that the facts were against him, 'So much the worse for them,' and I may add, for me. Latin and Greek are not dead—in one sense they are happily immortal; but the present age is doing its worst to kill them, and much of their own best good and pleasure."

The letter-writer aforesaid gives excellent advice to those whose pens run too easily into exclamation points, italics, and the like ways of intensifying the thought or making up for the want of it. We wish the whole tribe, also, of capital letters, dashes, and parentheses could be reduced in as heavy a ratio as that by which Gideon sent home his

soldiers. They are nuisances as now scattered over printed pages as if from a dredging-box. We like the ostracism also of foot-notes as far as possible, though "Biddy" might find it a little difficult to work into this "bread-pan" *all* "the outlying bits of dough till she has one round and comely mass." We have had some of this kneading-over to do, and the loaf has been invariably the gainer by it. Yet, as in the matter of quotations, too stringent a rule is the next bad thing to no rule at all. A foot-note that has in it some good corroborative, elucidating, *recherché* reference, relieves the monotony of the solid text. So, in a reasonable variety, we stand up for the inverted commas with our friend John Brown — not the one whose "soul is marching on." Mosaics are rich and beautiful if well executed. And out of the exhaustless wealth of our own and other literatures to select, here and there, a genuine piece of *pietra dura* and set it in a good place to be looked at and enjoyed, is a liberty and a luxury, to forego which is asking quite too much.

AMONG the many commendations which our Review receives, none please us more than those which educated and intelligent laymen give it. On them chiefly rests the responsibility of guiding our churches, deciding in our councils, and sustaining our benevolent institutions; and it is an omen of good that they find a theological and literary Review "thoroughly readable," as well as "adapted to meet the pressing wants of the times." They need not fear that we shall be drawn into the shallow tide of eclecticism. This is a charlatanry which we detest both in medicine and theology. We once saw a Presbyterian minister called to account for allowing a Universalist preacher to occupy his pulpit. He replied that he thought it well for his people to hear all sides. The Presbytery was by no means satisfied with this answer, but decided that it was neither right nor politic to admit even an Arminian to present his peculiar errors in their pulpits, on the principle that it is often "the little foxes that spoil the vines," and, moreover, that if we let in the little ones we must expect to find big ones there after a while.

QUOTING from memory is a little uncertain (*vide* our last number, p. 139); but if Shakespeare's preference could be consulted, we fancy he would as soon that his laurels should be worn by the "gentle Elia" as by any other.

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ARTICLE I.

REGENERATION NOT BY RESOLUTION.

REGENERATION is the restoration in the heart of what was lost from the heart by the apostasy. It is a restoration incipient, not total. The heart is not by the act made at once as holy as was Adam's before the fall, but a beginning is made, and a complete repossession is made certain. The kingdom of heaven, the grain of mustard-seed, is implanted, the germinating, growth, and maturity of which, are made sure by the gracious power that implants. The regenerating act is the formal transfer of the subject of it from the kingdom of darkness and doom to the kingdom of God's dear Son. So regeneration draws a line distinct and thoroughly separating, dividing men into two classes, those for and those against God. A particular, special act, draws the line. It is not done by a variety of processes. As this one act constitutes one a Christian, so the act of constitution is alike with all.

Much of the blindness, confusion, and error clustering about the doctrine of regeneration arises from mixing it up with other things that in reality are totally distinct from it. Superficial views have grouped together several distinct acts, some of them God's, and some man's, and the sum total has been called regeneration. This unscholarly process has given a loose theology. Regeneration is a single, isolated, instantaneous act.

Ordinarily certain things precede it, and certain follow it ; but they are not a part of it. The act has fruits ; but they are not the tree itself.

We shall best be able to see what this kernel of holiness is, that is implanted by regeneration, and whether it is human or divine, and whether a human or divine hand implants it in the earth and dust of our humanity, if we inquire in what department of the soul the regenerating act takes place.

The human soul, about to be regenerated, presents itself under three manifestations. There is the soul in its substance or attributes, the soul in its moral disposition, taste or propensity, the soul in its exercises. The first is the soul as constituted of God, with all the elements, faculties, and powers necessary to make a person intellectual, moral, emotional, and immortal. The second view contemplates this soul as having a moral taste, principle, propensity or disposition, lying back of the moral acts and exercises of the man, and giving character to them as holy or sinful. The third is this soul in exercise, filling the offices and assuming the responsibilities of an agent or person. We have reference to this second manifestation of the soul when we say of man, that he has a selfish disposition, a benevolent heart, a relish for spiritual things, a principle of hostility to God, a taste for holiness. This manifestation is distinct from the substance and essential attributes of the soul, as it is also from its acts and exercises. Properly it holds a place between the soul as an organism and the soul as an actor, and gives a moral quality to all its acts that are susceptible of it. President Edwards says that a good choice proceeds from an antecedent good disposition, temper or affection of the mind. "This is the general notion, not that principles derive their goodness from actions, but that actions derive their goodness from the principles whence they proceed, and so that the act of choosing that which is good is no further virtuous than it proceeds from a good principle, or virtuous disposition of mind ; which supposes that a virtuous disposition of mind may be before a virtuous act of choice." Original Sin, Part II., chap. 1, sect. 1. President Dwight is equally clear and explicit on the same point :

"When God created Adam, there was a period in his existence after he began to be, antecedent to that in which he exercised the

first volition. Every man, who believes the mind to be something besides ideas and exercises, and who does not admit the doctrine of casualty, will acknowledge, that in this period the mind of Adam was in such a state, that he was propense to the exercise of virtuous volitions rather than of sinful ones. This state of mind has been commonly styled disposition, temper, inclination, heart, &c. In the scriptures it usually bears the last of these names. I shall take the liberty to call it disposition. This disposition in Adam was the cause, whence his virtuous volitions proceeded; the reason why they were virtuous and not sinful." *Theology*, II., 419.

So Dr. Dwight taught that every child of Adam has this disposition, antecedent to choice and action.

Bellamy presents the same views most clearly and abundantly of a moral disposition in man antecedent to choice. He first shows, that by "the image of God" in which man was created, is meant the moral image. So originally man "had a perfect moral rectitude of heart; a perfectly right temper of mind, and so was perfectly disposed to love God with all his heart." This disposition was lost in the apostasy, so that now we —

"are born into the world not only destitute of a conformity to the law, but we are natively diametrically opposed to it in the temper of our hearts." "These are the earliest dispositions that are discovered in our nature; and although I do not think that they are concreated by God together with the essence of our souls, yet they seem to be the very first propensities of the new-made soul. So that they are, in a sense, connatural; our whole hearts are perfectly and entirely bent this way, from their very first motion." "Hence it is become customary to call them natural, and to say that it is our very nature to be so inclined; and to say that these propensities are natural, would, to common people, be the most apt way of expressing the thing." "This disposition, which is thus evidently natural to all mankind, is directly contrary to God's holy law, is exceedingly sinful, and is the root of all wickedness." *Works*, I., 135-142, (Edition of the Cong. Board.)

This disposition, or propensity, it will be noticed, is not an attribute of the soul. It is no essence or entity, but a quality, and so variable. It is not necessarily active, still the man has it, as a man may have an irritable disposition, or a taste for music, even when he is asleep or in a swoon. All the old-fash-

ioned Calvinist divines held and taught this view, and in opposition to such men as Arminius, Taylor, of Norwich, and the Arminians generally.

It is in this disposition, propensity, or taste that motives receive their character as good or bad. These motives prompt to the moral exercises, and make them holy or unholy. In this department of the man it was that depravity took effect. It alienated the heart from God and holiness, and so perverted the disposition of the soul for divine things. The substance and attributes of the soul were not destroyed by the fall, but its rectitude was lost. The department of the motives, that wherein moral character is affixed to the moral actions, was totally corrupted, vitiated, subverted, and turned away from God and holiness and turned over to sin. Charnock, in his treatise on "Regeneration," well states this point, and his words may be taken as a fair exponent of the old theology on the subject, and as a refutation, too, of the charge, that the old school hold to physical depravity and physical regeneration :

"It [sin] is not a removal or taking away of the old substance or faculties of the soul. Some thought that the substance of Adam's soul was corrupted when he sinned, and therefore suppose the substance of his soul to be altered when he is renewed. Sin took not away the essence, but the rectitude ; the new creation, therefore, gives not a new faculty, but a new quality." . . . "The essence and the faculties remain the same."

With this view of the three manifestations or departments of the soul, as substance, disposition, and action, we see where depravity has its seat. The apostasy took effect in destroying the rectitude of the soul, in alienating it from holiness, and in turning it to sin. So thoroughly was this done, that it rendered it absolutely certain that all moral acts of a soul performed afterwards would be totally sinful.

Thus we see where in man regeneration must take effect — precisely where the apostasy took effect. The substance and attributes of the soul require no intervention, since sin did not destroy or render them inoperative. To speak of working an organic change in the substance of the soul, giving a new attribute demanded by the presence of sin, or taking one away that

sin had alienated to evil beyond recovery, or reconstructing the soul out of ruined attributes, is absurd. There is no need of it, nor yet theory for it. No one pretends to this, though in certain traditional phrases such a theory of physical regeneration is charged on the old theology.* By a vast assumption, a depraved disposition antecedent to moral choices is denied. This arrogance drives the Edwardean theology to the wall of absurdity in a physical regeneration, or compels it to go over with the Arminians to a regeneration of mere acts. It is not in the essence of the soul nor among its faculties and attributes, that the renewing power works. They need it not. The acts and exercises of the soul are not to be touched. It is an agent, not an exercise, or a series of them, that is to become a new creature. Persons are regenerated, and so their acts made sure for God and holiness. Undoing what the fall did in the soul, its moral life is made sure for God, as was Adam's in that supposable moment after he was created and before he acted morally. Regeneration has to do with the corrupted, vitiated, and subverted disposition.†

It has been objected by some, that a moral disposition, upright or vitiated, cannot be given to man or possessed by him anterior to moral acts. They assume that when Adam came from the hand of his Maker, and before voluntary action, he had no such disposition, and was complete without it, and did not have it till he made it for himself. Then he must have been pronounced "good" by his Creator before he possessed any moral goodness, and was not indeed finished as a man. Thus Adam was left to finish himself. He had no excellencies above an animal, of a moral kind, but only aptitudes. The

* "Some will tell us a new heart is a change in the very nature of the mind — in the very structure or constitution of the soul itself; or, in plainer language, God has made the soul wrong, and he must make it right. . . . Well, then, let God, I say, be responsible for his own work. If he has made men sinners, it belongs to him to unmake them. To talk of a work which God only performs, as my duty, is out of the question." *Practical Sermons*, by N. W. Taylor, D. D. p. 398.

† For convenience and clearness, we make a distinction between regeneration and conversion. Regeneration takes effect in the disposition, conversion in the acts of the man. The former is God's work, the latter is man's; the one is instantaneous, the other continuous. The two are successive in the order of nature and of time, and are related to each other as cause and effect.

antagonism of such a view to the Scriptures, is thus clearly put by Bellamy :

"Holiness, as it originally took place in human nature, had God for its author ; and it was produced by a creating power. 'In the image of God created he him.'" . . . "To say that the doctrine of created holiness is absurd, is to say that the Bible is not the word of God ; for this is one of the first doctrines taught in that book. 'In the image of God created he him.'" . . . "From these words we have just the same reason to believe that Adam was created in the moral, as that he was in the natural image of God. . . . The moral, as well as the natural perfections of God, are equally contained in his image. . . . Now, the moral image of God does radically consist in a temper of mind or frame of heart perfectly answerable to the moral law ; the moral law being, as it were, a transcript of the moral perfections of God. So that, from what has been said of the nature of the moral perfections of God, and of the nature of the moral law, we may learn wherein consisted that moral image of God in which Adam was created. He had a perfect moral rectitude of heart, a perfectly right temper of mind, and so was perfectly disposed to love God," &c. Works, Vol. II., 636 ; Vol. I., 135.

This assumption that denies, as absurd, a disposition to holiness in Adam, before action, and that made it certain he would act right, also denies, as equally absurd, that any child of Adam has such a disposition perverted to sin, before action, making it certain that he will sin. These theorists deny that such a disposition is creatable, and so they throw out of man, as an impossible part, that in which, according to the old theology, regeneration takes effect. As Adam had originally no such disposition to lose in the apostasy, regeneration does not restore any such. It is assumed not to be a subject of creating power, and that man has no place for the reception of it, even if created for him. It is said to be something else "which after God (or in his image) is created in righteousness and true holiness." Of course, according to this view, there can be only depravity from circumstances, and not of nature, and even then never total.

We come now to inquire what regeneration is. Yesterday a man did not repent, love God, believe in him and submit to him, but to-day he does. His feelings and conduct toward

God are changed. Why? Because his heart is changed. Now the common notion of mankind, as well as the scriptures, mark a distinction between the change in the man's feelings toward God, and some other change that leads him to feel differently. Here it must be affirmed emphatically that the fruit produced is not the kernel that was planted. In the spiritual as in the natural world seed sowing and harvesting are distinct processes. Repentance, love, faith, and submission to God, are not regeneration, but evidence and fruit of it. They are the results of some act, the consequences of some change in the heart. Repentance is an act, but it is not an actor. The great change wrought in regeneration is in an agent or doer, and the evidence or fruits of the change are the Christian graces. Obviously, manifestly, the two things, the change and the results of it, are distinct. Hence the aptness of those illustrations of our Saviour; the kingdom of heaven is as a grain of mustard-seed, and as leaven. As the sprouting and branching mustard-tree is not the seed, and as the rising of the loaf is not the leaven, so holy exercises are not regeneration. The Apostle well calls them "the fruits of the Spirit." He says a man is "created," regenerated, "unto good works," that is, that he may perform them. Here preparation for holy work, and the work itself, are made as distinct as language can well do it.

Failing to distinguish between regeneration and its fruits, and, indeed, making the two things one, some have confused and corrupted, and even subverted this cardinal doctrine. Thus Dr. John Taylor, whom Edwards encountered in his treatise on "Original Sin," says:

"It is as much every man's duty to be born again, as it is to be a good and virtuous man, or a true Christian. For, as I take it, to be born again, or of God, is no other than to attain those habits of virtue and religion which give us the real character of the children of God. . . . In the very nature of things, we cannot be holy without our own choice and endeavor."

In this extract we notice that regeneration is made one and the same thing with forming habits of religion, and the first holiness in the heart is of the man's choice and endeavor. So did the Arminianism of a century ago frankly discard the Spirit as the special agent in regenerating, and make the act and fruit

the same, and the man to regenerate himself. A confusion strikingly similar is made by Dr. N. W. Taylor. He makes regeneration, repentance, and the making of a new heart, one and the same act, and that the man's :

"God commands sinners to make themselves a new heart." "The command to repent, so often repeated, and so strongly pressed upon this sinful world, is precisely of the same import." "The want of regeneration, or a change of heart, is no obstacle [to God's bestowing salvation.] The willing mind is the change of heart itself." "The change in regeneration is the sinner's own act. 'Ye have purified your souls.' Could it be said in plainer terms, ye have done it?" "If there be a remaining doubt on this point, one text will remove it : 'That ye put off the old man, and that ye put on the new man, which, after God, is created in righteousness and true holiness.' It is a creation in righteousness and true holiness. And not only so, but Christians are said to put on the new man ; i. e., to do the thing which is said to be created. The thing produced by the power of God is their own act — the act of putting on the new man." *Practical Sermons*, pp. 401, 320, and *Revealed Theology*.

So are regeneration and its fruits confounded, as if one and the same thing, and so is this great doctrine in its act and agent much obscured. Here is an error grave and wide spread, and we illustrate it from these two eminent divines, because they are representative men, and because of the striking coincidence in their views on this point and points affiliated. And one of the immediate and grievous, yet very logical evils of this view of regeneration by the man himself, is the exclusion of the special agency of the Holy Spirit. While Dr. Taylor, of Norwich, is giving his views of the nature of regeneration, as already quoted, he seems conscious of having dispensed with a divine efficiency therein, as taught in the old theology, and so says :

"However, that I may not seem to overlook the doctrine of the Spirit's assistance, I shall briefly observe, that although, when the Holy Ghost, or the gifts of the Spirit, are mentioned in the epistolary part of the New Testament, most commonly thereby the extraordinary effusion and miraculous gifts peculiar to the apostolic age are intended ; yet I make no doubt, the communication and influence of the Spirit of God in all ages, to assist our sincere endeavors after wisdom, and the habits of virtue, is a blessing spoken of, and promised in the Gospel,

but never as supposing any natural corruption, or innate pravity of our minds. The influence of the divine power is necessary to the production of the fruits of the earth, without which our industry, or any other cause, can have no effect. . . . In like manner the aids of the Spirit of God, who can work upon our minds," &c.

That is, the sinner has the same aid from God in obtaining "the fruits of the Spirit," that the farmer has in obtaining the fruits of the ground. Such an agency, so slight, so ordinary, does not meet the necessities of a heart totally alienated from God, as the earth is not, nor does it answer the exegetical demands of those texts that speak of God as begetting, creating, making alive, and raising from the dead. The farmer does not own the aid of God in such terms.

Now that any act, as repentance, believing in Christ, or solemnly resolving to be a Christian, is not a regenerating act, and does not make one or cause one to begin to be a Christian, is evident from this: The act is either a holy or an unholy act. If holy, it cannot be a regenerating act, since the heart has already put it forth as a holy act, and so is itself regenerated. If unholy, it is absurd to suppose that it can react on the heart that produced it, and make that heart holy. For how can Satan cast out Satan? Or, to state it otherwise: This act is the act of an agent. Now it either produces a holy heart, or is produced by one. If the act makes the heart holy by regenerating it, what made the act holy, which is but an act of that same unholy heart? As a holy act can spring only from a holy motive, how can an unregenerate heart put forth a holy act, and that, too, the very important one that is to constitute its regeneration? Or again, suppose you say that the first act of true repentance is the regenerating act that takes a man over to the side of God and makes him a Christian. How does the second act of repentance differ from the first, either in nature or effect? If repentance is the regenerating act, then the man regenerates himself, since repentance can be only his act, and so he regenerates himself as often as he repents. To such follies are we driven, by assuming that the act and the fruits of regeneration are one and the same thing. An act of repentance, love, faith, or submission, is the same in nature in the first instance that it is in the tenth or ten thousandth. No ultimate analysis has

ever been able to detect an essential difference. Why, then, should the first act be exalted to the doing of a work that passes under the term of a new creation, while the second and all subsequent acts of the kind fall away into the level of common Christian exercises?

Here we come round again to that great stone of stumbling, one of the corner stones of Arminianism, and by some supposed to be a new and improved stone in Zion's foundations, that a principle and its exercise are one and the same thing. It would seem to need no profound scholarship to mark a distinction. Common sense men in every-day life never fail to do it. A man sees you drop your purse. He picks it up and gives it to you, when he might have concealed and kept it. The act is an honest act. But always and everywhere that man is thus "providing things honest in the sight of all men." Men not in the schools of theology, and even they, when off the duty of picket-guard around some strategical point, say it is his nature, his disposition, his principle, his ruling propensity, to do such things. Thus they distinguish between the volition and the state of the heart, between the actor and the act. If in theological and doctrinal matters we would observe this common-sense distinction between a holy disposition and holy action, and between a sinful disposition and sinful action, we should keep from some deep delusions on the doctrine of regeneration.

But it is time we were done with the question, in what regeneration consists. These speculations of philosophers have detained us too long.

Calvin says that the end of regeneration is "the restoration of the divine image within us, which was defaced and almost obliterated by the transgression of Adam." . . . "In this regeneration we are restored by the grace of Christ to the righteousness of God, from which we fell in Adam." Charnock testifies to the same thing: "The new creation gives not a new faculty, but a new quality." Bellamy is quite explicit: "As Adam was created in the image of God to prepare him for holy acts and exercises of heart, so the same image of God is restored in regeneration, to prepare us for the first holy act. As there was a holy principle in Adam before the first holy act, so there is a holy principle in the regenerate sinner before the first holy

act." Vol. II., 634. The teaching of Dr. Dwight is to the same point: "In regeneration, the very same thing is done by the Spirit of God for the soul which was done for Adam by the same divine agent at his creation. The soul of Adam was created with a relish for spiritual objects. The soul of every man who becomes a Christian, is renewed by the communication of the same relish. In Adam this disposition produced virtuous volitions. In every child of Adam, who becomes the subject of virtue, it produces the same effects." *Theology*, II., 419.

But what Edwards says on the nature of regeneration is clearest, fullest, and best. The regenerating act is the imparting of "a new spiritual sense," on which he remarks :

"This new spiritual sense, and the new dispositions that attend it, are no new faculties, but are new principles of nature. I use the word principles, for want of a word of a more determinate signification. By a principle of nature, in this place, I mean that foundation which is laid in nature, either old or new, for any particular manner or kind of exercise of the faculties of the soul ; or a natural habit or foundation for action, giving a personal ability and disposition to exert the faculties in exercises of such a certain kind ; so that to exert the faculties in that kind of exercises may be said to be his nature. So this new spiritual sense is not a new faculty of understanding, but it is a new foundation laid in the nature of the soul, for a new kind of exercises of the same faculty of understanding. So that new holy disposition of heart that attends this new sense is not a new faculty of will, but a foundation laid in the nature of the soul, for a new kind of exercise of the same faculty of will." *Works*, III., 71, 72.

We conclude, therefore, that regeneration is the relaying of the holy foundation in man that was destroyed in the apostasy, while holy actions are the building up thereon. It is the planting of a holy seed ; holy acts are the fruit.

Some interpose the difficulty here, that, in this view, man has this alienation from God and holiness by nature, and so must be quit of responsibility for having it. The difficulty is more theoretical than practical, and it partakes more of the character of an invention than of a discovery. Man before regeneration does not differ morally from Adam in the garden, except that he has a hostility to God and holiness and a propen-

sity to sin. His constitution, attributes, and powers, in all the essentials of a man, are the same. Being in possession of this disposition, indorsing it, loving it, using it, and refusing to part with it, constitute his sin and guilt. What offends and renders him punishable, and necessitates regeneration, is a voluntary state of heart. It is no essential in his being, as memory, or immutable thing, as blue eyes, that makes him offensive to God and responsible. It is what comes nearest to personal and private property in character. The man calls it emphatically his own, and never would deny responsibility for having and using it, even as he never feels irresponsible for it, were not the plea made for him and the language put in his lips. It is a difficulty of the schools rather than of the congregations. To the schools it may be replied, that voluntary possession imposes responsibility, and to the congregations it should be said, you feel guilty for having and exercising such a disposition toward God and holy things, and should, at once, totally and forever put it away.

The question now arises, Who works this change that is called regeneration? We have seen that it is the act of admission into the family and kingdom of God. As an authoritative, binding, and perpetual act, who performs it? We think it must be admitted that the act, whenever and by whomsoever performed, lies so far within the region of the extraordinary, as to make revelation the only competent authority to answer this question. The act being of such a nature, and the doctrine one purely of revelation, we submit that no previous theory in psychology, or mental or moral philosophy, should interpose at the court of Scripture, and assume to dictate or overrule the decision of the divine tribunal. This would be too much like assuming what is consistent or possible, were the creation of Adam in the image of God to be preannounced to one, or the raising of Lazarus to be foretold.

Four authors of regeneration, as supposable in the minds of men, are mentioned in the Bible. Three of these it denies, and one it affirms:

“Which were born, not of blood.” Men do not become “the sons of God” by family descent. Holiness of heart does not run in the line of family genealogies, because parents or

ancestors were God's children, it must not be assumed that their children will be. One may be Abel, and another Cain.

"Nor of the will of man." One man cannot regenerate another man. Active piety is a power in bringing men to become Christians, and God owns and blesses it. The fastings, prayers, watchings, and personal labors of God's dear children for the salvation of men, he is pleased to accept and crown with success. The holy, working church, the earnest, devoted, and faithful pastor and Sabbath-school teacher, God does not leave without his witness and seal. They are Paul planting and Apollos watering in the field where God gives increase. They make those preparations and bring into service those instrumentalities that God ordinarily requires and uses when he begets Christians "with the word of truth." They are as the advisers, clerks, messengers, and copyists of the chief magistrate. They do much auxiliary and preparatory work, but the signature making a document a State paper and of authority is not for their hand. So, however much man may aid in preparing man for regeneration, the act itself cannot be by "the will of man." The constituting act, like the signature, is not for any godly parent or saintly laborer. We can instruct, enlighten, interest, and arouse men, and we can bring them to resolutions, purposes, and promises, but these are not regeneration, while they mark the limit of our power and the end of our work.

"Nor of the will of the flesh." The term "flesh" is a common one in the Scriptures for our human, carnal, sinful nature; as, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." The clause now under consideration assures us, that by no will, act, or choice of this carnal nature, does one constitute himself a child of God. The regenerating act, the being born, is not a result accomplished by the labor of such a being. The clause denies that depraved man ever does this thing. Man has a will, but, in his unregenerate state, it does never act in this direction. The very difficulty necessitating regeneration, and sought to be removed by it, is, that this will, in all its moral acts, is totally averse to holiness. It not only does not incline that way, but it will not be tempted or swerved that way. To all commands, offers, and persuasions, it returns an unwavering, concentrated, energetic "will not." This

clause makes record of this as being a principle in the carnal man, and a fact as to all his history. No man ever did of himself go over to the side of Christ. With one consent the children of God confess that he wrought in them to will and to do. And to each and all of those who have been savingly changed, God says, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you."

The reason why the man himself never makes this instantaneous, radical, and regenerating change, is obvious. Prior to regeneration the heart is fully set to do evil. What is there, then, within itself, that will move it to a holy act? Loving supremely just the heart he has, intensely and totally selfish, wholly hostile to God, and all his moral disposition and propensities set in the way of the apostasy, how shall the man of himself begin to be a Christian? How may he give a cordial and holy consent to become one? The very idea of a proper desire to be one implies that he is one. That desire never arises but in a regenerate heart:

"It is a doctrine mightily in vogue, that God has promised his saving grace to men's sincere endeavors in praying for it, and using proper means to obtain it; and so that it is not God's mere will that determines the matter, whether we shall have saving grace or not; but that the matter is left with us to be determined by the sincerity of our endeavors. But there is vast confusion in all talk of this kind, for want of its being well explained what is meant by sincerity of endeavor, and through men's deceiving themselves by using words without meaning. I think the Scripture knows of but one sort of sincerity in religion, and that is a truly pious or holy sincerity." President Edwards' Works, II., 553.

We can readily see how an earnest resolution or solemn purpose to be a Christian may start a man off in a religious life, with the ordinary aid of God, if the Arminian theory be true, that every man has naturally some holy capital, or holy seed, with which to begin. He needs only to go to work according to the rules laid down for a Christian life. Regeneration by human purpose and resolution is perfectly consistent with such a theology. Throwing out, as this system does, native depravity, a man may regenerate himself. But on the evangelical and Calvinistic basis the thing is absurd. For a totally sinful heart to resolve itself into a holy heart, is to establish the kingdom of

heaven without the grain of mustard-seed. If we can secure the first holy choice, purpose, or act, we gain a stand on the side of God. That act shows that we are already there. But with a heart only and wholly sinful, and fully purposed to continue so, how shall this first act be secured? It is not "of the will of the flesh" to perform it. The idea of constituting one's-self a Christian by a resolution or act of will, can be defended only by first denying native depravity. This was the position of Arminianism taken by John Taylor, and so stoutly combated and refuted by Edwards in his treatise on "Original Sin." And whatever soft and gentle names we may get for it, it is still Arminianism, and between it and Calvinism there is no middle ground. The man who can constitute himself a Christian by a purpose or resolution to be one, must have something better than a natively and totally depraved heart. The clause of Scripture that we have been considering denies that a man ever does this. And how useless, inapt, and untrue the figure employed, if the regenerating work is man's. Then is he self-begotten, and self-born. As well might we say that our Lord Jesus had a human father, though the angel said of his mother, "that which is begotten in her is of the Holy Ghost."

The same force pertains to those passages in which the Christian is said to be "created" and "quickened": as, "The new man which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness." "You hath he quickened, [brought to life,] who were dead in trespasses and sins." What choice or coöperation has the thing created in its own creation? What consent or aid unto returning life does he give who is dead? Allow all that you will for figurative language in such passages, and reduce the truth in them to the plainest statement, while you carefully retain its substance, and then can the man be allowed any place as an agent in the instantaneous act of regeneration? "The figure used in these expressions tends to mislead, unless the action marked by them implies an exertion of power, the effect of which is independent of any coöperation or any resistance in the subject of the action."* He is wrought upon, and hence the passive form and tenor of the verbs expressing the change; were begotten, were born, were created, were quickened, were

* *Lectures in Divinity*, by George Hill, D. D., p. 589.

renewed. Then the efficient power, the agent of regeneration, is outside and independent of the man regenerated.

"Which were born . . . of God." Unless we throw away wholly the figure and leave the passage without a substance, what can this mean but that the spiritual child has his spiritual origin in God, derives his moral likeness to God from him as a father, and has all his joyous relations to the family of God by the purpose, working, and consummation of God himself? Human language has not a more expressive statement for a dependent, derived origin. The begetting of God is the beginning of the Christian, and the act of being born is as much antecedent to personal choice, as the first birth is antecedent to any act, proving or approving it. In the matter of becoming a Christian, man's resolving and God's begetting are as wide asunder in nature and power as heaven and earth.

We find the same preëminence and exclusiveness given to God's sole agency in constituting a Christian, if we take the word "create," in its various forms, as used to express this initial fact in a holy life. No word, in any language, expresses more absolute and unaided power and more solitariness in action. It expresses such action on inorganic and chaotic matter as produces order, organic things, living beings in all their uses, beauty, and glory. We can have no higher conception of power. The being or thing so produced we look on as coming into existence simply because God willed it. Yet this word "create," in its varied forms, is probably the most common word in the New Testament to express the change of which we speak. Paul uses these words: "The new man, which, after God, [in likeness to God,] is created in righteousness and true holiness." He is made over into the moral likeness of God, so as to possess, as soon as the re-creating act is performed, moral uprightness, rectitude, real holiness. In the making over, he is made to have in possession this holiness, and before he proceeds to act, just as Adam had it in the moment after his creation and before his voluntary action. To express this mysterious work and change in the man, God is said to create him anew. It is not a mild, loose, commonplace word when applied to God. It makes us think of another expression: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." And of another:

"God created man in his own image." It is under the shadow of these passages, and in view of the chaotic state of that heart in which there is none of the order, or organization, or fruit of holiness, that we catch the outline of Paul's meaning when he says: "We," the children of God, "are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works."

When we have allowed all we can or dare for any figurative cast in these passages, and all that is possible for the agonizing purpose of the sinner just now being regenerated, have we done anything toward exhausting the import of the expressions, "created in righteousness and true holiness," "his workmanship"? There is a depth of meaning here that human thought cannot fathom, because human power does not perform the act stated, and human consciousness does not reach it, except in the discovery of it as an act done. As over all God's creating works there hangs an impenetrable mystery, so here in the regenerating work by which one is "created anew," or over again. "The wind bloweth," and the Spirit worketh by mysterious processes. Into the workshop of Deity, where creating agencies and energies are making new worlds and new men, curious human eyes may not go exploring and criticising. Enough that we see the finished work as it presents itself, and hear the "new creatures" say, "We are his workmanship."

The objection may here arise in some minds, that if we thus ascribe the entire work of regeneration to God, the sinner may feel excused for not exercising those feelings, and performing those acts, that are said to be invariably the fruit of regeneration. But we must assign the work to him who does it, be the consequence what it may. To state things as they are, and are revealed, is the highest expediency. And as matter of fact, has ever a man made himself a Christian? May we suppose that one ever will? Is it not absolutely certain that no one ever will? Is it then wise and safe to put a responsibility on a man, that no one ever met or ever will? Will this sense of responsibility carry the sinner farther than the attempt to do what no man ever did, and so make a failure? If we assure him that all the resources for doing this work are with him, and that if he ever enters the kingdom of God he will do it by a self-determination, will he not feel independent of the Spirit,

think he can do the work when he pleases, and flatter himself that he is perfectly solvent, and not bankrupt at all ?

Is it said that if we ascribe this regenerating act wholly to God, the sinner will excuse himself and stand excused from holy acts till God perform it ? But this extra and gracious act of God is made indispensable only by the sinful stubbornness of the man. And because the child is so stubborn he cannot be made to obey without the rod, shall he say he can do nothing in the way of obedience till he is whipped ?

But to all such objections, it is enough to ask, Who in reality regenerates a sinner ? The fact must stand as reply to the objection. Truth is better than all expedients in bringing men into the kingdom of heaven.

The question is sometimes put, as one of great significance, whether the sinner is active or passive in regeneration. The question is important mainly from its ambiguity. The soul, from its very nature, is always active when in a conscious state, as it is presumed to be in regeneration. If the point of the question be, whether the soul is active or passive as to the change wrought, it may be replied, that it actively protests against regeneration till it is performed, and actively assents to it afterward. As to aid or opposition, it intentionally affords only opposition. To suppose it intentionally to aid the work, is to suppose a holy act, which cannot occur till after the soul is regenerate. In the struggles to prevent submission to God, the sinner exhausts himself, and becomes broken down, often, and wasted, like a rebellion nearly crushed. Thus he unintentionally hastens himself into that state which God usually sees fit to bring about before he regenerates a man.

Of course difficulties pertain to the doctrine of regeneration, and it is not an easy thing to remove them all. He who handles the two great themes of human history, apostasy and redemption, and proposes to make all plain, must be a very bold man. The interpretation of the Scriptures here presented, has the advantage, as we hope, of clearing up many of these difficulties. In the views here given we have also the solution of two painful facts in the Church.

It is a singular spiritual phenomenon, and has been much commented on in the way of explanation, that in later years,

conversions, so called, have been marked with but little conviction and struggle and agony of mind, compared with those taking place formerly, and under an older theology.

The theory of conversion by self-determination and resolution,*and which is said to be pressed that the sinner may feel his responsibility, leaves the thing very much in his own hands. He is taught that he will become a Christian at his own pleasure, and when his self-determining will takes that turn. He is not, then, in a very hard case. He is not so near "dead" in sin as to feel quite helpless. The apostasy has not wrought a terrible work in him. Under such a theory, advocated and urged that the sinner may feel his responsibility, he is quite inclined to take the responsibility. Of course the agonies of conviction, and the breaking up of the soul, as in despair, do not come on that man, and when he is said to turn to God, he comes "easily and gracefully into the kingdom."

The theory of regeneration by resolution, that we have discarded, also shows us why we have so many inefficient and worldly professors of religion in the Church. In many of these cases they are probably converts by a self-determination. A solemn, prayerful purpose started them, as they thought, in the Christian way. While feeling was ardent around them, they run well, like Paul's Galatian converts, but they run only under human forces. Now their resolution does not bear them up and carry them on. The Church is cumbered by them. Yet have they practised what they were taught, that the resolution and the dedication are regeneration. They have run as long and gone as far as this theory allows. Their apparent piety is periodic, and shows itself only under special means and measures. We stand in doubt of them. We fear that they were born "of the will of the flesh," and feel that they must be born "of God."

ARTICLE II.

MOTLEY'S DUTCH REPUBLIC AND UNITED
NETHERLANDS.

The Rise of the Dutch Republic. A History. By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY. 3 vols. 8vo. 1855. New York: Harper & Brothers.

History of the United Netherlands, from the Death of William the Silent to the Synod of Dort, with a full View of the English-Dutch Struggle against Spain, and of the Origin and Destruction of the Spanish Armada. By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, D. C. L. 2 vols. 8vo. 1861. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE brilliant reputation achieved by Mr. Motley, almost immediately on the appearance of his former volumes, is in no danger of diminution from the present instalment of his new work. It might have been anticipated that the man who could tell the story of the great Netherland struggle in any apprehensible form, would find plenty of hearers. The subject itself is one, as we shall have occasion to remark more at length by and by, in which every supporter of a constitutional government, and especially every friend of religious liberty, feels an almost direct personal interest. Yet our interest in the subject will scarcely exceed our gratitude to the author when we reflect on the hardly accessible sources from which his materials have been gathered, and the skill with which they have been digested into not only a consistent history, but an entertaining and exciting narrative. We occasionally hear something about a "learned leisure," and are apt to get the impression from certain sources, that a historian needs only to be a man of tolerable information and have nothing else to do, whereupon the muse Clio will use him as a first-class "writing medium," and through him communicate her revelations of the past to the generations of the present and the future. If this were so, Mr. Motley would have strangely mistaken his calling. One

is almost appalled at the toilsome drudgery to which he must have devoted himself in preparation for his task. It was something to carefully study "all the leading contemporary chronicles and pamphlets of Holland, Flanders, Spain, France, Germany, and England;" yet the testimony furnished here, important as some of it is, is in great part false and all of it imperfect. The actors in the scenes, or rather behind the scenes, here described, were quite as anxious as otherwise that the contemporary public should understand them to say what for the most part they did not mean.

The most valuable of the materials from which the contents of these volumes have been arranged, were unpublished ones. Through many wearisome days must the student have searched in sundry state-paper offices, and in manuscript departments of various literary museums, deciphering the most private letters, reports, and instructions, not only in English, French, and German, but also in unscholarly Dutch, in barbarous mediæval Latin, and in Spanish, which was certainly not superior to that of Cervantes. The vast piles of manuscripts to be examined, the many pages of words to a single valuable thought, the sickening details of lying diplomacy, might have discouraged any but the most enthusiastic seeker after historic fact. Yet without the evidence recorded in the archives of Simancas, in the handwriting of Philip and his private secretaries, and in the secret papers filed away in various depositories at London, Paris, The Hague, and elsewhere, the true history of those times could not have been fairly set forth.

"To him who has patience and industry many mysteries are thus revealed which no political sagacity or critical acumen could have divined. He leans over the shoulder of Philip the Second at his writing-table, as the king spells patiently out, with cipher-key in hand, the most concealed hieroglyphics of Parma or Guise or Mendoza. He reads the secret thoughts of Fabius,* as that cunctative Roman scrawls his marginal apostilles on each despatch; he pries into all the stratagems of Camillus, Hortensius, Mucius, Julius, Tullius, and the rest of those ancient heroes who lent their names to the diplomatic masqueraders of the 16th century; he enters the cabinet of the deeply-pondering Burghley, and takes from the most private drawer the

* The name usually assigned to Philip in the secret correspondence.

memoranda which record that minister's unutterable doubtings; he pulls from the dressing-gown folds of the stealthy, softly-gliding Walsingham the last secret which he has picked from the Emperor's pigeon-holes, or the Pope's pocket, and which not Hatton, nor Buckhurst, nor Leicester, nor the Lord Treasurer, is to see; nobody but Elizabeth herself; he sits invisible at the most secret councils of the Nassaus and Barneveldt and Buys, or pores with Farnese over coming victories and schemes of universal conquest; he reads the latest bit of scandal, the minutest characteristic of king or minister, chronicled by the gossiping Venetians for the edification of the Forty; and after all this prying and eaves-dropping, having seen the cross-purposes, the bribings, the windings, the fencings in the dark, he is not surprised, if those who were systematically deceived did not always arrive at correct conclusions." — U. N. Vol. I. pp. 54, 55.

The dissimulation to which all the diplomatists of the times devoted themselves, the systematic deception and falsehood everywhere cultivated, from the highest majesty to the lowest court agent, quite throws into the shade the puny, puerile, and transparent mendacity of our modern politics; the former had the dignity, at least, of a comprehensive science. To be sure, these persons were wise enough always to discredit one another's most solemn asseverations; but if they knew what to doubt they did not always know what to believe. We can conceive of only one more puzzling element possible to their correspondence. A single plain truth would have put them more to their wit's end than whole reams of the most ingenious prevarication. This perplexity, however, they never experienced.

Yet we find no evidence on the pages of these volumes of any such weariness as we might suppose would come of this toilsome study. On the contrary there is an elasticity, a vigor, and a glow of enthusiasm, betokening that the author is heartily in love with his work, and that he has an earnest interest in the cause whose varied fortunes he describes. Mr. Motley's style is an imitation of no master or predecessor: indeed we might almost say it is unlike itself; so versatile and unequal is it. He is perhaps inferior to Bancroft in philosophic acuteness and in the majestic movement of his narrative; less uniformly elegant than Prescott; less genial and immediately attractive than Irving; yet in his qualities as a whole not much inferior to either of them. His wine does not always sparkle and exhilarate like

that of Macaulay, but it is more purely from the grape, more wholesome and invigorating. Macaulay gives us splendid pictures in the highest style of art; Motley makes us look at the men and things themselves in their natural character. The former works up his material in such manner as to put his own stamp on it, always transmuting it into his own thought. The latter invents no speeches or conversations for the parties in his histories, nor does he undertake to modernize or popularize their communications; they appear in the *ipsissima verba* of authentic documents. He is wonderfully natural and easy—sometimes, to be sure, there is a looseness and inelegance of statement which is not so attractive; then again he is sententious and epigrammatic; now plain, clear, and practical, and now with a grand, inspiring eloquence which quite captivates the reader. His indignation is occasionally intense—more so than is needful perhaps—yet we hardly wonder at it in one who was to describe the atrocities of some of Philip's agents, the sanguinary excesses of the Spaniards, the black treachery by which the negotiations for peace were characterized, and the parsimony, selfishness, and infatuation which mingled themselves with nobler elements in the character of Elizabeth. There is withal a sprightliness, a ready wit and quiet humor, more luminous than ornamental, indigenous to the style, and which always bring us into familiar contact with the events described.

In the volumes comprising the 'Rise of the Dutch Republic,' Mr. Motley has given us the course of events in complete detail from the accession of Philip the Second to the assassination of William the Silent. It will be requisite to recapitulate briefly some of these events. It is well known that the Netherlands were a part of the dominions under the magnificent sway of Charles the Fifth, and as such fell to the possession of Philip the Second on the abdication of his father. The latter proceeded to settle the government on an absolute basis. But the struggle of the free spirit, native to the people from the days of Julius Cæsar, with the despotic assumptions of various rulers, had not yet subsided, nor did it manifest much disposition to yield to the demands of Philip. The doctrines of the Reformation, too, had just at this time been eagerly accepted by multi-

tudes of the people. They had received these doctrines from the side of France rather than of Germany ; and they were, of course, of the strong Calvinistic type which has the least possible affinity with despotic governments. This religious element tended in several ways to complicate the relation between the sovereign and his subjects. On the one hand, it quickened and intensified the desire to preserve the rights of the people against the encroachments of the monarch, and irrevocably fixed the disposition to cease to be rather than to be slaves. On the other hand, it served as an occasion to the royal bigot and fanatic to inaugurate more cruelly stringent measures for the suppression of popular privileges, and at the same time inflamed his zeal for the extermination of religious non-conformity. Thus the fiercest conflict, and one the longest the world ever witnessed, "originated in the opposition of the rational elements of human nature to sacerdotal dogmatism and persecution — in the courageous resistance of historical and chartered liberty to foreign despotism." In defiance of most solemn promises confirmed by oaths, in violation of ancient charters and sacredly guaranteed privileges, Philip planned, and his agents diligently strove to execute his plans, for the extinction of every element of individual and national freedom in the whole land. In pursuance of these projects, he introduced the Inquisition ; multiplied the ecclesiastical functionaries and enlarged their powers ; enforced the most cruel edicts, not only reviving those that by their very badness had become obsolete, but making new ones still more intolerable ; and was gradually suppressing all the agency of the people and of the national assemblies in the management of their civil affairs. The religious persecutions of this period furnish a history, which, for intense fierceness, can hardly be paralleled by that of any other time. One grows incredulous at the accounts of our author touching these matters. Yet he himself intimates, and his manner of writing confirms the intimation, that much of the cruelty authentically certified he hardly dares to publish. The burning alive of thousands of people, the penalty now and then, in peculiarly venial instances being "mercifully" modified to burying alive, or to strangling before burning, or some other such mockery of alleviation ; and this persisted in year after

year, with a resolute determination never to cease till the last heretic should disappear, is certainly an appalling passage in the history of the world.

It was not strange that a people thus treated should have revolted against the government. Yet we can scarcely conceive the gigantic obstacles to this action. The principles of the Reformation, though rapidly spreading, were by no means universal. In some of the provinces, Romanism was still the almost unanimous choice of the people; while in all there was but a partial adoption of Protestantism. True, whether Protestant or Catholic, there was nearly universal dissatisfaction with the political measures adopted, and especially the absolute authority claimed by the government. Yet there were immense disadvantages on the side of the provinces. There was a small territory, much of it conquered from the sea and with difficulty retained, crowded with inhabitants devoted to industrial pursuits, wonderfully prosperous in times of peace, but to whose prosperity any such disturbance might prove fatal as was likely to come in an insurrection against the then dominant power. Then too an almost inconceivable variety of interests existed, many of them clashing with one another, while by the constitution of society unity of action seemed nearly impossible. On the other side was a monarchy scarcely less extensive and powerful than the greatest the world had ever known, embracing possessions in Europe, Asia, Africa and America. Its revenues were ample, and its resources almost exhaustless. At its command were the gold of Mexico and Peru, the infantry of Spain, the science and genius of Italy, and the then potent sanction of the Papal hierarchy. It must be remembered, too, that the monarch's dealings with the provinces were characterized by what Guizot calls a "conscientious duplicity." The people were always given to expect some immediate and favorable change. It was only when the Duke of Alva, with a powerful and well-disciplined Spanish army, appeared among them, and began his terrible mission of burning, hanging, burying alive, breaking on the wheel, and, by other infernally-invented torments, destroying thousands on thousands of those who remained from the persecution of his predecessors, that the people saw clearly that their utter sub-

jection to both despotism and the Papacy were determined. Apparently it was too late to resist. The first captain of the age, with the best soldiers of Europe, was on the ground and was master of the situation.

Overawed and nearly paralyzed by the terrible apparition, the people were long in adopting any practical measures for their own relief. There was mutual distrust, and it was hazardous for any one to communicate even with his neighbor on what most intimately concerned all. Happily there was one man equal to the emergency, to whom the great mass of the inhabitants could turn with confidence. Yet even the consummate genius, the deep sincerity, the whole-hearted self-sacrifice of the Prince of Orange had to contend with the most stubborn obstacles, insurmountable to almost any other man of any age. Hopeless as the task seemed, William the Silent undertook it. Devoting his regal fortune to the cause, setting himself to work with almost tireless energy in a variety of characters, informing himself by the most subtle agencies of the intentions of the Spanish court, using all his great diplomatic ability in securing aid from friendly powers, he succeeded in raising an army and arranging a plan of operations against Alva and his subordinates, which, though far from victorious, did much to baffle that general and to retard the progress of his terrible enterprise. But with slight occasional success, the Prince was doomed to experience many defeats, and much disappointment from those on whom he relied. Now France, which has promised her aid, deserts him; now some of the German States turn a cold shoulder to their suffering neighbors, either deeming the struggle a hopeless one, or looking suspiciously on the type of Protestantism exhibiting itself in the Netherlands as something alien to the Lutheran Reformation; and again the great leader has to contend with the despondency or the parsimony of the States, the mutual jealousies of the provinces, or the flagitious treachery of influential personages. Still, in spite of the almost unparalleled impediments, the persistent efforts of the patriots under their leader slowly and painfully secured some foothold and obtained some slight advantage.

Meantime the fierce cruelties never for a moment relaxed. Martyrs were multiplied, and political derelictions were over-

taken with the surest and swiftest vengeance. "The hands of the executioner were never idle. The best blood of the land stained the scaffold. Whole districts were depopulated. Horrible barbarities were committed in every village. Many of the wealthiest citizens were abandoned for days to the outrages of a cruel and vindictive soldiery." The inhuman atrocities of the war itself are beyond all common credence. The astonishing persistence with which some of the cities held out, hoping against all hope, in the sieges wherewith they were straitened, is only equalled by the savage slaughter after the final surrender. The victims of the remorseless carnage were not merely the men who had bravely defended the place, but old men, tender women, and little children. Not only were all the appliances of cruel torture threatened and used upon those who resisted the government, but bribery and other blandishments were held out to all who for any cause were open to such convictions, and often with great effect. Sometimes when a gleam of hope shot athwart the sombre skies of the patriot cause, and they seemed just in reach of some stable foundation, bitter disappointment was experienced by the desertion of trusted leaders, perhaps carrying with them whole cities or provinces, and painfully deranging the matured plans of many months' formation.

Thus for sixteen years the unequal contest prevailed, sustained and guided by the genius, wisdom, and high moral force of William the Silent. Alva, who had never been defeated till he came to the Netherlands, was baffled. His successor, Requesens, fared no better. Don John of Austria, the hero of Lepanto, who came with the splendid lustre of more brilliant victories than any other had achieved over the power of the Crescent, was foiled and outwitted by the subtle brain of Orange; and even Alexander of Parma, to whose splendid military genius and masterly diplomacy were added temperance, fearlessness, and utter unscrupulousness, could not turn the scale against the great Netherlander. At one time during this period, there was a general sympathy throughout all the provinces in the common cause. Towards the close of it, there had been a falling away of some of the southern States. In the latter, Protestantism had not much spread, and of course

the great inspiring element of religious freedom was wanting. Then, too, there was a weariness at the apparently hopeless contest. Powerfully persuasive appeals were made to the cupidity and the ambition of their leaders, always jealous of the great influence of Orange, and by this means these provinces were again brought into submission to the government of Philip. The seven northern provinces of Holland, Zeeland, Friesland, Utrecht, Brabant, Mechlin, and Flanders, though parts of several of them were still in the power of the enemy, had at last unitedly declared their independence of Spain, and were endeavoring to devise some stable form of government. With eager unanimity, they would at once have conferred the sovereignty on William, who had hitherto directed them by his influence, not by any conferred or assumed authority. But he had determined that his enemies should never have occasion to say that he had been inspired by any selfish ambition in the great cause to which he had devoted himself. The sovereignty he steadily declined, though Holland and Zeeland obstinately refused to recognize any other ruler ; and he was persuaded to accept the leadership in those two provinces, though under particular limitations, which he himself insisted on. The other provinces, with the advice of William, offered the sovereignty to the Duke of Anjou, brother of the French king. Anjou accepted the office ; but with the baseness of which he was no solitary example in his family, he soon betrayed the trust reposed by a confiding people. Yet even then, so important was the alliance with France deemed, and so great the necessity of some personal head, that Orange advised reconciliation and a second offer of the sovereignty to the French Duke. Before this could be consummated, Anjou died ; and in a few weeks the overwhelming catastrophe of the assassination of the Prince of Orange was accomplished. This event, long meditated, had been several times previously attempted ; and at last the powerful ban of the Pope and the bribery of Philip were successful. It was the most fearful blow that had been struck at the revolutionary enterprise. Happily it had been averted during all those years in which the success of the cause rested almost wholly upon his shoulders. The importance of this event, even at so late a day, to the oppressing party, was

evinced by the magnificent rewards, both temporal and spiritual, with which the deed was repaid. To the patriot party, the gloom produced by the infamous act was tragical. "Never in human history was a more poignant and universal sorrow for the death of an individual. The despair was for a season absolute; but it was soon succeeded by more lofty sentiments. It seemed, after they had laid their hero in the tomb, as though his spirit hovered above the nation which he had loved so well, and was inspiring it with a portion of his own energy and wisdom."

It is at this point that the new work of Mr. Motley, 'The History of the United Netherlands,' commences. "The industrious Philip, safe and tranquil in the depths of the Escorial, saying his prayers three times a day with exemplary regularity, had just sent three bullets through the body of William the Silent, at his dining-room door in Delft. 'Had it been done two years earlier,' observed the patient old man, 'much trouble would have been spared me; but 'tis better late than never.'" Still the contest was not ended; though looking at the resources of the two parties one might conjecture that the subjugation of the Netherlands was a question not merely of time, but of very short time.

Look for a moment again at the wealth, power, and territorial resources of Philip the Second. There was the Spanish peninsula, whose genial climate and productive soil were nearly unsurpassed. It contained many splendid cities, populous and prosperous as any in Europe. Portugal had been recently conquered, and with her distant colonies and the rapidly developing trade of both the Indies, had become subject to Spain. Spain too possessed Sicily, with the better portion of Italy, and important dependencies in Africa; the vast treasures of the new world poured themselves into her lap; while "the most accomplished generals, the most disciplined and daring infantry the world had ever known, the best equipped and most extensive navy, royal and mercantile, of the age, were at the absolute command of the sovereign." Nor was there any power in Europe or in the world to whom Spain was apparently inferior. France was next in political consequence, but France was rent by civil dissensions promoted and aggravated through the intrigues of

Philip, so as to hopelessly derange all prospects of pacification, and render her an easy prey to that monarch's ambition. England, surprising as it may seem to those who are accustomed to admire the brilliancy of the Elizabethan age, was politically but a third rate power. It is true she had great names, such as the Cecils, Walsingham, the splendid Queen herself — than whom no abler monarch has sat on the throne of Britain — Raleigh, Essex, Leicester, Sidney, Spenser, Shakespeare, and lesser lights, which would have been famous in some other age, Yet England was materially a weak nation. Ireland's rebellious humor was constantly breaking out; Scotland had a strong Catholic party under the influence of Philip and the Guises, eagerly awaiting any disturbance which might prove the occasion of rescuing the imprisoned Mary Stuart and placing her on the throne of her beheaded rival. The population of England was, according to our author, not larger than the present population of its capital and the immediate suburbs. "Its revenue was perhaps equal to the one sixtieth of the annual interest on the present national debt." There is many a private citizen (so he estimates) on each side of the Atlantic, enjoying an income greater than half the amount of Elizabeth's annual budget. Clearly all that could possibly aspire to rivalry with Philip on this side of the continent were strikingly inferior to him. Evidently he meant to use this advantage to good purpose; for it is now known that he aimed not merely at the subjugation of the provinces, but that his plan embraced the conquest of both France and England. The Netherlands were only a stepping-stone to his ultimate enterprise. Then, too, he had the subservient sympathy of the house of Austria, and the more than sanction of the Roman Pontiff.

On the other side were the feeble and distracted provinces; Holland, "a morsel of territory attached by a slight sand-hook to the continent and half submerged by the stormy waters of the German Ocean" . . . a rude climate . . . a soil so ungrateful that if the whole of its four hundred thousand acres of arable land had been sowed with grain it would not have fed the laborers alone," and containing scarcely a million of inhabitants; Zeeland, a group of islands "entangled in the coils of deep, slow-moving rivers, or combatting the ocean without;"

and the ancient Episcopate of Utrecht ; these were the only provinces that had entirely freed themselves from the Spanish yoke. The others were held partly by the royalists and partly by the patriots.

“Such, then, were the combatants in the great eighty years’ war for civil and religious liberty ; sixteen of which had now passed away. On the one side, one of the most powerful and populous world-empires of history, then in the zenith of its prosperity ; on the other hand, a slender group of cities, governed by merchants and artisans, and planted precariously upon a meagre, unstable soil. A million and a half of souls against the autocrat of a third part of the known world. The contest seemed as desperate as the cause was certainly sacred ; but it had ceased to be a local contest. For the history which is to occupy us in these volumes is not exclusively the history of Holland. It is the story of the great combat between despotism, sacerdotal and regal, and the spirit of rational human liberty. The tragedy opened in the Netherlands, and its main scenes were long enacted there ; but as the ambition of Spain expanded, and as the resistance to the principle which she represented became more general, other nations were, of necessity, involved in the struggle. There came to be one country, the citizens of which were the Leaguers ; and another country, whose inhabitants were Protestants. And in this lay the distinction between freedom and absolutism. The religious question swallowed all others.” — U. N. Vol. I. p. 9.

By the death of Orange the Netherlands had been left without a head. The government was in an unsettled condition, and the organization and consolidation of a republican form of government must be the slow work of time. Meantime they sorely felt the need of some leader, a sovereign to whom they could all look for direction. Thus they were at a double disadvantage, and all the more from the fact that the Spanish government had never had so efficient an agent as now. Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, was in many respects the most remarkable man of his age. Both as a soldier and a diplomatist his ability was consummate. He was scarcely thirty-seven years old, yet he had “the experience of a sexagenarian. His genius was rapid in conception, patient in combination, fertile in expedients, adamant in the endurance of suffering ; for never did a heroic general and a noble army of veterans manifest more military virtue in the support of an

infamous cause, than did Parma and his handful of Italians and Spaniards." We shall see as we proceed, that most formidable obstacles were put in his way by the neglect of Philip, whose head was full of intrigues for the crippling of other powers, rather than practical plans for the furtherance of his viceroy's mission in the provinces. Consequently, the army was left without reinforcements, without pay, and almost without food; happily for the Dutch, but disastrously for Alexander Farnese, so far as any circumstances could be disastrous to such a man.

A large part of the first volume of the *United Netherlands* is occupied with the negotiations of a treaty attempted first with France and afterwards with England, for the sovereignty and protection of the provinces. William of Orange had felt that, notwithstanding the treachery of the French government, and its relation to the Papacy, the safety of the patriot cause lay in alliance with that country. It was next in power to Spain, and jealous of the progress of that monarchy. It was clearly for its interest to engage in any enterprise which promised to limit the expansion of Philip's empire. For these reasons, rather than from any conviction of French sympathy with the Netherlands cause, William, and after his death a large party in the Netherlands, still sought the patronage of the house of Valois. This leads the author to describe the political condition of France; and by his judicious selection of facts he throws much light on all the great conflicts of the age. The three Henrys, with the parties of which they were the respective representatives, form a fine occasion for his masterly sketching of character.

Henry the Third, who then occupied the throne of France, was the last of the Valois line. "Less than king, less even than man, he was one of those unfortunate personages who seem as if born to make the idea of royalty ridiculous, and to test the capacity of mankind to eat and drink humiliation as if it were wholesome food." With considerable native abilities, he yet seems in early life to have lost all power to exercise them, and there was little of manhood left in the days when it became most needful. Surrounded by the meanest of minions, passing his days and nights in a round of gorgeous festivals, masquerades, tourneys, balls, and other glittering frivolities, the cost of

which increased the burdens of his people and more and more provoked their execrations; appearing at these festivities, and even in the public promenades, in the attire of a woman and a harlot, or again, at the advice of his crafty mother, going about the streets in robes of penitence, telling his beads as he went; such was the reigning monarch of a powerful State. He was wedded to the Jesuits, who despised him and at last dethroned and destroyed him; he hated the Huguenots, who could have saved him. His party was the office-holder's faction—the nominal government—than which a more corrupt and infamous one can scarcely be imagined.

Henry, Duke of Guise, was the chief of the extreme Papistical party. He was the agent of the great Spanish Catholic conspiracy, the French head of the League of which Philip the Second was the impersonation. In the secret correspondence he is denominated "Mucio." While equally eager with Philip for the exclusive supremacy of the Papacy, he was animated largely by the desire to supplant the Huguenot Henry of Navarre in the succession to the throne. He and his party cordially hated the Valois incumbent and his dependants, and were perpetually plotting their overthrow. Yet while aiming at his own aggrandizement, Philip was only using him to secure the throne of France as an appenage to that of Spain.

Henry of Navarre, the Béarnese, the great Huguenot, and the hope of the Protestants everywhere, was a man of much versatile and ready talent. A brave soldier, a keen observer of men and things, not easily outwitted, of no extensive culture but such as he acquired among the rocks and mountains of Béarn, in the camp and at the Parisian court; with a generous heart, a yielding disposition; not a bigot, hardly in any sense a religionist, now a Protestant and now a Catholic, as the impulse of the hour or the promptings of ambition determined; he was nevertheless destined to be the great man of his nation and the saviour of France.

Thus France was engaged in a triangular conflict between factions somewhat nearly equal. It was plainly for the interest of Philip to keep up this ferment; for a pacification would be utterly ruinous to his schemes of extended empire. However ardently the government of France might be disposed to the

papacy or the extermination of heresy, no party in power could have a settled peaceful policy which would for a day allow the schemes of Philip to proceed.

These facts show why the eligible opportunity of uniting the Netherlands with France was neglected. The ambassador offered the sovereignty unconditionally to Henry the Third. After much puerile and disingenuous negotiation, it was almost insultingly rejected. The baneful influence of the Spanish monarch, exerted through the agency of Guise, defeated the project which the imbecile Valois should have seen to be the only safe one both for his realm and for his person. Not that Philip's plans terminated with the rejection by Henry of the Netherland offer; he spent vast sums of money in his too successful, but ultimately profitless intrigues for the promotion of dissension and civil war in France.

Baffled and thwarted, the States next turned their eyes to England. One is amazed at the hesitancy, careful bargaining, shrewdly guarded stipulations, the parsimony, and the "diplomatic coquetry" of the great Queen, and the backwardness of her ministers in an enterprise which was so obviously quite as much for the interest of England as of the Netherlands. It is true, the sovereign and her advisers did not know what the diligent investigation of Mr. Motley has made us acquainted with, concerning the vast plots of Philip. But they did know that the king of Spain was intent upon the extermination of Protestantism, that attempts had been made, which were not so far from successful, against the life of the Queen, and that no measures would be unused for revolutionizing England and making it a province of Spain. It could but be obvious that the Netherlands were only an entering wedge in a vast scheme which was to result in the universal suppression of religious liberty, and that when the provinces should be subdued, as they must be without extraneous aid, Philip, with all the coast at his command, with a powerful party in France in his interest, would have England easily at his disposal. Yet the Queen was dilatory and distrustful. It was only after much chaffering about the terms, that a treaty was formed, yet so formed that Elizabeth might escape from its indefinite responsibilities. She appointed as her lieutenant in the provinces the Earl of

Leicester, her especial favorite — a man, as all the world knows, of some great abilities, brilliant and fascinating, generous and courageous, yet vain, imperious, and vindictive, a puritan in theory, a profligate in practice. Mr. Motley's representation of him is, on the whole, more favorable than that of most of the historians; still he points out the glaring defects of his character in an impartial manner. His powers were quite ambiguous. The Queen would not allow him to act as viceroy, as she had refused the sovereignty. On his arrival he was received with open arms by the Dutch, treated in a magnificent manner, and urged by the States-General to accept the office of absolute governor, which it seemed to them necessary to confer on some one. This the Earl was perhaps all too eager to do. But it mightily offended the Queen, and raised such a storm against the favorite as incalculably damaged the common cause. Then the parsimony of the sovereign withheld the supplies necessary to the efficiency of the army. The whole outlay was of the most niggardly character. The soldiers were soon ragged and starving; the expenses of the expedition were mostly paid by Leicester himself; the quarrel between the lieutenant and his mistress destroyed the confidence of the States in him and laid the foundation for much of the trouble which his own mistakes and incompetency magnified during his subsequent administration. Moreover, just at the time when an energetic coöperation and a faithful carrying out of the compact might have hopelessly crippled the operations of Farnese against the provinces, negotiations for peace were undertaken at the instance of Spain; and the Queen and her ministers indicated a willingness to yield their project. Yet these propositions on the part of Spain were conceived in the profoundest dissimulation, and followed up with the most audacious hypocrisy. At that very time the most extensive and formidable preparation was being made for the invasion and conquest of England. Happily the Invincible Armada proved a failure, but less from the sagacity of the English government than by the providential opposition of the elements and the deficient provision of Philip.

We return now to some of the events occurring during the negotiations of the provinces with England. The siege of

Antwerp is the subject of a long chapter, and the narrative is invested with a marvellous interest. The genius of Parma nowhere shines out so conspicuously as in this enterprise. Neglected by Philip, whose head was full of intrigues and complicated plots, and whose talents were far less for any straightforward practical operation than for schemes in which deception formed a principal ingredient, the affairs in the Netherlands were in an almost ruinous condition, and but for the superlative abilities of Alexander, they would of themselves have fallen hopelessly to the ground. The latter without money, with a destitute army, in the face of vast obstacles, performed one of the most brilliant exploits in the whole war.

“Antwerp, then the commercial centre of the Netherlands and of Europe, stands upon the Scheldt. The river flowing straight, broad, and full along the verge of the city, subtends the arc into which the place arranges itself as it falls back from the shore. Two thousand ships of the largest capacity then known might easily find room in its ample harbors. The stream, nearly half a mile in width and sixty feet in depth, with a tidal rise and fall of eleven feet, moves for a few miles in a broad and steady current between the provinces of Brabant and Flanders. Then, dividing itself into many ample estuaries, and gathering up the level isles of Zeeland into its bosom, it seems to sweep out with them into the northern ocean. Here, at the junction of the river and the sea, lay the perpetual hope of Antwerp, for in all these creeks and currents swarmed the fleets of the Zeelanders, that hardy and amphibious race, with which few soldiers or mariners could successfully contend, on land or water.” — U. N. Vol. I. p. 140.

The government of the city had degenerated from a well-organized municipal republicanism into anarchy. The Burgomaster, at this time the richly gifted but unfortunate St. Aldegonde, was charged with the executive authority, yet that authority was nearly nugatory from the clashing of the various bodies exercising municipal power. He had only a single vote in the board of magistrates, where a majority ruled.

“There were a college of ward-masters, a college of selectmen, . . . of deacons, of ammunition, of fortification, of ship-building, all claiming equal authority, and all wrangling among themselves; and there was a college of ‘peace-makers’ who wrangled more than all the rest together. Once a week there was a session of the board or gen-

eral council. Dire was the hissing and confusion as the hydra heads of the multitudinous government were laid together. Heads of colleges, presidents of chambers, militia chieftains, magistrates, ward-masters, deans of fishmongers, of tailors, gardeners, butchers, all met together pell-mell; and there was no predominant authority. This was not a convenient working machinery for a city threatened with a siege by the first captain of the age." — Vol. I. 144–5.

The vast importance of the defence of the city was felt by all the provinces. A liberal sum of money towards this end had been granted by the States-General. The city voted a large subsidy, and arrangements were at once made to supply all necessary provision for sustenance, and the munitions of war. But "from first to last the mistakes committed in the city were incredible." At the very outset the plan for victualling the city was almost frustrated by the obstinacy and quarrelsomeness of the agent, Admiral Treslong. Yet this was remedied, and even after the investment became more close, and the communication more perilous, the supplies were coming in rapidly, when the magistrates, by a "folly more stupendous than it seemed possible for human creatures to compass," established a maximum on the price of corn, and otherwise restricted the trade. The adventurous skippers who had run their cargoes through a dangerous gauntlet, were no longer willing to risk their necks for the moderate compensation, and the supplies were stopped.

Another instance of extraordinary stupidity was manifested in the refusal to open the dykes, according to the advice of Orange a short time before his death. The low lands along the Scheldt were protected against marine encroachments, and the river itself was confined to its bed, by a magnificent system of embankments. One of these, the Blow-garen, was so situated that by piercing it a vast body of water would pour over the land, even submerging the Kowenstyn, the only other obstacle in the passage of fleets from Zeeland. The city would thus be connected with the sea and its islands by such an expanse of navigable water, that any attempt to cut off supplies and succor would be vain, and famine would be laughed to scorn. St. Aldegonde explained these facts to the magistrates, and communicated the advice of Orange. Convinced of its

necessity they passed an order for its accomplishment. Unfortunately there were other boards in session and other motives at work besides those of patriotism. The guild of butchers held a meeting, and resolved to oppose the execution of the plan with all their strength.

"The butchers were indeed furious. Twelve thousand oxen grazed annually upon the pastures which were about to be submerged, and it was represented as unreasonable that all this good flesh and blood should be sacrificed. At a meeting of the magistrates on the following day, sixteen butchers, delegates from their guild, made their appearance, hoarse with indignation. They represented the vast damage which would be inflicted upon the estates of many private individuals by the proposed inundation, by this sudden conversion of teeming meadows, fertile farms, thriving homesteads, prolific orchards, into sandy desolation. Above all they depicted, in glowing colors, and with natural pathos, the vast destruction of beef which was imminent, and they urged — with some show of reason — that if Parma were really about to reduce Antwerp by famine, his scheme certainly would not be obstructed by the premature annihilation of these wholesome supplies." Vol. I. 152.

Other branches of the multiform government, moved by kindred considerations, joined in the opposition, and the plan was frustrated. The sapient burghers proposed as a better scheme the opening of the sluices on the Flemish side. A vast region of country was thus overflowed; but, while it was no benefit to Antwerp, it furnished to Parma facilities for transportation which proved of vast advantage. Meantime that sagacious and energetic commander was going on with a stupendous project, which even to the wisest of his opponents seemed ridiculously absurd. He had determined to bridge the Scheldt, and thus hopelessly cut off the city from all communication with friendly regions. It would have been an enterprise worthy of the grandest military genius, even under favorable circumstances. But Alexander's circumstances were not favorable; the obstacles to the undertaking were many and formidable. He was himself left with most meagre resources, at the head of an army small, unpaid, ragged, and famishing, and which, under any other commander, would have surely mutinied. The turbulent river was lashed by the storms of

winter, its ocean-tides rolling huge ice-blocks up and down, threatening the destruction of the partially completed work. The military demonstrations of the enemy were not trifling. But the bridge was not only completed, it was doubly and trebly fortified, bidding defiance to any of the modes of assault then common in the art of war.

Yet against this astonishing structure available means were offered to the Antwerpens, which, but for their envy, covetousness, jealousy, and discord, would have proved successful; which, in spite of their influences, nearly accomplished the relief of the city, and only failed through the pusillanimity of those to whom a part of the enterprise was intrusted. There lived in the city an Italian of subtle genius, named Gianibelli, who was second to no man of his age in mechanics and theoretic and practical engineering. He had no especial sympathy with the patriots; but having once offered his services to Philip, and been subjected to the criticism of insolent placemen, sneering courtiers, and routine philosophers, without any opportunity to explain his projects, he had gone away indignant, threatening revenge on the Spaniards who had slighted his genius. He laid before the Senate of Antwerp a plan for destroying the bridge. Ignorance and incredulity defeated the principal part of his project, but he was permitted to make the attempt on a very limited scale. Two small vessels, the "Fortune" and the "Hope," were placed at his disposal, and he proceeded to convert them into marine volcanoes. Seven thousand pounds of a superior kind of gunpowder were placed in a "crater," over which was "a roof six feet in thickness, formed of blue tombstones placed edgewise. Over this crater rose a hollow cone or pyramid made of heavy marble slabs, and filled with mill-stones, cannon-balls, blocks of marble, chain-shot, iron hooks, plough-coulters, and every dangerous missile that could be imagined."

A smooth, light flooring was laid over the whole; and on it a wood fire was built to give the appearance of simple fire-ships. In one of these was a slow-match, very carefully prepared, by which the submerged mine was to explode at a nicely calculated moment. The eruption of the other was regulated by an ingenious piece of clock-work. In addition to the two "hell-burners," a fleet of thirty-two smaller vessels was pre-

pared, covered with tar, pitch, and other inflammable materials; these were to be sent down the river at intervals, to clear the way, and to occupy the attention of the enemy.

There was much mismanagement by those to whom some parts of the affair were intrusted. Nearly the whole fleet was despatched helter-skelter, instead of at regular intervals; and was closely followed by the infernal machines. The "Fortune" did not explode according to the calculation. Many of the Spanish officers and a large number of the troops had come out to observe the mysterious display, of whose import of course they were unaware. At the faint and partial explosion on the "Fortune," doing no damage, they began to take heart and to greet the exhibition with peals of derisive laughter. But the "Hope" soon drifted along into her intended place. Some of the soldiers and officers boarded her, and began to extinguish the fire on her deck. Marquis Richebourg, Alexander's most valuable officer, stood on the bridge and directed their operations, loudly laughing at the apparently impotent conclusion of the hostile adventure. "It was his last laugh on earth." One of Parma's aids approached, and insisted that the prince should retire. He hardly succeeded in drawing him away:

"It was not a moment too soon. The clock-work in the Hope had been better adjusted than the slow-match in the Fortune. Scarcely had Alexander reached the entrance of St. Mary's Fort, at the end of the bridge, when a horrible explosion was heard. The Hope disappeared, together with the men who had boarded her, and the block-house against which she had struck, with all its garrison, while a large portion of the bridge, with all the troops stationed upon it, had vanished into the air. It was the work of a single instant. The Scheldt yawned to its lowest depth, and then cast its waters across the dykes, deep into the forts, and far over the land. The earth shook as with the throb of a volcano. A wild glare lighted up the scene for one moment, and was then succeeded by pitchy darkness. Houses were toppled down miles away, and not a living thing, even in remote places, could keep its feet. The air was filled with a rain of ploughshares, grave-stones, and marble balls, intermixed with the heads, limbs, and bodies of what had been human beings. Slabs of granite, vomited by the flaming ship, were found afterwards at a league's distance, and buried deep in the earth. A thousand soldiers were destroyed in a second of time; many of them being torn to shreds, beyond the semblance of humanity.

“Richebourg disappeared, and was not found until several days later, when his body was discovered, doubled around an iron chain, which hung from one of the bridge-boats in the centre of the river. The veteran Robles, Seigneur de Billy, a Portuguese officer of eminent service and high military rank, was also destroyed. Months afterwards, his body was discovered adhering to the timber-work of the bridge, upon the ultimate removal of that structure, and was only recognized by a peculiar gold chain which he habitually wore. Parma himself was thrown to the ground, stunned by a blow on the shoulder from a flying stake. The page, who was behind him, carrying his helmet, fell dead without a wound, killed by the concussion of the air.” Vol. I. 195, 196.

A breach two hundred feet in width had been effected. A passage was made for the fleet which lay below, ready to bear up at once to the scene of action, to smite out of existence what yet remained of the wonderful structure, and carry relief and triumph to Antwerp. But now the evil genius of the city regains the ascendant. Through the imbecility of Admiral Jacobzoon, the whole affair, thus far successful beyond all anticipation, proved a wretched failure. He was to send a barge, after the explosion, to ascertain the effect, and, if a breach had been effected, to fire a rocket as a signal. He despatched the barge, but before any facts could be known ran away to the city. The bargemen, affected with the spirit of their leader, were afraid to go near the bridge, and “came back with the lying report that nothing had been accomplished.” Parma, unappalled by the vast disaster, though momentarily expecting an attack which, had it been made, would have annihilated his remaining force, set about fortifying his position, and before morning had put himself in a tolerable state of defence. It was three days before the exact truth was known to the enraged Antwerpens; and by that time Alexander was able to bid them defiance again.

We have not space to follow in detail the vivid and powerful descriptions of two or three subsequent actions in this memorable siege. Too late the burghers saw their mistake in the matter of the dykes, and even the butchers consented to the piercing of the Kowenstyn. But the argus-eyed Alexander was too watchful for them. He saw as well as they that the

removal of this great barrier would render his gigantic efforts at the bridge and elsewhere abortive. He occupied and fortified the dyke. The Dutch troops tried to retake it. They made a splendid fight, but were repulsed. Again they concerted an ingenious scheme for occupying it, which was nearly successful. They had even broken through the embankment, and the floods were pouring in. The enterprise seemed complete, and the relief of the city accomplished. St. Aldegonde and Hohenlo who had been in the battle, had already hastened to Antwerp with the news of the great triumph ; and the whole town went into an ecstasy of banquets and other celebrations. But the discomfited Spaniards rallied again ; and after one of the fiercest and bravest encounters in the whole history of the Netherland tragedy, the patriots were dislodged, the dyke repaired, and the isolation of Antwerp hopelessly fixed. The important stronghold was soon after surrendered. Discord, stupidity, and imbecility on the one side, with consummate genius, vast courage, and wonderful energy embodied in a single man on the other, had accomplished the fall of one of the most splendid cities of Europe. Its grandeur was irrecoverably lost.

One of the most surprising facts set forth in this history is, the extraordinary prosperity of the revolted provinces after a tremendous war of twenty years with the most powerful nation on the globe. Very instructive, too, is the contrast of these provinces with those which had either been conquered, or had submitted themselves to the authority of Spain. The docks and basins of Antwerp, "where twenty-five hundred ships had once been counted, were empty ; grass was growing in its streets ; its industrious population had vanished ; and the Jesuits had returned in swarms." It was the same throughout the obedient provinces.

"Commerce, manufactures, agriculture, were dying lingering deaths. The thrifty farms, orchards, and gardens, which had been a proverb and wonder of industry, were becoming wildernesses. The demand for their produce by the opulent and thriving cities, which had been the workshops of the world, was gone. Foraging bands of Spanish and Italian mercenaries, had succeeded to the famous tramp of the artisans and mechanics, which had often been likened to an army ; but these new customers were less profitable to the gardeners and farmers.

The clothiers, the fullers, the tapestry-workers, the weavers, the cutlers, had all wandered away ; and the cities of Holland, Friesland, and of England, were growing skilful and rich by the lessons and the industry of the exiles to whom they afforded a home. There were villages and small towns in the Spanish Netherlands that had been literally depopulated. Large districts of country had gone to waste, and cane-brakes and squalid morasses usurped the place of yellow harvest-fields. The fox, the wild boar, and the wolf, infested the abandoned homes of the peasantry ; children could not walk in safety in the neighborhood even of the larger cities ; wolves littered their young in the deserted farm-houses. Two hundred persons in the winter of 1586-7 were devoured by wild beasts in the outskirts of Ghent." U. N. Vol. II. 128-9.

On the other hand, in the States which still asserted their freedom of foreign control,

"Population was rapidly increasing, property rapidly advancing in value, labor in active demand. Famine was impossible to a state which commanded the ocean. No corn grew in Zeeland and Holland, but their ports were the granary of the world. The fisheries were a mine of wealth almost equal to the famous Potosi with which the commercial world was then ringing. Their commerce with the Baltic nations was enormous. In one month eight hundred vessels left their havens for the eastern ports alone ; . . . the rebellious provinces were driving a most profitable trade with Spain and the Spanish possessions, in spite of their revolutionary war. The mines of Peru and Mexico were as fertile for the Hollanders and Zeelanders as for the Spaniards themselves. The war paid for the war." — Ibid. p. 133.

It is passing strange that an alliance so profitable to both nations and so requisite to the right decision of the great contest, as that between England and the Netherlands, should have been so long delayed, and then still longer rendered nugatory, by the parsimony, vain hope of peace, and the petty caprices of a really great sovereign ; by mutual jealousies, vain stickling for empty dignity, and by a virulent party-spirit. We have seen with what enthusiasm Leicester was welcomed. We have seen, too, how violently the great Queen resented his acceptance of the governmental power, and how her conduct under the influence of this resentment rendered him suspected by the Netherlands. It was sufficient of itself to produce utter alienation of

feeling between parties who needed to act in the utmost harmony and sympathy. The conduct of Leicester still more thoroughly diverted the confidence of the leading Dutch statesmen, and occasioned the formation of factions between whom the bitterest animosity was excited. The keen Spanish general was not slow to take advantage of these facts, and notwithstanding the almost desperate condition of his own troops, and the great lack of needful appliances, he was slowly advancing towards the subjugation of the rebellious provinces. In military affairs the English lord was no match for the Italian prince. In the midst of these complicated affairs, Leicester was seized with a desire to visit England. Serious as it would have been merely to leave the country at such a crisis without any head, it were less serious than the arrangements which he made for its government during his absence; especially those by which he committed two of the most important posts to already suspected officers, who in due time betrayed them to Parma. This of course widened the breach between the two nations. The quarrel of Leicester and the States waxed hotter all the while the former was in England. All sorts of animosities were thereby excited in the Netherlands; and these were still more inflamed by two or three mischief-making agents of the governor.

“Here, then, were Deventer and Leicester plotting to overthrow the government of the States; the States and Hohenlo arming against Leicester; the extreme democratic party threatening to go over to the Spaniards within three months; the Earl accused of attempting the life of Hohenlo; Hohenlo offering to shed the last drop of his blood for Queen Elizabeth; Queen Elizabeth giving orders to throw Hohenlo into prison as a traitor; Councillor Wilkes trembling for his life at the hands both of Leicester and Hohenlo; and Buckhurst doing his best to conciliate all parties, and imploring her majesty in vain to send over money to help on the war, and to save her soldiers from starving.”—U. N. Vol. II. p. 237.

After an absence of six months Leicester returned, but his administration was marked with the same imprudence and party spirit as before. Up to the date when he resigned his office, which he did in no long time after, the English alliance had done little for the Netherlands.

Most fatal to all hopes of success, as well as a continual source of powerful irritation, was the negotiation for peace in which the English government had indulged, with intended secrecy at first, but afterwards more openly, from almost the very commencement of the alliance. The Queen and most of her ministers were intensely averse to war, apparently on account of its expense. The overtures of peace on the part of England were eagerly encouraged by Farnese, to whom they were made; and he made reiterated and most solemn asseverations of his sincere desire for the restoration of amicable relations. Yet he was at the very time the chief agent in one of the vastest plans ever laid, for the invasion of England, and the dethronement of its monarch. The gigantic duplicity and audacious lying which were practised by Alexander in these negotiations, makes us almost forget the infamy of the hypocrisy in contemplating the grandeur of its proportions. But it was kept up till the very moment when he expected the arrival of the Invincible Armada and his own summons to lead his troops to London and take possession of that kingdom in the name of Philip!

We cannot follow our author in his fine panoramic view of the expedition of the Armada, its battles, its defeat, and the disastrous termination of a project of so many years' formation, and so costly an outlay. The description is the most satisfactory we have ever seen. The present volumes close very nearly with the close of this great enterprise; and we wait with impatience for the remaining chapters of a history which more strongly than ever substantiates the truth of a proposition of late more and more believed, that "the history of the world is the history of Christianity."

ARTICLE III.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS.

1. *Recent Inquiries in Theology, by eminent English Churchmen; being "Essays and Reviews."* Edited, with an Introduction, by REV. FREDERICK H. HEDGE, D.D. Fourth American edition. 12mo. pp. xiv., 498. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. 1862.
2. *Tracts for Priests and People.* By various Writers. Second edition. 12mo. pp. viii., 372. 1862. (Same Publishers.)
3. *Replies to "Essays and Reviews."* . . . With a Preface by the Lord Bishop of Oxford, &c., &c. 8vo. pp. x., 516. Oxford and London: John Henry & James Parker. 1862.
4. *Aids to Faith: a Series of Theological Essays.* By several Writers. Being a Reply to "Essays and Reviews." Edited by WILLIAM THOMPSON, D.D., Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. 12mo. pp. 538. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1862.

WE devoted an article to the first of this family-circle in our former volume, at page 261. It certainly must be considered quite a stimulative work; for the progeny of books, pamphlets, and review-articles which have sprung out of its publication — is already of a patriarchal count. If the notice thus taken of it were really, for the most part, a defence set up against its individual assault upon the Christian faith, we should say that the attention so bestowed were greatly disproportionate to its merits. Its papers are neither marked by originality, strength, or any sort of convincing power. They are little else than the old English deism, written down to the present times, with continental annotations and emendations — the last style of respectable "free thinking" airing its well-bred manners in the bands and cassock of the Church which pays its salary to preach just the contrary sentiments.

Beyond the largest pretensions of these 'Essays and Reviews,' however, the subject of Christian belief has an ever-living value of its own, which more than justifies all the labor devoted to it in the controversy now going on over this famous volume. As the essayists and reviewers put their observations and arguments into several brief and disconnected dissertations, so their opponents have followed the same plan in the works above indicated. This gives the whole discussion a fragmentary character, unfavorable to completeness of treatment; but, on the other hand, it relieves the matter of a wearisome prolixity, and gives it a better chance of a popular reading. It is evident that the writers, on both sides, desire a wider than merely learned and scholarly hearing. "For the debate (as Mr. Hughes says, in one of these papers) has come down to the every-day, working world. Men and women, occupied with the common work of life—who are earning their bread in the sweat of their brows, and marrying, and bringing up children, and struggling, and sinning, and repenting—feel that the questions which schoolmen are discussing, are somehow their questions."

Mr. Hughes is right. The 'Tracts for Priests and People,' which this gentleman, of 'Tom Brown' reputation, opens, is an attempt to build a dyke against this ocean of German unbelief upon the sandy and flat lands of the Broad Church catholicity. It is rather a review of the reviewers of the 'Essays and Reviews,' than a refutation of that work; and in its zeal against the opponents of the essayists, it becomes their frequent apologist. It has no fears that these bold speculators will do any special harm; has much hope that their shaking the old oak of the Christian creeds will fix it the more firmly, which doubtless will be the case, but with no thanks to this effort to pull it up by the roots. "What I do fear (writes Mr. Hughes) is the dishonesty of the attempts which have been made to put them down, and to stifle free inquiry." This strikes the key-note of the volume. It would find and occupy a *juste-milieu*, where, in the nature of the case, there is none.

These gentlemen decline to draw the line between their position and "the seven" as between believers and unbelievers. They think this illiberal, and, as we presume, the denial of legitimate investigation. We see not to what else they should

apply this censure ; for the legal processes to deprive the essayists and reviewers of their benefices in the Church of England, would seem to an outsider a simple business remedy to stop a party who has broken a contract from appropriating any longer its avails. But holding the above charitable view of their erring brethren, they probably regard all this as persecution. So their handling of the points in debate is feeble and inconclusive. Their argument, like Agag, walks delicately. What they do say is often well enough ; but it omits far too much of positive truth to give it strength and triumph. The paper on the 'Atonement' singularly illustrates this. It is indeed a "sacrifice ;" but only in the sense of a thank-offering of human nature, in the person of Christ, to God, for mankind. *This* is the *propitiation*. Its connection with the Divine justice is too equivocal to justify any direct statement. The article belongs to the "negative theology ;" so much so that another hand finds it necessary to supplement it with a declaration that Christ does give us deliverance from sin and punishment, but not in any actual sense of ransom, redemption, satisfaction to God's offended government. The "postscript" to this paper, (being its *third* part,) concerning "the pacifying of God's wrath," strikes us as the most puerile piece of misconception and empty exegesis which we have recently encountered. It contains, however, an interesting fact in ecclesiastical history, showing how Pauline was the theology of the first framers of the Articles of the English Church. In the copy of 1562, the phrase "pacifying God's wrath" stands where the term "propitiation" was substituted in the text of 1571. The earlier form is really nothing more than a literal translation of the latter ; and so it was understood by the primitive Churchmen, whatever diluted sense some of their successors may now put upon it. Neither expression, as any tolerably intelligent Sunday-school scholar should know, implies the appeasing of implacable resentment in God ; but this — the satisfying the demands of a firm and stern judicial disapprobation of sin, and of a determination that it shall not go unpunished.

These 'Tracts' do not set aside the *miracles* of the Testaments ; they wish to protect them from their impugnors. But

they are pointedly severe against the 'miracle-worshippers' — a class of people we do not remember to have met with this side the water. Miracles are to be conceded; but they seem to these critics to have been of small service in authenticating the revelation of God, which can only be certified by its fruits in the heart and life. It is difficult to find their justification in these pages, or a definite conception of what they were. There are some good observations here, as, that "the Scriptures know nothing of a revelation received independently of its contents because attested by miracles." (p. 178.) Also, that "any conversion or adhesion to His cause which rested rather on the impression produced by supernatural power than on the acceptance of the truth in the heart, was studiously repelled by our Lord." (p. 175.) We do not copy the italicizing of this whole sentence, because, so far from conveying to us any new-discovered idea, it only repeats a thought which has long been domesticated in our mind. Mr. Maurice tells us, moreover, and truly, that the denying the personal will of God, as the supreme cause, is to fall back on the deified powers of matter; and in rejecting Christianity we must inevitably inaugurate a new, and more portentous form of idolatry than ever cursed the world. We regret that a volume which expresses many important truths in a very vigorous way, should have crippled itself by the fear, in its authors, of being thought uncharitable, or shall we say — "evangelical."

The hint thus adventured takes a demonstrative form in the papers entitled, 'The Boundaries of the Church,' and 'The Message of the Church.' The writer of the first of these sufficiently committal pieces, iterates and reiterates the assertion exultingly, that "there is scarce a mode of English opinion which does not find its representative and exponent among those who minister and who teach in her name;" that doctrines are preached by these, "which, except for mere technicalities, could have been delivered in a Roman basilica, or, on the other hand, have been heard with approval in Geneva itself;" that "there is scarce a phase of Christian faith which may not be, as there is scarce one which *is* not, held within the Church of England." We should not limit this statement, *broad* as it is, to phases of the "Christian faith," with the explanation

offered in this essay and the next, upon the central topics of Inspiration, the Atonement, Future Punishment, Prophecy, but should say that not a little teaching, outside that which finds a hearing from its pulpits, itself being the witness. instance ; " Prophecy is increasingly considered as the prophesying of the men of old, with only such reference to the future as there must of necessity be in the words of those who, having learnt to understand God's dealings in the present, understand also by analogy what will be His dealings under like circumstances in the future." (p. 233.) This is slack-twisted evidence for the very extreme *left*. And the whole of this doctrinal cellany is held together by the " rubrics," and the canonically selected scripture-readings, including excerpts from the *Alpha*, which latter liberty particularly cultivates an unexaggerated magnanimity. We are not surprised, after this, to find a venerable discovery repeated, that " the darker side of Christianity is responsible for much of modern infidelity, the effect of which is to escape from which is to believe that a thoroughly irreligious person is as really a child of God, as is any regenerate person which says " Our Father ; " that human depravity is not an alienation of the fallen from God, as the church-creeds admit, and that " the proclamation of the Divine Fatherhood of Christ precludes and explains the proclamation of the Divine Sovereignty of Christ." (p. 275.) We have long had this sort of unsurpriced dishonesty both sowed and harvested among us. Its cant phrases are as stale as the remainder biscuit of a round-the-world voyage. Doubtless these writers suppose that they are doing good service to Christianity by building this dam of rushes against the swollen torrent of modern misbelief. We respect their intentions, and honor their manifest kindliness (of which we have seen something experimentally) towards earnest and honest persons befogged in religious scepticism. But, with the best feelings in the world for these quasi-friends of our holy faith, we can find no further to find a championship of its assaulted barriers which can command our confidence.

The third volume on our list takes the shape of a direct application to each of the seven sections of ' Essays and Reviews.' It speaks from the platform of the High Church. The eloquent of its clergy, Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford,

introduces it with a short and nervous preface, in which he very properly says, that the objections to the Christian system which it refutes are only the revival of old errors, the proper remedy for which is not so much a minute reply to every captious casuistry, "in which repugnance to all fixed belief of dogmas as having been directly communicated by God to man, is apt to vent itself;" but "a strengthening the deep foundations of the faith" by independent and thorough discussion. We agree with him in this much better than in his solicitude to show, that the new Oxford movement, which he and his co-laborers gird themselves to withstand, is not a natural and logical reaction from the other Oxford movement of twenty years ago. We appreciate the bishop's desire to stave off this conclusion; but the good service which this ample and elaborate volume promises to a much worthier cause than that, will not nearly balance the damage done in that quarter to spiritual religion, in former days, through the absurd resurrection of a semi-popish ecclesiastical regime. The bow bent the farthest flies back with the strongest recoil. Saying this, we question not that this recent reanimation of clerical unbelief is also the "stealing over the sky of the lurid lights which shall be shed profusely around the great Antichrist."

The bishop's demand for the suppression of this kind of sceptical propagandism within the bounds of the church, by stringent authority, is just. It is precisely the doctrine which we have argued at length in former numbers, — that if men wish to upheave the doctrines of their professed faith, they shall unfrock themselves of the vestments of that profession before they do it. It is none too strong a use of language to say, that "honest men, who are bound by voluntary obligations to teach the Christian revelation as the truth of God," cannot write such books as these 'Essays and Reviews,' until they have stepped fairly off their present foundation into the outside arena. It is time, by the strong logic of the common conscience, for men to vacate any religious pulpit whose volumes are bought up by infidel clubs, then cut into pieces, and let out to the populace to be read at a penny an essay. — *Vide* p. 122.

This collection of 'Replies' is learned, witty, and caustic. It contains some able specimens of controversial writing; now

nicely dissecting its subject, and anon levelling an antagonist with a heavy club. Dr. Temple's 'Colossal Man,' for instance, is shortened at both extremities in an amusingly unceremonious way. This theory of the "Education of the World," through merely intellectual and social forces, is convicted of a singular confusion of ideas and systems in the brain, not of its projector, for it is a very old story, but of its present re-arguer. How far the 'Head Master of Rugby School' is from having finished his own education, he has strikingly displayed. A timely light is also thrown upon Bunsen's claims as a guide in biblical science. 'Self-confident, rash in speculation even beyond most of his countrymen,' he was totally spoiled by the praises of his party. His opinions are often beneath criticism. Thus, he applies the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah to *Jeremiah* as the "sheep dumb before its shearers;" only a little more absurd than the interpretation of the same Messianic prediction by his eulogist, Dr. Williams, as denoting "collective Israel;" who rather prefers this to the other sense, but is not very particular. Neither are original in these opinions, since many more similar attempts to destroy the Messianic character of this prophecy can be found in the Jewish polemical writers. They had an object in this special-pleading exegesis. But why a Christian should follow their vagaries is quite inconceivable. Williams is pilloried for gross ignorance in his statements; and so are Powell and Jowett. These gentlemen seem to have written *currente calamo*, without troubling themselves to turn to authorities. We have never seen the disgusting effrontery of the Germanizing exegetes better shown up than in some of these pages:—"one day St. Matthew and the gospel of the Hebrews were up, the next day, St. Luke, and then an original gospel; and the fourth day, St. Mark; one day, Deuteronomy was a late book, the next, it was an early one, and-so-forth." . . . "If one Isaiah or one Daniel will not solve the question satisfactorily, take two"—is the rule by which to work out the prophetic problems.* The indorser of all this, and much more, is an English theological professor and divine who prays to the "holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, three persons in one God;"

* Compare, also, 'Aids to Faith,' pp. 221-228, for further specimens of this irrelevant trifling on the Elohistic and Jehovistic controversy, and of its utter lack of self-consistency.

but these to him are only "expressions of a Triad, which may be represented as will, wisdom, and love; as light, radiance, and warmth; as fountain, stream, and united flow; as mind, thought, and consciousness; as person, word, and life; as Father, Son, and Spirit;"* — we are tempted to add, and why not also as *x*, *y*, and *z*?

The author of the paper on 'Miracles' clears away a large amount of rubbish from this topic studiously piled over it by Prof. Powell and others. Among other things, he comes to the rescue of Pascal's "thought," that miracles confirm the doctrine, and doctrines confirm the miracle; words "which, though they are perfectly true if taken rightly," are liable to have an "unsound sense put upon them." Both ideas are biblical. The miracle attests the doctrine: — "Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God; for no one can do the miracles that thou doest, except God be with him." The doctrine must try the miracle: — "To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them," be their signs and wonders what they may. This is reasoning "in a vicious circle" only to those who judge of spiritual things on merely natural principles. We shall recur to this theme in noticing the next volume.

The treatise on 'The Idea of a National Church,' hunts down, in true English style, Mr. Vicar Wilson's fox of 'Multitudinism,' or generalized religion. It is a myth more shadowy than Hamlet's ghost. It organizes its church of the future on the fallacy that religion has nothing to do, except indirectly, with individual souls, but operates for and through masses of people, addressing to communities commands, and setting up for them standards of character, which men and women in detail cannot, and are not expected to reach. This is the loosest latitudinarianism. It is contrary to human consciousness of obligation; to common sense, for the whole can be only as are its parts; to the word of God. It makes morality and religion alike impossible, except as a joint-stock affair. Its creed is this: "What the Multitude shall in future be pleased to hold shall be the Christianity of the age of the future." Every one's scripture shall be whatever commends itself to the 'verifying faculty'

* *Essays and Reviews*, p. 99.

of the individual reader or thinker. The only unity of such a church must be its total indifference to its own beliefs. To state such a thesis ought to utterly extinguish it. It is little more than the resuscitation of Semler's abandoned theory of 'accommodation' to contemporary prejudices; that is, that Christ and the inspired penmen did not mean what they said or wrote, but merely laid themselves out to humor the prejudices and whims of the people around; consequently, we may read their words forwards, or backwards, or crosswise, or anyhow, to suit ourselves, and yet all belong to the church of Christ; which insults him to the face, if thus appropriating his name. To defend substantially these views, Prof. Jowett brings forth his hermeneutical casuistry in the piece on 'The Interpretation of Scripture,' which finds a summary demolition in the last paper of this volume, by Canon Wordsworth of Westminster. The doctor's sword-play is as dexterous as his heavy ordnance is effective. His irony is keen, and his shells explode in the centre of his adversary's camp. A prominent feature of all the contributions reviewed in this book — their studied effort to say a great deal more than they can be proved directly to have said — deserves the severe censure which the Canon of Westminster inflicts upon the essay under his treatment: "It teems with insinuations. It is a whispering gallery of indistinct sounds muttering evil."

In a less polemical style the 'Aids to Faith' ranges through a similar list of topics; as — Miracles; Evidences of Christianity; Prophecy; Ideology and Subscription; the Mosaic Record of Creation; the Pentateuch; Inspiration; Atonement; Biblical Interpretation. Its writers represent that part of the "Establishment" which is marked rather by an earnest Christian life than by a zeal for ecclesiasticism. Mr. Mansel discusses miracles in fifty-two pages of luminous statement and strongly-built argument. The 'Essays and Reviews' deny the possibility of the miraculous; just as it is self-evident that two and two are *not* five. This puts the point plainly. Mansel replies that these supernatural, or more correctly, superhuman acts, are the appointed proof of Christianity; that they cannot be rejected without the rejection of the Christian revelation. So, Christ: "That ye may know that the Son of man hath

power upon earth to forgive sins, I say unto thee, Arise, take up thy couch and go unto thy house." "If I, with the finger of God, cast out devils, no doubt the kingdom of God is come unto you." There is no intermediate theory of the miraculous, between the actual truth of its reported wonders and their wilful and necessarily wicked fabrication. Hence the naturalistic explanations of Paulus, and the later mythical expositions of Strauss, have given way, as untenable resting places, to the bolder and more consistent conclusions of Bruno Bauer, that these biblical accounts of miraculous interpositions, are deliberate falsifications of history. Where this puts the sacred witnesses, need not be spoken. But sensible people will not numerously accept this length of infidelity; therefore Germany, too, is swinging around, by an inevitable reaction, into a new revival of the old orthodoxy, and possibly may become as zealous once more for the faith, as it has latterly been for its demolition.

David Hume held that a miracle could not be proved by testimony, but did not affirm its absolute impossibility. Our modern sceptics have narrowed the issue to this categorical negative. They base it on "the assumption of absolute determinism," that is, positive fatalistic necessity. The laws of the universe (say they) forbid it. But this is mere logomachy. For one of the laws of the universe is the existence and activity of free-will in man by the evidence of consciousness, and in God by spiritual analogy. This provides for ten thousand daily changes in the working of physical laws, without destroying or interrupting them; as thus—you see a stone lying in your path, and because you please to, you hurl it into the air. It makes a curve and comes down some rods distant. What has changed its place? Gravitation, atmospheric resistance, and your free-will in throwing it aloft—the last quite as essentially as the first. If it had lain still the laws of nature would have been no more intact than in its removal under your interfering agency. Some of these laws are subjected to our free-will to turn them to our purpose. All of them are subject to God's supreme will to use them as he chooses. He has employed a superhuman use of nature for the authentication of moral and religious truth. He has wrought miracles for the spiritual benefit of men. They are a part of the Divine programme for the

salvation of our race. No natural law is anything but God's working in and through nature ; how he will do it, is for him to decide. Moral as well as physical considerations come into these decisions. The former interests are paramount to the latter. To keep the material universe agoing simply for its own sake, is a futile conception of its worth and design. It is a chest of tools with which the great Artificer builds his holy temple. He does this ordinarily through the appliances of his special providence. But, as another of these writers well remarks, the step from the doctrine of a particular providence to a belief in miracles is no great stride, if there is a sufficient reason to take it. This belief is not, of course, that the same cause, working at different points under precisely the same conditions, ever did or can produce contrary effects. But here is the important consideration, that God can vary the conditions in which these laws of nature act, indefinitely ; can put springs upon them which shall alter and quite reverse their movement, at his pleasure. The sphere of the miraculous lies outside our cognition of the capabilities of natural causes under superhuman dictation. It may at length be found, that there is no more real opposition to the order of the universe, in a miracle, than in any instance of particular providential interposition. "The question of the probability of a miraculous interposition, is simply that of the probability of a revelation being given at all. In the words of Bishop Butler 'Revelation itself is miraculous, and miracles are the proof of it.'" (p. 39.) The matter may be summed up thus :

"Their possibility cannot be denied without denying the very nature of God as an all-powerful Being ; their probability cannot be questioned without questioning His moral perfections ; and their certainty as matters of fact can only be invalidated by destroying the very foundations of all human testimony." (p. 50.) "How miracles can be impossible, unless God is impossible, it seems that we have yet to learn." — p. 360.

The essays on 'Prophecy' the 'Mosaic Record of Creation,' and the 'Pentateuch,' are packed with a large amount of thorough and painstaking scholarship. Their writers, with exemplary patience and perseverance, apply themselves to the

task of re-answering cavils, and ignorances, and honest doubts, which are mostly as aged as Celsus, or at least as Collins and Chubb. Moses and the prophets are manfully defended against all challengers, and with ample success. The value and the fact of the historical element of Christianity is ably sustained. The Egyptological criticism is particularly satisfactory; and the objections of the sceptics based upon linguistic and ethnological speculations are easily dissipated into thin air. The careful erudition and excellent judgment of the Rev. Geo. Rawlinson, have done good service at these points. The views of atonement in 'The Death of Christ,' show a refreshing advance in positive scriptural statement beyond the loose rationalism put forth on the same subject in 'Tracts for Priests and People.' The doctrine of a "substitutive sacrifice," instead of being invented by Anselm in the 13th century, as there asserted, is traced down from the gospels and epistles in unbroken sequence to our day. Several turns of thought are very happily expressed; as thus:—It is no more unlikely that I should be saved through the self-sacrifice of another than that I should have become a sinner through the transgressions of another. The same objections which lie against the humiliation and ignominy of Christ's death, on the score of justice, lie equally against the previous abasement of his incarnation and suffering life. Without his crucifixion he would have become a curse for us, though not a Saviour.

The essay on 'Inspiration' does not so well meet the requirements of the case. Its author has not succeeded in adequately unfolding the truth which he appears very sincerely to accept. A certain timidity of treatment hampers the discussion. The attention which the commentator, C. J. Ellicott, incidentally bestows upon this topic in his masterly paper on 'Scripture Interpretation,' is eminently outspoken and gratifying. This section of the book discovers the practised pen of an accomplished biblical student. Its tone is reverent, yet independent. Now and then we regard his explanations of particular texts as doubtful, though held by him to be grammatically necessary; as, the hinted pre-millennianism of pp. 520, 521; the literal descent of Christ to the under world in 1 Peter iii: 19, (p. 501); also, remarks upon citations from various parts of the canon, on

p. 521. And here we observe, that our favorable criticism of any of these writers is not to be taken as a wholesale endorsement of their opinions throughout. But the main drift of this dissertation is thoroughly good. Its rules of interpretation are excellent. Interpret the Bible grammatically, historically, contextually, minutely, and according to the analogy of faith. The suggestions respecting the perplexed matters of types, and second meanings of scripture, are clear and judicious. Thus, "Is it strange . . . that words apparently spoken in reference to a precursory series of events, should be found to refer with equal pertinence to some mysteriously similar combinations that appeared long afterwards?" (p. 452.) And still again, concerning these emergent parallelisms and deeper senses: "No rule can be laid down; this only may be said, that he who reads Scripture under the persuasion that it often contains depths not yet sounded, and meanings not yet ascertained, will certainly read it with far greater spiritual profit to himself than he who believes he has fully arrived at the mind of Scripture when he has made out the mere outward meaning of the letter." (p. 519.) To the question — are there errors of any sort in the inspired books? we have this admirably discriminative and sufficient answer:

"As in the case of the Incarnate Word, we fully recognize in the Lord's humanity all essentially human limitations and weaknesses, the hunger, the thirst, and the weariness on the side of the body, and the gradual development on the side of the human mind, (Luke ii: 40); in a word, all that belongs to the essential and original characteristics of the pure form of the nature He vouchsafed to assume, but plainly deny the existence therein of the faintest trace of sin, or of moral or mental imperfection; even so in the case of the written Word, viewed on its purely human side, *and in its reference to matters previously admitted to have no bearing on Divine truth*, we may admit therein the existence of such incompleteness, such limitations, and such imperfections as belong even to the highest forms of purely truthful *human* testimony, but consistently deny the existence of mistaken views, perversion, misrepresentation, and any form whatever of consciously committed error or inaccuracy." — p. 479.

Many readers of the 'Aids to Faith' will doubtless turn first to the essay which we reserve to the last, drawn possibly by

the novelty of the title, 'Ideology,' which is not yet extensively domesticated in our vicinity. Its substance, however, (if so unsubstantial a thing can so be spoken of,) has long been familiarly known among us as the radicalism of Strauss and his school. A good sketch of this critic of the gospels is furnished; and also of a very different man, from whom he, nevertheless, derived no small impulse to his destructive task — Schleiermacher — the learned, vigorous, eloquent, persuasive, sentimental, sarcastic, dreamy genius of Berlin. Strauss has all of his strength, far more than his recklessness and audacity, with none of his sensibility and devoutness. A rapid account of the career of this ideological heresy in Germany, and of its exile from the fatherland to the uncongenial soil of Britain, throws light upon the present state of English atheism, in which "empty abstraction swallows up all idea and fact, the Divine and human, in one universal void." (p. 184.) To this utter nihilism that finger-post points the shortest road.

The ideologist's position is the reverse of the old-fashioned infidelity. That threw aside the biblical history as absurd, incredible. But this holds that the facts of our revelation are the self-developed forms which man's conscious want of spiritual belief and repose has assumed. They are merely ideal conceptions of the desirable, taking on an embodied shape; imaginations clothing themselves in the semblance of reality, yet not real. Thus the narrative of Christ's life, and the entire scripture-record, is disposed of. Instead of the flings and blasphemies of the 'Age of Reason,' it tells us that all this Christian story is too good and too beautiful to be true, — what men so wished to be that they created it out of their own hearts, as a lovely illusion; but that it only projects a fair picture upon vacancy. This is indeed betraying the Son of God with a kiss. Yet there is a fraction of truth even here. Christian facts and doctrines are, as here asserted, consonant with the judgments of a rectified reason and the impulses of a sound conscience. The wild delusion is, that the idea of them could have originated in the human consciousness, as the ideologist maintains. Especially is this certain with respect to fallen man. Can figs grow on a thistle? Could the supremest beauty of holiness in life and sentiment be the invention, the outbirth, of a sinful and a

sinning soul? The soul does unquestionably need just what Christianity publishes; often, it intensely feels that aching, famishing want. The true doctrine is, that these revelations thus demanded, are not an empty chimera of unreal ideals — “the dream of a poet, or a saint, of a spirit full of divine yearnings and sympathies, but still a dream, an empty, unsubstantial dream;” but solid historic verities, all the more veritable because so good and so beautiful; words which God has spoken, records which he has authorized and superhumanly certified, for our individual consolation and redemption as lost but saved transgressors. We accept the statement of an opponent as conclusive against the ideologist, while of course repudiating its strongly implied denial of the authenticity of the Christian narratives:

“Melt the Christian history into myth, and what remains of the Christian hero? Every man must then make his own Christ, and build his church not on a rock of fact, but on the quicksand of fancy. An ideal Christ is next to no Christ at all. Phantom Saviours, phantom Christians, and phantom churches may be very well suited to the deceptive twilight of Hegelian or German metaphysics; but we are convinced they will all disappear ere they have long been imported into the broad noonday of English common sense. Christianity is either a history, or it is nothing. It is true *or* false, not true *and* false. What is a fiction in reason is not a fact in faith.”*

We take the issue: ‘Christianity is either a history, or it is nothing.’ So let the conflict go onward; and we close our review of these volumes with a hearty satisfaction in the winning fortunes of this “good fight of faith.” Our forces have not yet had to turn their back on the foe in the day of battle. Who honestly believes that they ever will?

* Westminster Review, (reprint April, 1882,) p. 811.

ARTICLE IV.

CHURCH CULTURE AND DISCIPLINE.

THE Christian church recognizes the social nature and wants of man. When, in its organization, God gave visible expression to the union of believers to Christ and to one another, he was legislating for the members of a community, and not for isolated individuals. When he entered into special covenant with Abraham, he included his household with him; and the reason which he gave for so doing has deep significance: "For I know him, that he will command his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment; that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which he hath spoken of him." In this transaction, according to the illustration of the apostle Paul, the visible church had its distinct origin. Then was planted the olive tree whose root and fatness are to endure through all the changes which may take place among its branches.

In instructions afterwards given, and in legislation respecting the church, the same principle was recognized. The apostle, in addressing his countrymen, assured them that the covenant-promise belonged to them and their children by a law of descent in respect to covenant blessings. So also the members of the church are called brethren: "For ye are all the children of God by faith in Jesus Christ." And the Saviour himself said: "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren." The church was a want of the social nature of man, and at the same time it avails itself of that social nature as a medium for sending outward and downward the rich blessings of the gospel.

A gospel church is, therefore, a visible organization of believers in Jesus Christ, formed for the purpose of securing a fuller development of the spiritual life of its members, and to be an instrumental agency for imparting that life to others. Such an organization, in the nature of things, must have some bond or ligament uniting its members. The harmonious action of individuals together, always requires, as a condition, some

law by which their actions are governed. The idea of constitution, or law, underlies every idea of a society. What is thus involved in the nature of things the scriptures distinctly recognize. They enjoin special duties upon the church, and prescribe for it the appropriate rules of action. An end contemplated by those rules, and secured through their observance, is the culture and discipline of the members of the church. It is of the first importance that correct views of this subject prevail among the members of our churches. Their views deeply affect their conduct.

The word discipline, is derived from the Latin *disciplina*, and that from *disco*, meaning, to learn. The primary meaning of the word thus derived, is instruction and regulation. Hence the discipline of an army is the carrying into effect all those rules and regulations, in regard to the individuals that compose it, which are needful for its efficiency. So the discipline of a school consists in enforcing such rules as will secure the accomplishment of the ends sought by the school. In like manner church discipline consists in the execution of all the appropriate laws of the church which call forth and guide the moral energies of its members. Discipline grows out of the very nature of the church, and includes all that it does for the moral and religious improvement of its members and the good of the world. This is the generic meaning of the term discipline as used in connection with the term church.

But church discipline, in common speech, often includes much less than what has thus been specified. It is made to include only specific action in reference to members of the church supposed to be guilty of gross offences. And it can hardly admit of a doubt that views thus imperfect have had an unhappy influence in all our churches. Suggesting little more than certain formalities connected with the trial of offending members, scenes oftentimes painful to contemplate, a low estimate of its importance is formed. Then low views of the importance of discipline naturally lead to laxness in its administration. Thus the great ends of the church-organization come to be still less perfectly answered.

A more correct as well as healthful view of church discipline, is that which makes it include all which the church does in ac-

cordance with its constitution and laws to develop the Christian graces of its members, and so train them for usefulness on earth and glory in heaven. Such a work is at once felt to be one of momentous importance. And then that specific part of the work, so often regarded as the whole of it, assumes at once a deeper significance from the fact, that it is a part of a great system of religious training for the people of God. Prejudices which often obstruct the discipline of the church are thus removed, and new motives are presented for making it efficient.

Having thus considered the general nature of church discipline, its special object claims attention. The primary result sought is the spiritual culture of God's people. Other objects, secondary in a logical point of view, though not in point of importance, are also aimed at and secured. As Christians become more spiritually-minded, and exhibit in greater distinctness the Christian character, they become more happy, more useful, and do more to honor God.

The new spiritual life in man commences in feebleness. For its development genial nurture is demanded. This is in part afforded by the quickening influence of Christian sympathy and love. The church, in the exercise of its proper functions, draws men within reach of the sympathy and love of their fellows. So intimate is the union subsisting in this organization, that it is thus spoken of in the scriptures: "Whether one member suffer all the members suffer with it; or whether one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it. Now ye are the body of Christ and members in particular." An important object is thus gained by bringing Christians more directly under the stimulating power of each others influence.

Another subsidiary object is attained when Christians are brought by covenant obligations to put forth personal efforts for the religious improvement of their brethren. Such effort excites and strengthens the spiritual life in him who makes it; for it is a law of the kingdom of grace, that men grow strong by labor, and rich by giving; that they become more watchful by exercising a Christian watch over others. And, on the other hand, this effort is seldom lost upon him who is the object of it. A renewed heart cannot long remain insensible to the warm

rays of Christian love that beam upon it. The same results are also secured by those social observances and rites which are sanctioned by the church. Through them, each member does something to quicken the piety of the other members. His mere presence in the place of prayer is a power. Both his example and his words become a stimulus to holy feeling. Sin yields to the expulsive power of regenerate affections.

Through the agencies thus brought into action, the primary object of church discipline is, to a great extent, accomplished in preventing any necessity for that last stage of the work which is so often understood to include the whole of it. So many and so powerful are the influences brought to bear upon the individual members of the church, that, with rare exceptions, they are saved from falling into open sin. Yet the world, and too often God's people themselves, seem almost unconscious that the disciplinary power of the church has had any marked agency in securing the result.

Still the sad fact cannot be concealed, that the most wholesome culture will not always save the individual from open sin. "Offences will come." And on the same principle that piety becomes especially effective for good through the intimate relations created by the church, open sin becomes especially effective for harm. Moral poison in the church works with fearful potency. Hence the sinning member must be excluded. The spiritual welfare of the church requires this; and then the action of the church in effecting the exclusion is calculated to call into more vigorous action the Christian graces of its members. Sometimes, also, that action proves the means of bringing the offender to repentance and a return to duty.

It is therefore the special object of church culture and discipline, to promote the development of the Christian graces in the members of the church by exerting upon them influences directly favorable to such a result, and then by guarding them against certain incidental dangers which from time to time arise.

This discipline of the church is necessary because the work of sanctification is to be maintained in God's people, and because God has graciously established just such an economy for carrying it on. In the dispensation of his sovereign grace, he doubt-

less might at once have secured the soul's perfect freedom from sin. And for beings perfectly holy, the discipline of the church would not have been a necessity. But God has chosen a different mode of procedure. The new life which he imparts to the soul dead in sin, begins in much weakness, and hence he appoints the disciplinary agencies of his church for its gradual development.

There is yet another fact which makes the discipline of the church a necessity to itself. Being an organization of imperfect men, the door of admission is guarded by those very liable to misjudge. Unworthy members, in spite of the utmost circumspection on the part of all concerned, will sometimes gain admission. There was a Judas even among the twelve apostles. But, as from the human body a gangrened member must be severed or it will prove fatal to life, so an ungodly and immoral member tolerated in the church will infuse moral poison into the body of Christ. The very nature and end of a church-organization renders exclusion in such a case a necessity. It is necessary, also, because God commands it. "A man that is an heretic after the first and second admonition reject." So of the immoral member. "Therefore put away from yourselves that wicked person." "If he neglect to hear the church let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican."

As the work of church discipline is one of vital necessity, it is of the greatest importance that correct views prevail in regard to the parties upon whom responsibility in the case rests. Who, then, are the responsible agents in the work?

It is evident from what has been said, that responsibility in the case rests upon the church. Discipline is a primary end of its existence. But the agency of the church is mainly indirect. The church seeks the end of its existence through the action of individuals.

So, also, is there responsibility resting upon the duly appointed officers of the church. They have important duties to discharge, which all contemplate, more or less directly, the promotion of wholesome discipline. But even their agency is mainly indirect, designed to stimulate the action of others.

The primary agents in the work are the individual members of the church. In the church, no man is master, but all are

brethren. There are no high, no low ; no Greeks, no Jews ; no bond, no free ; but all are one in Christ Jesus. Such a state of things mirrors forth the personal responsibility of the members of the church. God's commands, moreover, make duty a personal matter. The great command is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God." "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." "Thou shalt not suffer sin upon him." "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted." "If thy brother trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone." Thus both the relations subsisting between the individual members of the church and God's commands addressed to the members personally, show that the latter are direct agents in the work which we are contemplating. Every brother is linked to every other in the church, for this especial reason, that he may reach him through the links of that chain with a purifying, saving influence. Moreover, each member of the church most solemnly promises, by the covenant into which he enters, to personally labor for the spiritual improvement of his brethren. The saving power to be exerted is Christian love. This has its seat in individual hearts. Churches, church sessions, church committees, have no souls. The individual heart is the spiritual magnet which is continually acting and being acted upon in the church. Hence, in its discipline, the members, in their individual capacity, are the primary and main agents.

In respect to this matter, false views are quite too common, and their sad effect is made apparent in the lax discipline so prevalent in the churches. The form of expression, "church discipline," sometimes misleads men. It suggests a work to be done by the church in its collective capacity, rather than one which the church was formed to secure through its individual members. Hence springs the idea of delegating the work, in some of its departments, to church committees or other officers, by special vote. But the simple fact is, that the individual cannot transfer his personal duties to the church, nor can the church commit their discharge to any officers of its appointment. There is another fatal objection to the view under consideration. Even if a special vote of the church could make it the duty of a com-

mittee, or other officer of the church, to discharge certain disciplinary functions, that very act would, in all probability, unfit the parties concerned to perform the duty in the most successful manner. The effort would carry too much authority with it. Authority is not peculiarly fitted to win the heart. God conquers by love. Hence his people bear most of his image, and act most in harmony with him, when using the same instrumentality.

Another ill effect results from this imagined transfer of responsibility from the individual member of the church. He ceases to take any special interest in it; and, by necessary consequence, to coöperate in the work, and to pray with due earnestness for its success. The happy reflex influences upon himself, of the action called for at his hands, is also lost. The individual is always a great loser by leaving to others the work which God gave him to do. The Christian has a place in the church, not to enjoy ignoble ease, but to work. The Master's message to each one as he enters his church is, "Son, go work to-day in my vineyard." He does not expect his servants, when they meet with noxious weeds and briars, to shrink from the task of their extirpation. Rather does he expect them earnestly to seek to root up the base intruders. From this personal effort there is a great proneness to shrink. Nor is the case peculiar. Men will usually far sooner do some great thing for Christ than the simple thing which he requires. The way of salvation is too simple for the proud in heart. So the discipline of the church is too simple to please the worldly-minded disciple.

But it is sometimes urged against the view here presented, that the discipline of the church would lack efficiency if conducted mainly by individuals in a private capacity. This argument refers especially to the proper efforts with delinquent members. It is admitted that the members of the church are very liable to either entirely neglect their duty or very imperfectly discharge it. But are not churches, church sessions, and church committees chargeable with the same liability? Is the tone of piety any higher in either than it is in their individual members? There is, however, another side to this matter.

May not the efficiency of a church session or committee be greater in appearance than it is in reality? We remember the fable of the wind and the sun. The fierce blustering assaults of the one only caused the traveller to wrap around him the more closely his cloak, while the gentle rays of the other soon caused him to relax his hold and lay it aside. It is not the show of authority, but the gentle warmth of love that moves the wayward heart to duty. It is the power of Christian love, beaming in a brother's eye, softening the tones of his voice, and giving eloquence to every word and act, as in private he pleads his Master's cause, that has been the great reliance of the church. Whatever gives publicity to an effort, or clothes it with authority, usually acts as a disturbing force, and renders a good result less hopeful.

In accordance with what has been stated, informal efforts will usually be the most efficient for good. Earnest piety will prescribe, in most cases, the best methods. It will prompt to a faithful attendance upon all the means of grace. It will earnestly persuade to duty by precept and example. In short, it will avail itself of all the means within its reach for promoting the spiritual improvement of others.

Cases will, nevertheless, occur, in which more public action will be required. For these a definite method of procedure is prescribed. Specific private steps must be taken before publicity is given to the case. In accordance with directions in the eighteenth chapter of the gospel by Matthew, any brother, pained by the wrong done by another brother, is not to talk the matter over with others, is not to report the case to the church session or church committee; anything of this kind would probably make matters worse; but he is first of all to seek privately the reformation of the offender. The greater the injury, and the more deeply he is aggrieved, the more fitting and imperative the duty. In no one else can Christian love appear so strikingly and act so efficiently. Love that can rise above injuries, subduing all resentment, and seek the highest good of the injurer, is the mightiest finite power which can be brought to bear upon the human heart. It is God's economy to use just this power in reforming and saving men. But a step so

proper and efficient may fail to bring the offender to repentance. Then a second step is pointed out. The aggrieved is to seek the same result as before, in connection with "one or two more." Rules better fitted to prevent any necessity for the public action of the church, in respect to discipline in such cases, could not be devised. But when such a necessity does occur, as it sometimes will, no rules could better prepare the way for public action.

The spirit in which every effort to give efficiency to church discipline should be made, has been incidentally brought to view. It is not a suspicious spirit, ready to believe ill of a brother. It is not an envious spirit, taking pleasure in evil reports. It is not a fault-finding spirit, sharp-sighted to detect faults where none exist. It is rather a spirit of Christian charity, "that rejoiceth not in iniquity but rejoiceth in the truth ;" that "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." It is not a haughty self-righteousness, but rather a meek humility, that "doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil."

In accordance with the whole bearing of this discussion, we regard the final act of severance from church ordinances and privileges as a disciplinary and not a penal measure. Its purpose is not to inflict punishment, but to secure repentance. The idea of penalty in connection with this act comes from the papal theory of excommunication, which is the pronouncing of a ban or curse upon the separated member—a literal consignment of him over to the devil as a child of perdition. But we do not so understand the apostle nor Christ. The church does not take this judgment into her hands. She does not so cut off from her sympathies and responsibilities her erring ones. Cut them off from her holy communion she may be obliged to ; but even in thus making them "as a heathen man and a publican," the church should not consider them as beyond the reach of Christian care and labor, for their restoration to penitence and duty. If they even now repent, they are to be forgiven. It is wholly wrong to cast them loose from the fold of Christ in this spirit of abandonment to Satan. They are entitled, at least, to as much solicitude, prayer, entreaty, as

those who never professed religion. To be glad to get rid of them in the feeling of retributive justice, of personal ill-will, is utterly unchristian. God has not called us here to cursing, but to blessing. The effect of a sentence of exclusion from the church should always be watched, as such sentence should always be pronounced, with the tenderest manifestation of desire for the spiritual good of the offender.

Securing to its members the beneficial influence of such a culture and discipline, the church is the school of Christ in which his people are trained for usefulness, happiness, and heaven. Let these entertain enlarged views of the nature and objects of the discipline of the church. Let them remember whose work it is ; let them adopt its method and imbibe its spirit, and our churches would become more effectually nurseries of piety. Less frequently would alienations occur among brethren. Less frequently would these fall into heinous sin. Less spiritual sloth would prevail. Again should we hear the old Hebrew song chanted to a richer Christian melody : " Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion ! "

ARTICLE V.

THE ENGLISH PEASANTRY.

IN the autumn of 1850 we came, in a fine, fast-sailing packet, from London to New York. The company in the steerage was very large, embracing a variety of nationalities, and constituting an amusing Babel of tongues. Most of them were as merry and careless as they could have been if assured that a farm was awaiting their occupancy in Wisconsin or Iowa, ready stocked, with a cottage full of comforts. There was one man among them, pale, sober, thoughtful-looking, tidy in his dress above the rest, and seeming to live apart from them. He was a Yorkshire peasant, who had left his wife and children with her father, and was going to Canada in quest of a new home, to

which, if he should be successful, wife and children would follow him in due time. The best arrangement in his power to make for those he had left behind, hardly allowed him to hope that they would be comfortably fed in his absence. For himself he had contrived to raise five pounds to pay his passage, and a guinea for incidentals, with a slender stock of provisions for the voyage. A few days before we reached New York these facts became known. It was found that his small stock of provisions had been consumed, his guinea had melted away till only eighteen pence was left with which to make his way to Canada. Something had been bestowed in charity by his fellow-passengers, almost as poor as himself, and still he had been suffering for lack of food. The cabin passengers made up a generous purse for him, and sent him on his way rejoicing.

He must have been a man of much more than ordinary courage and enterprise to undertake so great an affair at all. For it had been all he could do to maintain himself and his family in the humblest way, by constant industry and careful saving. It is much more than most English peasants can do to bring a sufficiency of the plainest comforts to their families with all their toil. To talk to them about emigration, therefore, as a way of deliverance out of their miseries, is to mock them.

In his first volume of the *History of England*, Lord Macaulay gives a comparative statement of the condition of the peasantry during the reign of Charles II. and at the time he wrote, his object being to confirm and illustrate his idea of progress. With this view, he gives the rate of wages paid to agricultural laborers in the time of Charles, in Warwickshire, in Devonshire, at Bury St. Edmunds, and Chelmsford. The earlier editions of the work included Dorsetshire. It was wise to drop that county, as we shall see before we reach the end of this paper. In the other sections named, he finds the wages paid by the farmers to their men toward the close of the 17th century to have ranged from four shillings sterling to seven shillings a week—the highest sum having been paid at Chelmsford, in Essex. To make his statement clear and conclusive, he should have given the present rate of wages in the same localities. Instead of which, with a careful avoidance of all partic-

ular localities, he treats his readers to the following broad and general deliverance :

"At present, a district where a laboring man earns only seven shillings a week is thought to be in a state shocking to humanity. The average is very much higher ; and, in prosperous counties, the weekly wages of husbandmen amount to twelve, fourteen, and even sixteen shillings." — Vol. I., p. 321.

Now we happen to know, that at the time he wrote, the wages paid by wealthy farmers at Bury St. Edmunds and the immediate neighborhood, in one of the most "prosperous counties" in all England, were just eight shillings a week. We happen to know, that several years later, there were grave apprehensions of a riot among the laborers at Barrow, a village four miles from Bury St. Edmunds, because the farmers talked of reducing their weekly pay from eight shillings to seven, putting it back to within a shilling of the point at which Macaulay says it was fixed by the magistrates of Suffolk in the spring of 1682. We also know, that there were districts in which, at the same time — the middle of the 19th century — agricultural laborers received less than the amount which was declared by Macaulay to indicate "a state shocking to humanity." There were also districts, as he says, where the amount paid was ten, and even twelve shillings, a week. Possibly there may have been a locality where it reached the highest point named — sixteen shillings. Where it was, our author does not inform us, and we should be at a loss to guess.

It would seem that the searching investigations which were made of the condition of agricultural laborers in the time of the great struggle for the repeal of the corn law, from 1840 to 1848, and the exposure of their sufferings through the press and in numerous public meetings all over the land, must have been working gradually for their relief. We are very glad to have it in our power to state on reliable authority, that since Macaulay wrote the first volume of his history, there has been a gratifying advance in the rate of wages in the localities to which he refers. Thus, in the neighborhood of Warwick, the average pay of a man for the last two years, has been twelve shillings a week, (\$3.00,) with the addition, in some instances, of two quarts of beer a day during the summer months, May to

September inclusive. During the harvest month, in the same locality, a man receives twenty shillings a week and beer, or twenty-five shillings without beer. In the neighborhood of Bury St. Edmunds, and for ten or twelve miles around, the rate for some time past has been ten shillings a week, which sum is raised to twelve shillings when the price of wheat is very high, say 80s. per quarter, and reduced to eight when it is as low as 40s. During the harvest month men receive twenty-seven shillings and sixpence and half a bushel of malt. At Tiptree, Essex, and the neighborhood, during the last summer and winter, men received eleven shillings a week; and in the month of harvest, twenty-seven shillings and sixpence, with seven shillings and sixpence for beer. If the harvest season is wet and protracted, as is not unfrequently the case, all these extra advantages are lost — a most bitter disappointment to the poor men and their families, as they depend on the harvest to pay their rent and the shoemaker's bill.

We have no disposition to reproach England for the low remuneration and miserable condition of her peasantry, though we mean to affirm that they receive far less than its actual value for their labor, and that their condition, consequently, is extremely miserable. We are well aware that the matter is regulated there as in New England, and everywhere else, mainly by the law of demand and supply, and not — except to a very limited extent — by the price of provisions. No community has the right to throw the first stone at England in relation to this thing, till it has proved that itself has risen above that law, and is paying its work-people higher wages than that law would compel, for the mere pleasure of acting justly and humanely. We are not going to put in a claim for this privilege, on behalf of any American community, that we happen to know. Neither shall we be deterred from telling what we have seen of English peasant life by any considerations of delicacy. Happily England herself has set us at liberty from all such embarrassment by her own very characteristic method of discussing the affairs of outside barbarians in general, and ours in particular.

A day's rapid journey through any section of the agricultural districts of England, will leave you under the influence of only

the most pleasant impressions. The fields are so large, the soil so rich and productive, and the cultivation so thorough — leaving not the smallest thing to be done — while the very horses present abundant proof of well-to-do circumstances in their sleek sides and their tails carefully braided, the laborers never seeming in a hurry, but moving about and doing their work with a deliberation and a profuseness of pains, which make you feel that all things are done with a princely amplitude in English farming; — what can you conclude, but that here at last you have come upon a picture of primitive peace and contentment. The laborer's home must be the abode of plenty, though it may be humble; his wife must be cheerful and careless of the morrow; his children ruddy and joyous. The honeysuckle must be climbing about his tidy cottage, as fragrant and beautiful as when it trails over the walls of a nobleman's garden. Everything that you see bears the marks of patriarchal simplicity and comfort — the masters caring kindly and generously for the laborers, and the laborers rejoicing in all that pertains to the prosperity of the masters, for the good reason that they participate in that prosperity. Some such sweet picture in the neighborhood of Abney-park must have helped Dr. Watts to his paraphrase of the 65th Psalm:

“The softened ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring;
The valleys rich provision yield,
And the poor laborers sing.”

It is not pleasant to have so sweet an illusion dispelled — for an illusion assuredly it is. The English peasant of the 19th century is far enough removed from primitive contentment and peace. Lord Macaulay is very anxious to have his readers believe that the picture — admitted to have been dark enough in the days of King Charles — has been growing brighter, year by year, till the present time. He is very careful, however, not to let you see it as it actually is to-day, after the constantly meliorating process of almost two centuries, but artfully draws a curtain before it in the very act of seeming to exhibit it. We shall take leave to lift the curtain. It amounts to exactly nothing at all to tell us, that whereas farm-laborers some two centuries ago received four and five shillings a week, they now

receive eight and ten. What would the four shillings buy in the 17th century, and what will the eight shillings buy now? We undertake to say that, with the prices of provisions as they are now, four shillings a week would have been, not "a state shocking to humanity," but inevitable starvation. Is it not a possible case, that the poor laborer was even decidedly better off with the lower rate of wages? Alas, we hope so, for we protest it is not easy to think of him in his present condition with calmness. Poor, toiling, ill-fed, hopeless peasant! Bound, as with chains of adamant, to a destiny immutable and eternal of poverty, and hardship, and sorrow, and ignorance, and brutishness; in the very midst of enormous wealth, and overflowing superfluity, and inordinate, unbounded luxury, and refinement of self-indulgence, such as the world has never seen. Gathering the full sheaves into the crowded garner of his sumptuous master, and then returning, weary and hungry, to his humble cottage to rejoice with his wife and little children over the handfuls of wheat-ears which they have toiled patiently the livelong day to collect. The most abject and forlorn of serfs, in a country which boasts without ceasing to the wide world of its universal freedom! Aye, freedom to him to toil in most absolute and humiliating dependence, and abject, despairing penury, till death. What knows he of any other? What the grand orators can mean when they talk about the freedom which every stranger has as soon as ever he touches the soil and breathes the air of England, full well he may wonder. He touches the soil every day, and breathes the air. He is an Englishman, besides, and not a stranger; and the clergyman tells him, on Sunday, that no other land is so blest and happy as England, and no glory so great as to be an Englishman; and he wishes he could believe it; but he knows that his bondage is bitter, though the grand orators and the clergyman call him free. He feels the iron entering deep into his soul, though he wears no outward chain; he knows that England's glory, whatever it may be, brings small joy to his heart, and he sees no hope that his shackles will fall till he reaches the place where the servant is free from his master, and the weary are at rest.

Between the English farmer and his poor laborers there is a great gulf fixed, and it is never passed. An elderly lady, resid-

ing in London, the daughter of a Norfolk farmer, told us she could remember the time, in the days of her girlhood, when all her father's laborers ate at the farm-house, and how busy she used to be, with her mother and sisters, in preparing food sufficient to satisfy such sturdy appetites. It was the custom then. But all that has passed, long since, away. Very seldom now does the English laborer cross the threshold of the farmer's dwelling. The ten o'clock lunch of a New England farmer's man would be a dinner for him, and ample too. Very often have we seen them sitting at noon on the ground under the green hedge, with each a large piece of bread, and a small piece of hard, skim-milk cheese, cutting, with a jack-knife, first from one, and then from the other; and this, with a draught of cold water was the whole of their dinner. This was the whole of their dinner, not for one day or a week, but continually, week after week and month after month, and, worst of all, in quantity so stinted that the poor men rose from under the hedge and went back to their work with appetites blunted but not satisfied.

We remember having called, on a bright spring morning, at the cottage of a peasant, whom we found eating a piece of dry bread, without butter, or cheese, or tea. It was ten o'clock, and this was his breakfast, and the first mouthful he had eaten that day, though he had gone to his work at four, and had toiled six hours till he was faint and trembling. And this he did day by day continually, because he had found that his meagre pittance of food would "go further," as the poor man expressed it, than when any portion of it was eaten before going to the field. He had made a careful reckoning as to the quantity of plain food which his scanty wages would allow to each member of his family, including himself, his wife, and four children. The eldest child was a great girl who was growing fast, and had an appetite not easily satisfied with her share, and the tender-hearted and pitiful father (her mother was dead) gave her each day a part of his, insufficient at the most. And this was a healthy, sober, industrious man, in full employment, and on full pay, his master being a rich man and a gentleman, in one of the very best agricultural counties in all England. The man talked freely of his circumstances, and told us that he never had meat at all in any shape, his children did not know the

taste of meat, unless, perchance, some kind neighbor sent them a small joint at Christmas. Plain bread, hard, unnutritious cheese, potatoes, a little butter, and a little cheap tea, made up all their substantial dishes and all their luxuries, and even these in insufficient quantity, as we have seen. That they were in a "state shocking to humanity," may be readily granted; yet, so far from doubting the poor man's statement, we only wondered how he could procure even these things, in addition to the rent of his cottage, and fire, and light, and clothing. For the amount of his wages was only eight shillings sterling, or two dollars a week, with the deduction of every day that was lost from bad weather or any other cause; a practice which explains the fact, that you see English laborers out all day in weather which, in Massachusetts, drives every man to seek a shelter. Out of his eight shillings, the man paid one and sixpence a week for rent; and the meanest black tea, such as nobody drinks in our country, was sixty-two cents a pound, four fifths of that sum being duty paid to government in a time of peace. Almost all other things that this peasant's family consumed were in proportion. And it was true that his wages did not purchase these things, for his wife was compelled to leave her infant child with an older girl, and go out washing and scrubbing at a shilling sterling a day, in order to eke out their miserable income.

It is most pleasant to refer to a variety of circumstances which sometimes relieve considerably the picture we have drawn. As, for example, that the peasant's children, as soon as they are large enough to work, add their earnings to those of the father. Also that, in many instances, they are permitted to have what are called allotments, that is to say, about quarter of an acre of land to each father of a family at a rent of ten shillings a year, which they cultivate after their regular day's work is done. There are, moreover, in some parishes, gifts for the poor, which were left, it may be, hundreds of years ago, under the wills of benevolent individuals — so many loaves of bread a month to each family, the distribution being made at church on Sunday, or a new coat or gown, or a piece of flannel at Christmas. Another thing must be mentioned with high commendation, which is the universal habit of benevolence

among the English. The monthly collection at the Sacrament for the poor members of the church, would astonish you by its amount, the pastors and deacons being the regular almoners of this bounty among the dissenters. You find, also, in every place a multiplicity of charitable societies, whose operations are confined to their immediate localities — Samaritan societies, Dorcas societies, children's clothing clubs, and others of various names and descriptions. In addition to all these, there are very few English ladies, themselves in comfortable circumstances, who do not look frequently after the comfort of some poor family in their neighborhood, rendering them valuable aid in the shape of cast-off garments, and many other ways. Still, let it be considered how immeasurably all these benefactions must fall short to make up a universal deficiency of wages. Besides which, we fear that farm laborers receive far less of such kindness than almost any other class of poor people.

We have said that the case we have given was from one of the better counties. If Dorsetshire had furnished our sketch, some few dark shades must have been added to complete the picture. To begin with, it must have been stated that the usual rate of wages is six and seven shillings a week, here and there eight shillings; and that many a family, consisting of father, mother, and five or six children, all too young to work, has only this pitiful sum to live upon, without any allotment or any parish gifts. It must have been stated that about one fourth of this sum is paid back to the farmer in the shape of rent for a miserable, damp, mud-walled cottage, with no more than two rooms in all, and having, in many instances, no garden, not even one square yard. That what with the dampness of their dwellings and the scantiness and poor quality of their food, typhus fever is a common epidemic among them. That out of a family of seven persons you may sometimes, and not very unfrequently, find three, four, or five lying helplessly ill of this malignant disorder at once, almost entirely destitute of medical attendance; and that their greatest trouble is, not that they cannot have the regular visits of the doctor — that would seem to be a privilege which the poor creatures regard as pertaining to beings whose condition is at least three heavens above their own — but that they cannot get the soap which

they require for cleanliness, and candles to make them at least a dim light during the long and dreary hours of the night. The home missionaries who labor among the poor peasantry of Dorsetshire are often compelled to witness scenes of this description, with small power to afford relief, save by telling them of Him who came down from heaven to be a friend and a brother to all the children of poverty and sorrow.

But it needs no malignant fever to render the condition of the Dorsetshire peasant a condition of sore travail. You cannot go among them at any time without having pictures of misery impressed on your memory which ever after it will make you sad and sick at heart to recall.

We well remember wandering with a party of London friends about the fine old ruins which lie amid the romantic scenery of Abbotsbury, on the south coast, when we came to a poor peasant's cottage, standing by itself on the side of a little hill just out of the village. We knocked at the door, which was opened by a middle-aged woman, with a face thin, pale, and sorrowful. It did not seem the expression of a new grief, that had impressed itself on a countenance usually cheerful, but a sadness which, day by day for years, had been working its way deeper and deeper into the soul, till every feature was stereotyped with woe. Three or four small children were about her in scanty and tattered garments. Although they were of an age which should know nothing but thoughtless glee, their faces were sober, and their whole demeanor was unnaturally quiet and sad. They had no playthings, and appeared as if they would have no heart to use them if they had them. In the mother's arms was an infant three or four months old. It was not a child such as Rubens would have delighted to paint, but pale and sickly. Yet it seemed too heavy a burden for the weary woman to bear. This was not the family of a drunkard, but of a sober, industrious, hard-working man. Possibly the case was worse than the average. It was also at a time when prices ruled high in consequence of a deficient harvest. But it was a real case, taken at random from among the laborers of a rich farmer, living in luxury. The cottage was very near to the vicarage of the parish, and only a few minutes' walk from the palace of a proud nobleman.

Would our readers like to know what becomes of such a family when hunger pinches too hard to be endured any longer? They go into the "Union." The Union is a large building of brick or stone, having much the appearance of a prison. It has an ample yard, inclosed by a high brick wall. This is the place to which several adjacent parishes, comprising a "Union," send their paupers. All England is cut up into these Unions, each having its great strong house. The English parish, as our readers are aware, means about the same as township in New England. Into the "Union," then, our poor family goes when suffering drives too hard to be resisted. Their first experience there is a complete *dis*-union — the husband separated from the wife, the parents from the children, and the brothers from the sisters. The dress is an exceeding coarse uniform, the food the barest sustenance — very plain baked rice pudding on Sunday being a grand treat — and the employment chiefly idleness. The husband finds himself consorted with mostly vagabonds, the wife, if modest, will have her feelings constantly tortured by vulgar and filthy conversation, and the children, poor things, must take their chances with the motley, ring-straked herd.

We pray you, gentle reader, do not be in too much haste to express indignation. We have seen five hundred inmates in a single Union at once, and if families were kept together there would have been five thousand; and just consider, kind-hearted reader, how big a house that would take. Now you understand perfectly two things. One of the two things is the reason that these establishments are not made very comfortable, and the other, why it is that the family we have described would endure what they did endure rather than go there. A particular friend of ours caused accurate inquiry to be made as to the five hundred, and found that there was not a single person of them all, man, woman, or child, that had not come there through somebody's intemperance. If you still demur to the arrangement as unworthy of rich, Christian England, we must beg you to imagine yourself a householder there. We will assign you a pleasant residence in "Belfield Terrace," on the summit of a noble hill overlooking the sea, and within two minutes' walk of the Union containing the five hundred — a grim-looking edifice

of coarse gray stone. Now just suppose, what would be strictly true, that, the yearly rent of your beautiful house being forty pounds, the rate for supporting the poor of the parish has been increasing year after year, till, at the time the number in the Union has reached five hundred, it amounts to half as much as your house rent, that is, to twenty pounds a year ; and remember, that this is in addition to church rates, and paving rates, and lighting rates, and window tax, and income tax, and tax on everything you eat, and drink, and wear, and hear, and see, and smell, till the most wonderful man of the century is a Chancellor of the Exchequer who can find a place to put on a little more, and that not in time of war, but of profound peace ; then consider, kind-hearted and pitiful reader — still holding your indignation toward the great English nation in check — how you would like to have your poor-rate increased so as to allow the five hundred to dwell in separate families, to say nothing of the five and forty hundred more who would speedily come in under the improved arrangement.

It is hardly possible to conceive the full extent of the ignorance, and superstition, and brutishness of the English peasantry, without actual acquaintance with them. They are literally a mass of heathenism, with even less of moral and intellectual life than heathens sometimes exhibit. The spirit of manhood seems wholly crushed within them. They are evidently the direct lineal descendants of the serfs of the old feudal barons. The light of modern civilization has scarcely shed one solitary ray on the outer walls of their dark prison-house. They live on from generation to generation in the same thatched cottages, and dig the same fields, transmitting from father to son the same heritage of toil and penury ; never passing, many of them, beyond the narrow limits of their native county ; manifesting as abject and craven a spirit of unquestioning subjection to "*Master*," as they call the rich man who doles out their pitiful wages and appoints their daily task, as they possibly could do if they were actually slaves. We have seen the poor creatures touch their hats as they timidly uttered their mournful entreaties when a wealthy and luxurious farmer announced to them his intention to reduce their small pay by a shilling sterling a week ; and that meek entreaty was the utmost they dared,

knowing well how many there were who would gladly take their places at the diminished rate of wages. "*Slaves cannot breathe in England!*" Yes, it is a glorious *freedom* which her poor peasantry enjoy, when they dare not utter a word of manly remonstrance to the proud master who thrives upon their half-paid toils, lest they should be turned away to starve!

It matters very little to them that there is no common-school system in England. How should they be the better if there were, much ado as they have to live? Nor does it greatly avail that the sound of the church-going bell can be heard in their cottages. Religion, like doctors and good clothes, is meant for the gentle-folks, they think; but how can it be expected that the like of them, who have so much to do, and are no scholars, should understand religion? Exceptions, of course, there are, and very beautiful instances too, of simple, humble piety, but they are few. We have talked with a shepherd-boy, twelve or fourteen years of age, by the wayside, within a stone's throw of a fine old country church in which a man of the genuine Newton stamp preached every Sabbath; and that boy could not tell who Jesus Christ was, or who made the world, and seemed never to have heard the name of God except in the oaths of profane men. A friend of ours, a clergyman of the Church of England, told us that he had asked a boy whom he met in the country, not many miles from London, if he knew who Jesus Christ was; to which the boy replied with grave simplicity, that he did not think there was any such gentleman living in that neighborhood, for he had never heard the name! An intelligent Christian young lady, residing not far from Cambridge, related, in our hearing, some queer incidents in her own experience as a Sabbath-school teacher. When any poor children were brought into her class who had never been in a Sabbath-school or any other school before, she was accustomed to ask them if they were in the habit of saying their prayers. They almost always answered, "Yes," and on being asked *what* they said, the Lord's prayer was sometimes mentioned; but the most frequent reply was:

"Four posts to my bed,
Four angels guard my head;
Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John
Bless the bed that I lie on,"

with two or three verses more of the same description, which we do not now remember.

Few of the English peasantry comparatively can read. What wonder, then, if they are superstitious? We remember the little daughter of a poor woman, in the south of England, who was ill of St. Vitus' dance. The neighbors, sore perplexed at the strange movements of the child, came to the conclusion that some one must have "overlooked" or "ill-wished" her, in other words, that she was bewitched, and tried hard to persuade the mother to send sixty miles to Exeter for a man who was very famous for his skill in such cases, a modern Matthew Hopkins. It was not far from the same place that a home-missionary called at a peasant's cottage where a young woman was dangerously ill of fever, and saw a bullock's heart stuck full of pins suspended over the bed. On inquiring the reason, he was told that she was "witched," and that the bullock's heart was to keep off the evil spirits from tormenting the child! It is a common thing in the same section of the country, for any one who cuts himself, or is stung by a bee, or otherwise injured, to go to a person who professes to "bless" in the name of the Trinity, and thus, as he supposes, to obtain a cure. If illness comes upon them they imagine that they are "overlooked;" or if the cattle die, they suppose that some one has "ill-wished" them. A man whose potato crop had failed, said it was owing to his having "offended" a woman whose "ridge" was next to his, and he believed that she had cursed his, and so injured them.

Professed fortune-tellers are common in all parts of England, and drive a prosperous trade, wandering Gypsies constituting the smaller part of the "*weird* sisterhood." One of four wretched women who were sentenced to be hung in a single year for the murder of their own husbands, appeared to have been incited to the deed by one of these vagabonds, who predicted that her husband would soon die, and she would marry another man, whose name was mentioned.

A man who wishes to get rid of his wife adopts occasionally a very different method. You will see him on a market-day, in some large town where sheep and oxen are sold, leading her along with a rope about her neck, she being a most cheerfully

consenting party to the transaction. A crowd speedily gathers around, well understanding the meaning of the rope, when the fellow announces his wife for sale at auction, and asks for a bid, which is pretty readily given, and after a competition, more or less brisk, she is "knocked down," at a price ranging from half a crown to five pounds, and walks away, apparently well-pleased, with her new master, believing, with good reason, probably, that she can hardly fare worse than she has done, and may do better. Such a monstrous spectacle is by no means of frequent occurrence, yet we believe that a year seldom passes without its being witnessed, at least once, in some part of England. The last sale of this peculiar description that we remember to have read of, (in a London paper,) came off in the manufacturing town of Nottingham. The amount realized — whether owing to the quality of the article, or the dulness of the market, the reporter did not state — was one shilling, which included a new rope that cost sixpence. These people are very poorly dressed and semi-barbarous. Yet we would not do them the grievous wrong to insinuate that their morals are as bad as those of certain better dressed people, of both sexes, who have advocated, for substance, before public assemblies, similar manners in our own country. Still, as the custom we have described does actually exist in England, we suppose we must put it down as one of their domestic institutions.

Everybody has read the sad accounts of rick-burning in England, of which there is always more or less every year. It is a dark and mournful chapter in the history of England's poor, suffering peasantry. It abounds when work is scarce, and wages are low, and the prices of provisions are high, and the cold and dreariness of winter sharpen the appetite, and depress the spirits, and poor and ignorant men are maddened to crime by the gnawings of hunger, and the sufferings of their wives and children, and the remembrance of their ill-paid summer toils, and the sight of the overflowing abundance all around them. It is then that they set fire, in the dark night, to the stores of wheat which their own hands have reaped and gathered in, but of which they may not partake. And yet our belief is, that even under such circumstances, the crime of rick-burning would almost never be heard of if there were no beer shops in Eng-

land. The patience of the peasantry, under all their hardships and privations, is all but incredible. Suffering breaks their spirits, but the madness that impels to crime is the inspiration of strong beer. These beer-shops — England's appalling curse — are scattered thick throughout all the land, licensed by act of parliament, and bringing in a large revenue to government, and rapid gains to their owners, who are frequently rich and proud men, right honorable members of parliament and noble-men.

It is hardly necessary to say, that the English peasantry constitute only a section of the plainer and poorer class of country people. All the most charming pictures that we have been accustomed to admire of tidy cottages, with little garden and wicket-gate, and honeysuckles, and roses, and hives of industrious bees, are simply true. They are exquisite models of neatness without and within. Where a small bit of carpet cannot be obtained, the floor is sanded, and the scanty store of crockery is displayed to the best advantage, and the walls are decorated with rude pictures in tiny frames, with the very important addition, within the last few years, of an American clock. This, however, is not the description of a peasant's cottage. His dwelling is very bare, in most instances, of everything but the humblest conveniences. The comforts and ornaments we have described, belong to a class of people a grade above the peasantry — small gardeners, cow-keepers, dairy-women, poulterers, carpenters, bricklayers, brewers' men. Yet even in cottages such as these the pinchings of hunger are not unfrequently felt, owing to lack of employment. One of the most painful sights that you will see in England, is the strong, healthy, industrious mechanic or laborer lying idle week after week, only because he can find nothing to do. You must live long in England and become familiarly acquainted with the circumstances of the people, before you can have any adequate conception of the terrible struggle for a subsistence which is constantly maintained by all classes but the rich.

You will then understand, what was very imperfectly understood here at the time, how it was that the opening of England's seaports, a few years ago, to the free and unrestricted importation of foreign grain, diffused such a universal and un-

bounded joy throughout the industrial ranks. It gave them a larger loaf of bread for their hard-earned money. The history of modern times furnishes few incidents of deeper interest than the prolonged and truly gigantic conflict which terminated in the total repeal of the English corn-law. That law, so framed as to prevent the price of wheat from ever sinking below a certain point — however abundant might be the harvest — had been long upheld by the combined influence of the farmers, clergy, and landholders of the British empire — these all having a personal interest in the matter, the farmers looking to the price which the corn-merchant should pay them for wheat, the clergy to their tithes, and the landlords to their rents — a tolerable guarantee, one would have thought, for its perpetuity.

But there was, in the great town of Manchester, a manufacturer of ladies' muslin dresses — being the designer, with his own hand, of the most beautiful patterns — who had grown rich by his toil and industry. He was a plain man, without the advantages of a University education, but of a clear, strong intellect, large common-sense, far-reaching sagacity, and indomitable perseverance. He first became known by the publication of a pamphlet, some twenty-five years ago, entitled "England, Ireland, and America," written with great ability, and setting in a strong light the immense advantages secured to the mass of the people by republican institutions. His name was Richard Cobden. This was the man who led on the struggle for free trade in corn against such fearful odds as we have indicated. The hearts of the millions were with him, and he was backed by a powerful body of rich merchants and manufacturers, with only here and there a noble lord, as Brougham, Radnor, and Fitzwilliam. But plain Richard Cobden was the soul of the movement. Preëminently searching and accurate in his knowledge, a consummate parliamentary debater, he fearlessly contested every inch of the ground with England's proudest orators — the Peels, and Stanleys, and Benticks — and became acknowledged master of the field, that is to say, of the field of argument in the House of Commons.

But the battle was not yet over. Something more than logic was required. Sooner than even Richard Cobden expected that something came. While Ireland was suffering from that

fearful potato blight, there was a succession of bad harvests in England, and the spirit of revolution was abroad on the continent, and England's toiling millions, hardly bestead and hungry, snuffed it in the breeze, and were growing sullen and desperate, and a foreboding murmur was heard throughout all the land, and sagacious statesmen marked the signs of the gathering storm, and the "iron Duke" bowed as to a stern destiny, and Sir Robert Peel, pet statesman of the aristocracy, installed chieftain of the all-powerful protectionist party, and first minister of the crown, stood up in his place in the House of Commons and nobly confessed himself the convert of plain Richard Cobden; abolished the corn-laws forever, and thus, as wise and far-seeing men believed and said, averted the most frightful of all revolutions, a revolution by the masses, maddened and made reckless by the gnawings of hunger.

But after all, this great measure leaves the condition of the laboring masses of England's teeming population, though doubtless relieved, still exceedingly forlorn. Recent advices tell us of a million and a half of operatives out of employ, and their families starving, in consequence of our great rebellion and war. It is appalling to think of such distress, but, unhappily, it is no new thing in England. Such things were known in England before this rebellion broke out, and they will be known after it is crushed. Can her statesmen tell us of any day of any year in the last half century on which there was not suffering from hunger in some section of England? Do they not always tremble in the prospect of a deficient harvest, or a commercial crisis? Her miserable, despairing poor are everywhere, in town and country. The sufferings of the famishing peasantry make up only one of many dark pictures. Neither is that which we have imperfectly sketched the darkest of the group. The Dorsetshire peasantry are a happy people in comparison with the many thousands of poor needle-women who languish in London garrets, far away from green fields and fresh air. The frightful evil is steadily increasing, like the rising of a flood, for the population, already so excessive, is multiplying at the rate of a thousand a day. What the end is to be, or what may befall on any morrow of England's history, is a problem which only the providence of God can solve.

That England has her own peculiar and transcendent glory, we, of all people in the world, shall have no disposition to deny. And have not we, of all people, the smallest reason to regard that glory with envy, whatever measure of admiration it may excite within us? Each nation hath a special destiny appointed of heaven, unlike all that has gone before, and nobler as the ages multiply. To understand that special destiny, and patiently to work it out, is not this, to each nation, its true and only glory? What though a residence of some years in Europe, amid the many fruits of a riper age and a higher civilization, somewhat modify the aspect which his own country presents when an American returns to its shores? What though the imposing monuments of feudal times, the splendid remains of mediæval art, and the exuberant fertility enforced by the high and almost universal cultivation required to support the teeming millions of the old world, combine to make up a picture which a young republic like ours cannot hope to rival for many a decade of years to come? What though a stroll through the Regent Street of London, or the Boulevards of Paris, impair the glory of our western cities, and a glance at Westminster Abbey and Windsor Castle, and Notre Dame, the Madeleine, and the Tuileries, convince us that the architectural era has not yet arrived in the history of our own country? Be it so. Have we not, even already, a glory far surpassing all this — a country the inheritance alike of rich and poor, a government free, yet which can crush, by the bounding patriotism and disciplined courage of its citizen soldiery, the most gigantic domestic rebellion which the world ever saw — in spite, too, of all that Britain and Europe dared in the way of sympathy and aid to that rebellion — Christianity unfettered, and education free to all? What is far more, we can honestly and cordially welcome the down-trodden, despairing millions of European States to a full participation in all the blessings of our rich inheritance. Was such a position ever assigned to another nation since the beginning of the world? Let us be faithful to our high and heaven-appointed trust, and the meridian splendors of the proudest monarchies of the old world shall grow dim before the rising glories of the great western republic.

ARTICLE VI.

NATIONAL CHARACTER.

WHAT is national character? On what does it depend? and when may it be said to exist? How far can we Americans, considered as a people, be said to have among us the true germ of a national character? and if such be really present what is its stage of development, and what are the conditions under which it is unfolding itself? Finally, how are we of the present day specially concerned in relation to this matter?

Among the many questions which this hour of destiny has suggested in the minds of the thinking men and women of our country, such as these have not failed to arise, and though they are all of them too profound for a thorough investigation within the compass of a few pages, they may yet yield something to an examination far more superficial than their importance deserves. We may at least be impressed with the feeling that whether our nation has or shall have a character worthy of its promise and its antecedents, is not a question in reference to which we can be indifferent or passive, but one which leaves on each one of us a great responsibility; great at least in relation to ourselves, if not to that vast community of which we are members; a responsibility proportioned to the significance of the hour, and the ability which each one has to aid in shaping its issues aright.

In the building of a great cathedral, there is first the architect who plans, then perhaps the master workman who directs the execution, then the subordinate laborers each in his station, no one of them a tool, no one without his share of importance, as he throws into the mighty work, his will, his genius, and his strength, obedient all the while to the guidance of his chief,—or else, idle and inefficient, mars the general design, by some slovenly execution or base neglect. And it is ever nearest the foundation that this honest and conscientious effort, or this faithless indolence, tells with most effect on the excellence and future stability of the whole edifice.

Character is the distinctive mark of an individual, the sign by which he may be infallibly known as distinguished from others of the same kind. It is a word properly applied to persons at first, because it is to persons that individuality really belongs, and from them that it emanates. It is not a superficial mark, indicative of relation merely, but proceeds rather from the inmost centre of the being, and implies all that is in it, even potentially, though exhibiting perfectly only that which it is actually. To be understood it must be understood in its springs.

When we speak of national character, therefore, we cannot allude to the nation in any merely abstract sense, but must still have a reference to the individuals of which it is composed, and in inquiring after some central force to which we may attribute that shaping of the national life, as one, composed of and springing out of many, we shall vainly seek it in anything external, anything that is merely a product, or that belongs only to a temporary development in the form of that character. The form of government for example, however powerfully it may re-act upon the national temper, is a consequence of something that was in it previously, and is continually varied in accordance with the changes which take place in the people at large. The leading minds who appear to guide the course of affairs and who represent the nation in its relations with the rest of the world, have but a brief influence, and are ever passing out of the current, to be superseded by others, unless there is in them something which indeed meets and takes hold upon the real tendencies and permanent disposition of the people. What then, let us ask ourselves, is the ground of this mutual and interdependent existence, by which the multitude comes to be in certain relations regarded as a unit, and reasoned about with safety as an individual? The law is in fact no more mysterious, though far more vital, than that by which the perfect crystal gives to the tendencies of each individual particle of those that compose it, their only complete expression.

We are brought back to the unity of the human race as the true basis from which to start; the race itself being in fact merely a great family, a multiplication of the one, repeating always the same general characteristics, and with interests really so identical, that the history of every member of it,

whose end of being is fulfilled, will be in its essential features the same with that of every other. The great diversities and contradictions that exist, arise from something abnormal, something that has disturbed the common growth,—and produces distortions and deviations from the true law of healthy and happy development. The family has been sundered, its closer ties broken, and the interests and aims, originally and really one, appear so diverse and opposite, that we have to think awhile to realize what is implied, when we say, and know, that what is good for one man considered as a man is good for all.

The life of humanity should have been like that of a beautiful tree whose branches and twigs, though each perfect in itself, and each accomplishing the life of an individual, with its roots that go downward, and its leaves and germinating shoots that go upward, are nevertheless united in the common stock, and draw their common nourishment from the same soil, each, too, contributing its part to the general prosperity, and by the healthful and vigorous working of its own proper functions, insuring so far the well-being of the whole. But though this glorious unity is broken, yet it is as impossible in the one case as in the other that the individual should subsist alone, and in every broken twig that is set off from this maimed and wounded tree, however false and unsightly its growth may be, there is yet, and must be, a common life of the many in the one, and of the one in the many, whose cessation would be a cessation of existence itself. It is obvious, too, that in the case of every such fragment there must be from the time of its transplanting, superadded to that general unity which belonged to it at first, the effect of a common experience, consisting of the various circumstances operating upon it from without, and the reaction taking place from within, which according as the group thus set apart is vital, and of strong and healthy tendencies, will make it more and more individual, as related to other groups; more and more unmistakably marked with a common character, through whose impress almost any member of it may be distinguished from the members of any similar community.

Thus we often find away back near the beginning of a nation's history, a basis of family relationship, and, implied in this, a cer-

tain family likeness, shown in general habits and tendencies ; a strong foundation for national character this, but one which does not always suffice. For we find that there sometimes comes in upon the first family or tribe, a second, endowed with stronger vitality, by which the former is certain, sooner or later, to be either absorbed, suppressed, or finally destroyed. Sometimes there are several such invasions, one after another, in which case the stronger element, be it sooner or later in making its appearance, inevitably prevails. Meantime, that element destined to predominate over the rest, receives in its turn the reaction of those subordinated to it, and is thus continually modified more and more. Thus as the nation begins, the family ends. The family seems to be the original basis for the state ; but the state once formed, there will be no new development of purely family characteristics in any great and general mass. Indeed the formation of those great divisions of the human race which we call families, appears to belong to the nomadic period, when the family and the state are actually one. Henceforth we shall behold only the old traits, more or less modified, and showing themselves ever and anon under new circumstances and in new combinations. Meantime, the mutual action and reaction of the genius of different races upon each other will be varied according to the mode and frequency of the introduction of the new elements, whether by invasion or immigration ; whether by vast additions, and at long intervals of time, or by a steady stream of gradual increase ; whether in their original state, or as modified by union with some other national life.

Next in importance to the influence of these component parts of a nation upon each other, will be that of the form of government which it adopts, or which is thrust upon it from without. This is conditioned in the first place, as has been said, by the character of the people as already formed, and may be altered or overthrown, as the latter make farther advances in a free national life, or, by a retrograde movement, sink backward in the direction of barbarism. But, whatever it be, in every stage of strength or weakness, it still reacts mightily upon the people. It is indeed itself the true form of national life, receiving and appropriating for it all influences from without ; developing or repressing those from within ; having control, next to absolute,

over the aspect of the present, and pushing forward a vast power into the future. Were any government in fact what it is ideally, the pure result of the true wants of the people, the people also being in a condition where their desires and their wants should harmonize, its power could never be shaken. Its exercise would then be characterized by no such extremes of despotism and license as we see now. There would be no such violent contests between the wills of rulers and people ; between law and anarchy ; between liberty on the one hand, and on the other the lawless tyranny of the many or the one. There would be change no doubt, but gradual and gentle ; no more hostile to joyous progress than the unfolding of new leaves on the growing tree at the return of spring. But as it is, these changes are often violent, destructive in the process, and even when they result in a new advance, or imply it as already made, the immediate fruits are many of them horrible in evil. The absolute certainty of permanence is wanting to all governments whatever ; because the elements on which that permanence depends are not in perfectly harmonious relations, and the conflict may often be deeper than is known, and the destructive forces stronger. Hence great revolutions come more or less unexpectedly, though their causes have long been pointed out and watched. Seldom can the time when they will break forth be exactly prophesied. Still less the course they will take, the results they will leave behind them. These great movements in the heart of nations have often been compared to the convulsions of the physical world, and with justice ; since they are the result of forces out of sight, and their effects cannot be calculated by human wisdom. But, as a general thing, they have ultimately been favorable to the cause of human advancement ; and in every case where a nation was not effete already, a mass of decay that needed to be swept out of the way, to make room for fresher elements, it has not only survived such change, but taken from it a new start — the date of a new term of glad and exulting progress. These, then, — these times of danger and seeming ruin, must also take their place among the more important causes which help to mould a people's life.

The great men of a nation are also a product of its own ; but they give back more than they receive. In them the wisdom

of generations has at last come to maturity; and receiving something from the heaven above, something from the atmosphere around them, contributing something also from their own individuality, they become a treasure for the present and the coming times,—their names an index of the age. They are to the nation in which they appear, the steersmen of her crises, the safe and steadfast guides of her mighty and long accumulated impulses, the originators of new throes of national life, whose effects shall be lasting as time. They are her oracles, through which she hears the voice of truth addressing her human ear in accents like her own. They are the mirrors in which she beholds and admires all that time has yet revealed of her own possible excellence and greatness. From them she derives courage, self-respect, self-knowledge, counsel, fortitude, faith. Alas! this is but their ideal mission. The evil will turns all to evil. Alas! that such minds are too often the reservoirs of bad and poisonous influences, concentrating within themselves the errors, the vicious tendencies, of whole communities, and whole periods of time; and sending them back upon the nation, and the world, spiritualized and intensified by their contact with these natures of genius and fire. Such as these have left in every nation marks of their presence never to be obliterated.

The climate and physical conformation of a country will be found to have great influence, not only as affecting the bodily constitution of its inhabitants, but as regulating the mode and amount of their intercourse with other nations, and their pursuits generally, whether of war or peace. These effects, though proceeding from causes strictly external, will be found of great importance. The difference, for example, between northern and southern nations, has always been marked and striking. The coast-line of the Mediterranean is mingled not only in imagination, but in fact, with the history of the great nations which have there unfolded their destinies, and so inseparably, that it is impossible to conceive of a like history, and like developments of national character, in any other region in the world. The same may be said in relation to other nations. What has not England owed to her island position? How has France been shut in by her mountain barriers? And how hard to believe that Iceland, Sweden, and Norway, could ever

so effectually and steadily resist the effects of their stormy and frozen clime, as permanently to claim the foremost place among the States of Europe.

The influence upon a nation of its pursuits, whether industrial or otherwise, can hardly be exaggerated. The character of Rome was formed in great measure by her wars. Greece, far less warlike, from her situation, far less pressed upon from without, had leisure for art and philosophy, her natural bent, but which might have been in great measure crushed out and suppressed, had she been subjected to the same process of continual struggle within and without, which almost forced Rome into that throne of imperial greatness for which she was destined. Modern Italy was not long ago sunk into supineness through having nothing to do. She has found a new employment, and an opportunity of exercising it, which, if it is long enough afforded her, may yet once more lead her to a place of honor among the nations. But we must feel that there is little hope for her, unless by the introduction of the arts of industry and peace, to a far greater extent than ever before, she may attain to the conditions on which, at this age of the world, true and permanent national prosperity must depend. For æsthetic art, in which alone Italy has excelled since the day of Rome, can belong only to a certain period in a nation's life. It is the fruit of a temporary outburst of genius, destined for the lasting benefit of the world, but fatal to the people which has no foundation of firm and serious character to fall back upon — no employment able to absorb all the energies of her sons, when this passing inspiration shall fail. As for war, the days are gone by in which it can be the business of a nation. Wars of mere conquest, probably, are nearly at an end. Defence and expediency are the only motives which now-a-days draw a wise people into its terrible vortex. And perhaps most modern wars might be reduced to the former principle alone, at least in the ostensible reasons assigned by those who enter into, or originate them.

The only remaining influence of which we will speak, is that of religion, more important and powerful than any, even in its false and perverted forms; but considered as the work of God in the hearts of men, scarcely to be named among the rest, since

it proceeds directly from a higher source, and is destined to overwhelm and subdue all that opposes it, till even melting down at last the barriers between nation and nation, family and family, it shall restore in its perfect and ideal form the original brotherhood of mankind, the great world family, under its divine head, the happy state whose law is within it, and whose national life is subject to no catastrophe, no revolutionary change, whose government is the effect and the operation of love, the free obedience of the willing soul to God. Thus the prevalence of right religion in a state affords not only the most reliable prognostic of its permanent welfare, and of the more or less peaceful advance of its institutions from one degree of perfection to another, but places it thus far in harmony with the ends common to the race, and renders it not impossible that it may one day enter into the society of some vast commonwealth of nations, foreshadowed (we might perhaps imagine) in this great, and, as we believe, successful union of so many separate states which our own country exhibits, where the distinct interests of each will be found to clash less and less, the better they are understood, with those of any other, and where the vast body of those which are undoubtedly the same for all, forms the basis of a common and central government representing the whole.

Such are some of the ways in which nations are moulded, — not all indeed, — for there is nothing in the air, earth, or sea, or under the earth, in the realm of spirit or of matter, with which the national life in any manner comes into contact, that does not have its share in the wonderful work ; while, over all, is the hand of the Divine destiny, appointing to each its measure and its time, and leading out its own beneficent ends, not for one people only, but for the race, drawing around every state its proper lines of demarcation, and saying to each, “thus far shalt thou come and no farther, — here shall thy proud waves be stayed.” Meantime, in glancing over the pages of history, we find of those subordinate forces, now one, now another, playing the most prominent part ; we find that they operate unequally at different times and in relation to different peoples, and we explain that which we find these states to be at various periods of their career, very much as we understand the amount

of these influences, and the manner in which they have been brought to bear upon them.

The question was asked at the beginning of this essay, when may a national character be said to exist? To this, the answer may perhaps be, as soon as it has a fixed basis of development. But when this is established in any particular instance, may be less easy to decide, at least till long after the fact. England appears to have long wanted her Saxons. France and Spain a central government. Young Italy has scarcely attained one yet, and no one knows what is in her, or can, with any certainty, even guess. But her great men, so liberally bestowed upon her at this epoch, may yet help her through with the mighty work, and a new life start once more from her gracious soil, better and nobler than any before.

Thus we are led directly to the question, whether we as a nation possess as yet the foundation of a national character? Who can doubt it? Even while the great struggle is still fiercely raging that shall prove to the eyes of the world whether or no we have a government that can stand the only adequate test that could have been applied to it, or have been living for nearly a century on a mere theory destined to fall to pieces like a house of cards, before the first gale; whether we are a mere conglomeration of ill-assorted and incongruous elements, bound together by no principle of living union and common growth, or whether there is somewhere in this mass a germ of vital development which will sooner or later take up and transform all this rude material which surrounds it, till even that which seemed most obstinate and unmanageable has yielded to the gentle and plastic influence, and has given up, however reluctantly, its needed contribution of beauty and strength to the perfect organism of the whole; even now, while those without may be waiting for results to judge from, while all must reverently bow to the high decrees of Him who directs the destiny of nations, do we not yet feel, in every event as it transpires, a further proof of that which to us scarcely needed proof before, a confirmation of our faith that God has here planted something real, something that shall endure, by which he will bless, not us only, but all people and times, even to the end of the world?

But when we come to ask how far this national character, which we feel to be ours, has advanced, in its development, and what elements have as yet entered into its progress, we feel at once that it is something new in the world's history which engages our attention; and, while in the effort to understand it, we find a great deal to guide us in the past, yet we must take it from many different sources and periods of time; and, after all, we must come back to study the present, the nation itself as it actually is, finding there what is scarcely to be found elsewhere, even in analogy. For while we stand as it were at the very threshold of our career, (if such is indeed to be ours,) we yet find ourselves to have made greater advances in regard to numbers, wealth, general intelligence, and those things which usually make a people respectable and prosperous in the eyes of others, than any other nation has ever attained before us at so early a period of its existence. In many respects we seem to have begun where others left off; and especially do we feel, that in our form of government, we have that which sets us as it were on the shoulders of the world, giving us an immense advantage over those who preceded us, whose labors and sad experience seem to be yielding to us, at last, their ripened fruit. We do not emerge, as most other modern nations have done, from the wild ferment of barbarism. The tribe element, as we receive it, has been already modified by passing through the process of nationalization; and in this respect we bear, perhaps, more resemblance to some of the great nations of antiquity than to any now existing. And as to the increments which have been made to our numbers from without, they have been gradual and steady. The old world has been to us like a vast reservoir, from which a constant and increasing stream has flowed in upon us ever since the first bold colonists planted foot on these shores, and so set open the gates of this mighty West. No great inundations have flooded the soil, and obliterated the landmarks of the past; no long intervals have elapsed from one accession of population to another; but still as the mighty wilderness swallows up those who go before, their places are filled by those behind, and so will be till the crowded and oppressed masses of Europe and Asia begin to feel the relief, and till we have nothing to offer here that cannot be, at least in

some measure, gained by remaining there. Thus our institutions neither have nor ever had anything to fear from any sudden and violent invasion of this kind. The chief danger to be apprehended here is, that the foreign ingredient, by coming in too rapidly, or failing to be modified by fitting influences in due time, may some day accumulate in great hostile masses in the midst of us, and so prove a more formidable foe than any we could dread from without.

But here we have many safeguards. One of these is found in the great variety of nationalities represented in this vast influx, of which one will more or less overcome or control the dangerous tendencies of the other; while that race whose characteristics seem destined to give the prevailing tone to all the rest, is the one whose natural proclivities tend more than those of any other we know, to permanence and stability, united with steady progress in the unfolding of a national idea. The Saxon stamp is already so deeply fixed, that to obliterate it will be almost impossible. And in fact, so happily is the government constituted, as to leave but little opportunity, or occasion, for those violent conflicts of race, which have rendered race-distinctions in the old world only more obstinate and permanent; and the weaker and more unstable mind feels the benefit of the wisdom and firmness of that which is by the gift of nature its superior, without being excited to hatred by the overbearing tyranny of the stronger. So it may well be hoped that these distinctions will very easily melt into each other and be lost, while out of what is best in them all the new nationality will develop itself, richer and stronger than any in the varied gifts of humanity.

Another danger, closely connected with the one already alluded to, and one which to many, especially of those whose natural tempers or acquired habits do not allow them to enter, with full appreciation, into the spirit of our institutions, appears extremely formidable, is the circumstance, that the will and character of the people operates so directly upon the actual administration of the government. Those who are apprehensive of lasting evil from this source, must proceed on the supposition that the greater wisdom and virtue will always remain with the few, and that those few will always turn out to be the rulers. They, however, who believe that the Spirit of God is

at work among the masses, and who see that what is called the public sentiment of nations is constantly becoming more enlightened and pure, will hardly have needed the proofs we are daily witnessing, that a government may be the genuine offspring of the people, in all its actions betraying that the links of connection are not broken ; and may yet act nobly, wisely, virtuously, and in entire independence of the whims and changing caprices which show themselves for the moment, here and there, on the surface of the national temper, relying with perfect confidence on that which it knows to be real and permanent at the bottom of all these manifestations. This is the lesson which those who rule us have to learn thoroughly ; and those who are faithful to their trust will learn it. Meantime, never was there a country where true patriotism had so glorious a work before it. He whose loving and Christian spirit would at any rate lead him to earnest efforts for the intellectual and moral elevation of those around him, will now have a double motive added to those which already actuated him. For in every individual lifted from a life of vice to one of industry and virtue, he sees the removal of a new danger to his country, the addition of a new guaranty to her safety. Even the indifferent might, as one would think, be quickened by thoughts like these, at least to more assiduous care of example, to greater interest in the faithful performance of common duties. And indeed it is touching and joyful to see how well these things are realized by many of those true lovers of their country who in such vast and unexpected numbers have issued forth at the cry of her danger. The revelations which have been made of the true causes of our peril at this crisis, should have taught us all thoroughly how greatly our future prosperity must depend on the wider and more rapid spread of those influences which are calculated to promote industry, intelligence, and virtue.

The great medium, the true alchemy to produce the new and beauteous union which we seek, together with that free circulation of light and knowledge which must proceed and accompany it, is found in the spirit of pure religion. No phenomenon is of so much import in the history of modern nations as that contained in the diffusion of the spirit of Christianity throughout the masses of the community, bringing forth as it


does in every individual, however humble, a sense of responsibility in relation to others, which leads to efforts and plans wider than the sphere of immediate and personal advantage, and entirely above that of mere ambition, but all tending under the guidance of a Divine teaching more or less directly to the highest and best ends. Thus even those most meanly endowed by nature, find in that fact no hindrance to their real usefulness, provided they do obediently and lovingly just that which is placed within their power, nay, even those whom infirmity seems to render passive, find in the moral world a place of activity from which they can react for good on those around them. Every impulse of good thus communicated extends itself by an ever widening circle, to and beyond the limits of the body politic, and is tending to the welfare not of the state only but of the world. Happy is it for our nation that with the rest of that large inheritance delivered to her at the beginning of her career, she has received, and thus far has kept so well the legacy of the pure and undefiled religion of Jesus Christ. Happy! that in connection with the history of some of her early colonies, it had so much to do; and happy that the faith which animated the fathers has not yet forsaken the sons, but that notwithstanding wickedness and infidelity have scattered their seeds far and wide, like tares, there is yet a living church of God in the land; that if evil is everywhere, the good is close beside it,—if less rank and showy in its growth, yet all the more compact in its fibre, the more likely to survive when the other shall fall away into its own natural decay.

And now, meantime, what nation ever before found such a seat of habitation prepared for it, in extent of territory, in advantages of access to all parts of the world, in the number and convenience of the natural paths of intercourse from one portion of it to another, in range of climate, in variety and excellence of soil, in the vast extent of its mineral productions,—all resources as yet undeveloped, many of them in fact only just beginning to be realized, but pointing us forward, the better we understand them, and especially the more clearly we see how the good providence of God set this broad belt of land between the great lake chain and the gulf,—the Eastern and the Western ocean to be the habitation of one nation, and

of a nation constituted like ours, pointing us forward to a vast career in the future, for which if we prepare ourselves aright here at the start, it will be well.

And when we look to see what has been granted to us in the way of that guidance which a great and far-reaching mind, standing at the opening of a nation's history and detecting as if by some prophetic insight the path that leads it toward prosperity and success, is sometimes enabled to afford, we find ourselves in this respect too, happier than any other has been for thousands of years. For whom shall we find among the great ones of antiquity, to compare with our Washington, the simple-minded and pure-hearted hero, whose charmed, and heaven-protected life, was spared through every danger till he had led our arms to victory, our nation to independence, our government through the perils of its first experiment to the footing of an established and permanent reality, and then as the last thing possible for him to do, had sent forth into the future that prophetic voice of warning, as his clear gaze beheld the chief dangers that still threatened us, and the only safe basis on which we could build our hopes of lasting greatness and success. This is a great and wonderful gift of God, when a man is born for his nation, and by his life and actions sets the seal to that which she is to be; when a single individual is inspired with so great a thought and with so mighty an impulse, that a people can do nothing better through their whole course of existence than to live it out and to *be* that which he foresaw as possible.

And it was evidently the idea of Washington and of those wise and patriotic fathers who, standing at his side or coming before him, had so much to do in fixing the tendencies of our national character, that we should be a nation of peace and hence of industry, minding our own concerns and neither interfering with others, nor tempting them to interfere with us. And so it has been on the whole, and so it is likely to be. The inclination of the people is peaceful, and none was ever more industrious. We have so much to do at home, as yet, that we cannot trouble ourselves too much with what goes on abroad. The tendency is toward the highest activity both of body and mind, an activity which finds opportunity both for full play in the objects immediately before it, and which, if it is not turned into



wrong channels, will one day greatly enrich the world in the development of the vast material subjected to its energy.

Thus it is with us then. Our tree is planted, in a good place, beside perennial waters. It has taken firm root, and its growth seems strong and vigorous ; at least we need not be discouraged, if we may judge from the way in which it meets this great storm now rushing over it, which, though it has broken down some of the branches, has only set the stock deeper in the earth, while good hope is left that even those bruised and wounded limbs, may be so bound on once more, that the young and fresh sap will yet circulate through them freely as of old. But we have been taught by it that there was somewhere a weakness in the fibre, that something of corruption and disease had found its way within the bark which appeared so fair. Some who were wise had known it long ago. Many less wise had deeply suspected it. But now all can see it only too plainly, and all know that the great problem now is, how the decayed and dying parts shall be so removed, and the corrupting juices so purged out or suppressed, that the tree shall suffer no lasting injury ; how the healthful action of the functions shall be so stimulated and quickened, that henceforth what is taken up into the circulation shall not be changed into poison, but into pure and growth-promoting sap, that the promise of the past may not be broken to the future, and men may yet rejoice at the sight of it as it stands with its broad and shelter-giving boughs, scattering far and wide its generous fruit. Part of this problem is being solved in the rapid course of events ; events which while they so far turn upon the action of those individuals who fill the responsible places at the head of our affairs as to leave upon each one of them an immense responsibility, are yet in their general course so far out of their power to direct, that they are as yet like mariners on some untried sea, driven by wind and tempest they know not whither, while they can do little more than to watch and avoid the dangers of shoals and rocks and breakers as they come into sight, not certain at any time but some hidden danger may hurl them to instantaneous destruction. At such a time a nation and its rulers are educated not only to wisdom and integrity, but also to faith, to conscious dependence on a Divine power, which leads them through their

perils, a wisdom more than man's, which sees the end from the beginning, and beholds alike the invisible track of safety over these pathless waters, and the quiet harbor where it ends. Let all men pray, that when, the crew and the steersmen having been faithful to their part, that hour of rejoicing and rest at last arrives, the black and thunder-bearing cloud that has threatened us ever since the entrance of our career shall have been broken and scattered forever.

In estimating the actual progress which we have made as a nation, and in measuring the proportion of results which have been arrived at with those which might justly have been expected of us, it is not altogether fair to compare ourselves with others by periods of time. For, in some respects, we were placed at the very outset at a point which was only attained by others after centuries of preparation; nay, in some respects, as has been already hinted, we were in front of their utmost development. But we may be deceived by this way of reasoning. The difference lies in the nature of the elements, rather than in the degree of their assimilation. The truly national life is only commenced, and the great process of development, as something by itself, lies all before it. The form of government is such as will render this process more sure and rapid than in the case of any other nation, for it is more in harmony with the nature and real wants of man. No other, except that of the Hebrews, was ever formed with so distinct and beneficent a purpose. Its object is not merely to hold men in order, but to secure order in such a manner as shall consist with the highest liberty and personal welfare of the individual; and while it thus provides for a more easy, it expects also, and makes way for a far more thorough and perfect development, a more entire assimilation of material than has been elsewhere accomplished. Thus it will not have done its work for a long time to come. It were indeed a bad omen for any nation, that its best fruits were produced within the first century of its existence, but especially for a nation that has so much business before it as ours. What we do, indeed, in the way of mere imitation, may perhaps be as well done now as at any time; but of those things which are to be the genuine and spontaneous fruits of our own national character, each must come in its time. The fig-tree, indeed, has its

early figs ; but they are not like those of the summer, when the ripened sap has tasted the full influences of the sun. So we begin to prove not without relish and exultation, some early products of our own native genius and culture, in whose abundance and excellence we already see the promise of the great harvest to come. But we are willing to let them go at whatever estimate may be put upon them either by friends or foes, being so confident that the day will come when we shall have no need to praise, but all shall willingly acknowledge the goodness of some new gift even now slowly and secretly preparing for the enrichment of all. And now it will not be amiss to remember how many nations have had to wait for centuries before they could give forth anything very valuable of their own ; in how many some of their best fruits were only produced on the verge of their decline ; a mere bequest, a memorial of what they were, by which, when about to perish, they secured that the world should not forget their existence. Not that there was any necessary connection between this maturity and decay ; but the fact illustrates the necessity of such maturity, such thorough and complete nationalization, before the evidences of national genius and power can be put forth in any marked abundance.

Here, then, we stand, among the beginnings of things, and not among things completed. Our work is the work of the spring-time, the work of the morning. It is not our part to gather in the harvest, nor can we sit down at leisure, as if the day's business were over. Nor can any of us say, It is nothing to me. I have nothing to do with all this. For such is the importance of epochs, and especially of those which are initiatory, that they make heroes of the most common-place individuals. They throw on every one who lives in them a responsibility which at other times could only be conferred by some marked and conspicuous gift of nature. To do one's duty, however simple, at such a period, is to drop a seed of good that shall multiply a thousand fold ; to be idle and careless becomes a great and positive sin ; to do evil, is to lay the foundations of a great and terrible retribution.

Let us, then, all remember this ; and striving to know the time in which we live, the place in which God has put us, and what he requires of us in it, let us not despise any, the meanest

part assigned to us ; but taking it up manfully, and going forward in it with courage and hope, rejoice with thankful hearts, that a day has fallen to our lot when the motives are so great for doing our utmost with whatever measure of strength has been granted us ; but rejoicing above all, that it is God who is working in us and by us ; that the plan and the fulfilment are only his, who has been working from the beginning, is working still, and whose hand will not weary until the end.

ARTICLE VII.

ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE.

Memoir, Letters, and Remains of Alexis De Tocqueville. Translated from the French. Two vols., 12mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1862.

WE give these volumes a cordial welcome. They are issued in attractive style, and call attention to a name held in high estimation both in Europe and America,—a name destined, without doubt, to rise higher in consideration and influence, in this and the other hemisphere.

M. de Tocqueville—we are willing frankly to avow it—has quite won our Puritan heart. Gallic though he be in origin, and Roman Catholic in faith, we find in him such measures of tolerance and charity, and such justness and magnanimity of spirit, that, despite race and creed, it is impossible not to fraternize with him ; and we gladly recognize in his career that of a benefactor of the race. His works are beneficent in spirit, and doubtless they will abide ; and now that, too soon alas ! he has joined the ranks of the immortals, his shade will still linger to bless the nations and communities to whose welfare he devoted the energies of his life. We regard him as entitled to the high consideration of all Americans.

One of the noblest encomiums we recollect, is that bestowed by Sydney Smith on Sir James Mackintosh, the moral philoso-

pher and historian. "Those that lived with him," said the sharp-sighted dean, "found they were gaining upon doubt, correcting error, enlarging the boundaries, and strengthening the foundations of truth. Whatever could promote peace, knowledge, and industry; whatever could exalt human character and enlarge the human understanding, struck at once to his heart, and roused all his faculties." These words are justly applicable to Tocqueville. His life-long efforts were made for the elevation of his fellow-men; and those who felt his influence found themselves emerging from error, gaining upon doubt, and resting more securely upon foundations of truth. In fact, the eminent Frenchman bears closer resemblance to Sir James than to any other marked character of the present century whom we recall. He possessed the philanthropic spirit and love of truth, which characterized the Briton. There was the like capable and candid intellect, with yet greater strength of will; and, if there was less range in the sphere of abstract thought, there was greater compactness in the quality of thought; and in the management of topics within his chosen field, there was a more thorough and exhaustive treatment. His auditors too, it is to be noticed, were nations rather than classes, or individuals. He exerted his influence upon France and America, upon Great Britain and the world. Like that inevitable democracy, which he saw advancing with portentous power to conquer Europe and the world, his own power, because associated with that mighty social movement, must extend to distant ages and to the ends of the earth.

Tocqueville, more fully than any other writer, has revealed the American Republic to the world, and given candid inquirers in other lands the means of knowing the laws and social life existing under it. The governing classes of Europe have ever been slow to understand America. And how much it behooves them and us that the requisite knowledge be fully and immediately imparted, heaven only knows. For if, in the enormous rebellion that convulses the land, Providence shall consummate the triumph of loyal power, and if the bearing of England shall not be speedily altered, peace for more than the briefest period we regard as utterly impossible, and men quite unused to the voice of war will be ready to shout the cry,—“To

arms!" The whole people will join in one mighty uprising to humble a haughty power that looked on with selfish hate under our calamity and in the anguish of our soul.

Without doubt, each nation, by its character and acts, must disclose itself to the world; still the pen has its great office. And Tocqueville, while he has flashed a vivid light upon the impotence and inanity of the effete French noblesse for our benefit, has also portrayed, for this supreme era, the spirit and institutions of the Republic, that Europe and the world may behold them. Henceforth men cannot shut their eyes upon America. Macbeth hath murdered sleep. As the revolution of 1789 rendered it impossible that France should ever again be overlooked on the field of Europe while history survives, so the events of 1861-2 will challenge, in behalf of the United States, the awakened and perpetual attention of the world. The gallant nation that interposed in our behalf, in the crisis of the Revolutionary struggle, with the power of the sword, has again become the benefactor of America in the person of Tocqueville, by the mightier power of the pen.

We propose to furnish, as far as our resources will permit, the history and social characteristics of Tocqueville, gathering our materials from the volumes before us, and from his works already in possession of the public.

The "Memoir," by M. de Beaumont, contained in the first of these volumes, disappoints us. Appreciative in spirit and graceful in style, it is animated with a certain elevated tone of sentiment, which renders it highly attractive to the reader. But as a presentment of Tocqueville's life, it is entirely inadequate. Even as a *résumé* of the events of his career, it neglects, in numerous instances, to make reference to facts, opinions, and influences by which sections of his life must have been determined. In apology for this, something is due, doubtless, to the writer's consideration for friends yet living; and something to the fact that the work was given to the public under the sway of the present Emperor of the French, a ruler jealously alive to all characters and influences antagonist to his power. But what should hinder M. de Beaumont from giving us the personal appearance of his friend? What should prevent reference to the moral alchemy by which this heir to

the traditions and absurd narrownesses of the French noblesse was transmuted into the large-hearted constitutionalist and republican minister? What should hinder him from exhibiting the religious views and position of his friend in the society of Paris and France? We should not regard it an unpardonable sin had he stopped the flow of his graceful narrative long enough to have informed us how, out of the alembic of French society, so active and peculiar for two thousand years, this crystallized specimen should have shot forth. In the career of eminent men, it is satisfactory also to know somewhat of that which gives specific direction to their destiny under the kingdom of God. On the occasion of the death of Webster, the great American statesman, a friend of ours remarked, that whatever else was uncertain regarding him, this at least was true, that he would be a great acquisition to *whatever* society of beings he should join.

The correspondence of Tocqueville, and the other memoranda given in these volumes, are of great interest for the general reader, and of special value as throwing light on his character and the purposes and views that governed his life.

Alexis de Tocqueville, born in Paris, July 29, 1805, was son of the Comte de Tocqueville, afterward a peer of France, and his Comtesse, a grand-daughter of the illustrious Malesherbes.

In his "Democracy in America," he has said, that to discover the germs of the virtues and vices of maturer years, "we must watch the infant in his mother's arms. We must see the first images which the external world casts upon the dark mirror of his mind, we must hear the first words which awaken the sleeping powers of thought, and stand by his earliest efforts, if we would understand the prejudices, the habits, and the passions which will rule his life." This is requisite, he adds, in the history of men and of states. How it came to pass that, brought up entirely at home, under such parents, Tocqueville's early education should have been greatly neglected, and that he should have learnt little except good manners and a certain high tone of feeling, we are not informed, and we are quite at loss to comprehend it, unless he has himself given us the clue in the following passage :

"The whole object of those among whom I was brought up was to amuse and be amused. Politics were never talked of, and, I believe, very little thought of. Literature was one of the standing subjects of conversation. Every new book of any merit was read aloud, and canvassed and criticised with an attention and a detail, which we should now think a deplorable waste of time. Every considerable country-house had its theatre, and its society often furnished admirable actors. I remember my father returning after a short absence to a large party in his house. We amused ourselves by receiving him in disguises. Chateaubriand was an old woman. Nobody would take so much trouble now."

His classical studies were commenced at the college of Metz, while his father was prefect of that town. The meagre record given of these is, that without having been fully grounded in Latin and Greek, he excelled in French composition, from the beginning, and as a student in rhetoric, in 1822, carried off the first prize.

After closing his studies at Metz, in the year 1826, he set out on his travels, and with his elder brother, Edward, visited the principal towns in Italy, and made an excursion into Sicily. In this town he gave proofs of eager curiosity and mental activity, and recorded his impressions and observations according to the most approved method of travellers. In those fields of historic grandeur his spirit doubtless received impressions and a tone that never forsook him.

When about finishing his travels, he was recalled to France by a royal order, appointing him to the post of *Juge Auditeur*; a subordinate place in the magistracy at Versailles; a town of which his father was prefect. He was then just one-and-twenty years of age. Called to take part in the business of the *Ministère-public*, he soon won success. "His grave style of speaking, his serious turn of thought, the ripeness of his judgment, and the superiority of his intelligence, raised him high above the ordinary level;" and had he consented to continue in this department of affairs, even had not "Malesherbes been thought of more than Montesquieu," he might reasonably have aspired to the highest places of the *magistrature*. His life, though confined to a narrow sphere, would have glided by calmly and honorably, in the discharge of his official duties, and he would

have secured the consideration and enjoyment to which his character and qualities entitled him. Such, however, was not the scheme of life marked out for Tocqueville.

The clerkship of a New Hampshire county court we know at one time filled the eye and excited the ambition of Daniel Webster. "Zeke," said he, in writing to his elder brother, "I don't believe but that Providence will do well for us yet. We shall live, and live comfortably. I have this week come within an ace of being appointed clerk of the Court of Common Pleas for Hillsborough county. Say nothing, but think a good deal, and do not distrust the gods." But it was not written in the book of destiny that Hercules should again serve Omphale thus.

Tocqueville passed four years in discharging the duties of his office at Versailles, but found them unsuited to his abilities. Possessing in rare degree the faculty of generalization, the constant tendency of his mind was in that direction, while his judicial functions required ceaseless attention to details and familiarity with innumerable specific cases. He was fettered and cramped by the bonds confining him. At this period, there opened upon his view a field of wider proportions, demanding the exertion of peculiar and lofty powers. Was France qualified to maintain her equal rights and popular liberties under a constitutional government? The nation was about to settle this great question, in the court of ultimate appeal. The situation was this :

For forty years the country had been in a state of revolution, and the revolution was not yet ended. The people had been striving to obtain control of their civil, ecclesiastical, and social affairs. From the era of 1789, fifteen years had been passed in the most stupendous convulsions known in history. Whatever is noble, and whatever is infamous in character and deeds, had appeared breaking forth from hidden fountains, in the bosom of a society whose traits had been receiving tone for twenty centuries. The first great struggle for liberty had proved a failure and had terminated in a military despotism. Feudal and hierarchical privileges, indeed, had been abolished, but civil liberty had been won and lost. The consulate and the empire, however, passed away, and were followed by the restoration of the

ancient dynasty, supported by foreign powers. A charter of liberties, binding the monarch, was obtained by the people, and constitutional royalty seemed to be established as the permanent government of France. But Charles X. had now begun to trifle with the liberties of the nation, and was about to fling away his crown. Would it be grasped by the hand of some tyrant? would some constitutional prince receive it, and wear it for his country's glory? or, would the throne be overturned and a republic be inaugurated? Such were the questions France was about to decide. With historic insight, intelligent purpose, and ardent love of liberty, Tocqueville devoted himself to the illustration and right decision of the great issue.

Beyond the Atlantic there was a country where the revolutionary power had reached its natural limits; or, rather, where democracy had grown up from the soil as a natural product, without revolution or convulsion. Society there must throw light on the state and prospects of France. He resolved to go and see for himself. "We set forth," he wrote to his friend Stoffels, "with the intention of examining as fully and as scientifically as possible all the springs of that vast machine—American society, everywhere talked of, and nowhere understood; and, if public affairs at home give us time, we expect to bring back materials for a valuable book, or at least, a new book—for there is nothing whatever extant on the subject." In what interest, and with what spirit he devoted himself to this enterprise, is shown in another letter to the same friend:

"What has always struck me in my country, and especially of late years, has been to see ranged, on one side, the men who value morality, religion, and order, and on the other, those who love liberty and legal equality. To me, this is extraordinary as it is deplorable; for I am convinced that all the things which we thus separate are indissolubly united, in the eyes of God; man can be happy only when they are combined. From the time that I found this out, I believed that one of the greatest achievements in our time would be to prove it; to show that all these advantages are not merely compatible, but necessarily connected. Such is the outline of my idea. Tell me, if you please, that my undertaking is rash, and above my power; that it is a dream, or a chimera; well and good. But leave me the belief that it is a great and noble attempt, and that it is worthy of the sacrifice of

time, fortune, and even of life; that failure in it is better than success in any other cause. To persuade men that respect for law, both human and divine, is the best way to be free, and that to grant freedom is the best way to ensure morality and religion. Such is my object."

"Charles X. tossed his crown into the hands of his cousin." The revolution of 1830 broke out. Tocqueville joined the ranks of the government of Louis Philippe; and, six months after, started for the United States.

With his friend Beaumont, he arrived at New York, May 10th, 1831. As a pretext for the expedition, and an aid to the purpose in hand, the two friends had obtained a commission from the new government for examining the penitentiary systems of the United States. Entering at once on the duties of their mission they made thorough examination of numerous prisons in New York, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, and other States, and embodied the results in a report, made to the Minister of their government; and subsequently in a work published under the title, "Inquiry into the Penitentiary of Philadelphia."

This work accomplished, Tocqueville entered with ardor on the enterprise which had brought him to America. Beginning with New England, he extended his explorations throughout the American Union. He traversed the country from New York to Lake Superior, and from Canada to New Orleans. He mingled extensively in society, passed over vast tracts of unoccupied territory and penetrated the unbroken forest, to view the Indian in his native home.

"It is impossible to imagine," says his biographer, "the activity of mind and body, which like a burning fever, preyed upon him incessantly. Everything was to him matter for observation. He arranged beforehand in his head all the questions that he wished to solve, to each of which the incidents and conversation of each day bore reference. He never failed to note, then and there, every idea that occurred to him. For he had remarked that the first impression gives itself utterance almost always in an original shape, which, once lost, is not recovered. These memoranda are few and short. The germs of the leading thoughts of his work on Democracy are to be found in them."

There was at the same time an Englishman exploring Amer-

ica to discover the varieties of game peculiar to the climate and especially the different races of wild ducks. Two distinguished Frenchmen were reconnoitring the country for picturesque subjects for landscapes. Our traveller's purpose was of loftier significance, and his energy unremitted. The universal good sense of the Americans attracted him, and they became unconscious accomplices in his plans; he was stimulated and encouraged in his work. Though possessing a frail and delicate body, he rapidly accomplished his investigations, and after a year passed in the United States, returned to France. The following two years were devoted to the preparation of the first part of his work on America; and, after another interval of five years, the second part appeared.

In reading the "Democracy in America" we are struck with the perspicacity and power displayed by Tocqueville in his researches, and the signal mastery which he obtained of the institutions, spirit, and manners of the country. When we attempt to draw the picture of a foreign people, he somewhere says, "the prejudices, arising from what we see at home, and from what our history tells us, stand in our way more than our ignorance." But he has surely triumphed over both; although success cost him effort. "I feel that at this moment my head is a chaos of contradictory notions," he wrote from Yonkers, on the Hudson River, not long after his arrival in America. "You try to penetrate beneath the surface, you advance with a slowness that drives you to despair, and the farther you go, the more you doubt. I tire myself in seeking for some clear and decisive results; I find none." How little would an Englishman delineating Republican society and institutions dream of the difficulties that beset the amiable Frank! *He* would require but to cast a glance here and there, and with a power that looks quite through the deeds of men, would comprehend at once the situation of the country and the secrets of character; and when his book appears, behold it; delineating himself and his own prejudices, it is entirely wide of the mark as to all else. Our traveller presents us with democratic breadth and candor versus aristocratic narrowness and self-complacency.

In the work in hand, we notice the entire absence of *hauteur*; a quality, in which, as an heir of noble race and fortune, had

our author been less great, he might have indulged. We find everywhere candor and openness of soul for all impressions, agreeable or the reverse, and entire independence, and courtesy withal, in expressing views and opinions. We are to remember that *La belle France* is his mother-land, ancient Norman blood courses in his veins, and the Catholic faith is the creed of his inheritance; yet, with what cordial feeling and energy of thought, he speaks: "the valley of the Mississippi is upon the whole the most magnificent dwelling-place prepared by God for man's abode." "The principles of New England have imbued the whole confederation and extend their influence over the whole American world. Its civilization has been like a beacon lit upon a hill, which after it has diffused its warmth around, tinges the distant horizon with its glow." Quoting the historian of the early Plymouth settlement, he exclaims, "it is impossible to read this, without an involuntary feeling of religious awe; it breathes the very savor of gospel antiquity. The band, which to his eyes was a mere party of adventurers gone forth to seek their fortune beyond the seas, appears to the reader as the germ of a great nation wafted by Providence to a predestined shore." Thus he puts himself into easy and actual communication with the physical forms and life of the country; with the Puritan colonists and the institutions they reared; the manners, habits, and spirit of the people, and their relations to other nations and peoples; and by knowledge born of sympathy he is qualified to reveal them. France indeed, like a shadowy presence, is everywhere seen beneath the narrative, and the author's love of liberty palpitates through paragraphs and chapters, so that while the topics are habitually brought into wide and elevating relations, they are also instinct with vigor and life.

It is aside from our purpose to analyze these volumes. It must suffice to say that they fully accomplish the author's purpose of making a true presentation of Democracy as it exists in the United States,—its origin and foundation principles, the institutions it developed for asserting and guarding its life, the advantages and disadvantages attendant on it, and the conditions of its vigor and perpetuity; and, in the second part, the influence of Democracy on the ideas, manners, and habits of the

people. So broadly, philosophically, and faithfully, have these great topics been treated, that whatever exceptions may be taken to particular opinions, the work is accepted in America as the most luminous and satisfactory exhibition yet made of the life and institutions of the country.

At the time of undertaking this enterprise, Tocqueville was not yet twenty-seven years of age. On the publication of the first part of his great work, he was not yet thirty. It was at once crowned with great success. It commanded the attention and applause of the highest intellects of France and profoundly impressed the public mind. "Since Montesquieu there has been nothing like it," was the general verdict. Edition followed edition with wonderful rapidity. It was recognized by all parties as authority on the subjects treated, and it advanced the author to a position among the eminent of the land. In England and other countries the work was received with great favor, and his fame was soon established throughout the commonwealth of letters. To a friend he wrote :

"The book is succeeding wonderfully. I am astonished at its popularity. M. Royer Collard, whom I did not know, asked to see me. He told me with many compliments, that in his opinion my book was the most remarkable political work that had appeared for thirty years. I know that he has said the same thing to other people. So have M. de Chateaubriand and M. de Lamartine. I am much astonished at my position, and quite confused by the praises sounding in my ears. There was a lady of Napoleon's Court whom he chose one day to make a Duchess. In the evening she went to a party, and hearing herself announced by her new title, she forgot that it belonged to her, and made way for the great lady to pass. I assure you that I feel like her."

The year that elevated Tocqueville so conspicuously in social life, enriched him also with domestic joys. In the month of October, he was united in marriage to Miss Mary Mottley, a young English lady to whom he had become ardently attached. How great the import of this event, he has himself indicated in words sufficiently significant for those similarly blest to comprehend. Its influence on his life was marked. "I own to you," he wrote, three or four years later, to Stoffels, the most intimate of his friends, "that of all the blessings which God

has given to me, the greatest of all, in my eyes, is to have lighted on Marie. You cannot imagine what she is in trial. Usually so gentle, she then becomes strong and energetic. She watches over me without my knowing it. She softens, calms, and strengthens me in difficulties which disturb *me*, but leave her serene."

We have long thought that the bearing of a man under the application of this,—we will not say *experimentum crucis* but rather—*experimentum deliciae* is one of the most striking proofs of character. O'Connell, the Irish agitator, little as we may relish some of the scenes of his life, rises at once in our regards, when we hear him respond to a toast offered to his wife in terms defining a generous and life-long love. Even "base men being in love, have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them." Macintosh is never more attractive than when paying his cordial tribute to his noble wife. And Edwards the elder, our seraphic doctor, never comes down more delightfully from the empyrean of lofty thought, and becomes to us an actual denizen of earth, than when, under an effluence both human and divine, on the blank leaf, he describes the "young lady in New Haven, beloved of the Great King who made and rules the world," who afterward became his peerless wife. "I cannot tell you," wrote Tocqueville to a friend, "the inexpressible charm which I have found in living so continually with Marie, nor the treasures which I was perpetually discovering in her heart. I cannot describe to you the happiness yielded in the long run by the habitual society of a woman in whose soul all that is good in your own is reflected naturally, and even improved. When I say or do a thing which seems to me to be perfectly right, I read immediately in Marie's countenance an expression of proud satisfaction, which elevates me still higher; and so when my conscience reproaches me, her face instantly clouds over. Although I have great power over her mind, I see with pleasure that she awes me; and as long as I love her as I now do, I am sure that I shall never allow myself to be drawn into anything wrong." How, pray, could Tocqueville ever have had an adequate appreciation of the great historic forces without that experience!

After such achievements in literary, social, and domestic life,

Tocqueville stepped aside in great measure from literary effort, and devoted himself to political affairs. He retired to his estate situated in the peninsula terminating in Cherbourg. The chateau of Tocqueville, the old family seat of his ancestors, by fraternal arrangement, had come into his possession. On the coast lying over against England, it commands a magnificent view of the sea ; the country is fertile and beautiful around, and all objects are filled with traditions of scenes and times forever gone. Here he was inspired with an ambition, doubtless manly and pure, to advance that cause practically to which he had so effectively consecrated his pen. Purging himself of the odor of legitimist opinions, held by his family, but never justly attaching to himself, he was presented as candidate for the national Chamber ; but, repudiating the influence of the government, he failed of an election. In March, 1839, he was chosen, and from this time onward he represented his *arrondissement*, without interruption, and voted with the constitutional opposition, till the overthrow of the government of Louis Philippe, in 1848. Subsequently he was deputed to the Constituent Assembly for organizing the Republic, as representative of the department of La Manche ; and was placed on the committee for the formation of a constitution. In the canvass for President, he gave his zealous support to General Cavaignac, in opposition to Louis Napoleon. He subsequently held the portfolio of foreign affairs, in the ministry of M. Odilon Barrot ; but retained it only five months, the President not having been able to attach him to his own person and projects ; and he continued a member of the Legislative Assembly till it was broken up by the *coup d'état* of the 2d December, 1851. He returned from Sorrento (whither he had gone in search of health) to Paris, that he might share the danger of the anticipated conflict ; and, with two hundred of his colleagues, he was sent to the fortress of Vincennes. "Here," says his biographer, "ends the political life of Tocqueville, together with that of liberty in France." Through all portions of his political career he passed with firmness and moderation, and discharged the varied duties devolved on him with marked ability and honor.

We are far from thinking that the great usurpation of Napoleon III.—an act which deprived a generation of Frenchmen

of the right to participate in the management of their political affairs — was any disadvantage to Tocqueville; or that it involved any limiting of his influence. It only served to enlarge it. And, in this view, it is most devoutly to be wished that the tyrant had earlier struck his blow. Then our author had been sooner restored to his broad sphere of achievement; a portion of his valuable life might have been recovered, and that great work, so successfully begun and so far advanced, might not have remained unfinished, and been given over to the moles and the bats. The interest of Tocqueville in political life, and the ardor with which he clung to it, while not peculiar, is yet strange, and reminds us of the pride and zeal with which Sir Walter Scott cherished his baronial rank and local civic functions, beyond the world-wide fame procured by the magic of his pen.

On retiring to his estate in Normandy, Tocqueville commenced on his last work, — “The Old Regime and the Revolution.” His object was to delineate the great social convulsion denominated the French Revolution. To accomplish this, it was necessary to explore and paint the social and political condition of the country before 1789. He entered on the immense task with all the ardor and enterprise with which, twenty years before, he had explored the society and institutions of America. He sought his materials in the great public libraries, among the archives of the old provincial administrations, and wherever else they were to be found. To prosecute these researches, he established himself at St. Cyr, near Tours, in 1854. He made a journey to Germany, in the summer of 1855, to examine traces, not yet obliterated, of the ancient feudal system; and, that he might be able to read the original documents, he acquired, at fifty years of age, a knowledge of the German tongue.

The first volume of this great work was published in the beginning of 1856, and at once it met with signal success. It was translated into every language, and welcomed in every country. At the time of the author's decease, the second volume was far advanced, wanting only a few months' labor to finish it. The biographer informs us that this, together with the author's other studies on the subject, forms an immense arsenal of ideas, but that, with the exception of the two chap-

ters now printed, it is never to see the light. This decision, on the statement of the case as presented, we unhesitatingly pronounce unwise; and to withhold the work, a wrong inflicted on humanity.

In the month of June, 1858, the malady which was to close Tocqueville's life appeared, in unequivocal form, although he harbored the illusions ordinarily attendant on pulmonary disease. He left the bleak shores of the English Channel for the salubrious coast of Provence, and arrived at Cannes in November. During the winter his strength gradually declined, until, except in his own heart, all hope was lost. He persevered in his usual habits, his projects, and his writings. He wrote many letters, read, and was read to. His thoughts dwelt constantly on public affairs; but the chief object of his meditation, and to which all his reading was directed, was the continuation of his book on the Revolution.

Madame de Tocqueville, worn out by fatigue and grief, fell ill. Among other disorders, she was attacked by a complaint of the eyes, and was ordered to remain in complete darkness. When she could no longer sit by his bed of suffering, he succeeded in dragging himself to hers. The deep gloom of her room increased his illness, for daylight was as essential to him as darkness to her; and, yielding to a sort of physical instinct, he escaped to the sunshine. In a few minutes he returned to her bedside, and said, — "Dear Marie, the sunshine ceases to do me good, if to enjoy it, I must give up seeing you." The return of spring, and the warmth, did him on the whole more harm than good, having the effect only to stimulate the disease. His strength gradually failed, until, in the evening of the 16th April, 1859, he fainted and expired, at the age of fifty-four years. According to his desire, his remains were carried back to Normandy, and deposited in the cemetery of Tocqueville; — and another name was added to the roll of his country's illustrious dead.

The sketch thus given indicates the personal characteristics of Tocqueville. We are not prepared to say with the Duke de Broglie, on hearing of his death, "France produces no more such men." For however adverse the times, France is yet alive, and the nation that has yielded a Pascal, a Descartes, a

Montesquieu, and a hundred other distinguished names, in all departments of science and literature, cannot have exhausted itself in producing great men. Others, doubtless, are now springing up, to be revealed in due time, even as our author himself arose under the despotism of the former empire.

Estimating the traits of Tocqueville's character, and considering him as a product of French society, he appears to us both remarkable and admirable. For more than two generations past, the social elements in France have tended to collision rather than combination. Society has existed in an explosive, and even volcanic state. Revolution has followed revolution; and the successive upheavals of the strata have disclosed products of remarkable brilliancy and hideousness indeed, but little adapted to the wants of the era. Tocqueville's character was one of symmetry, beauty, and power. His domestic traits, we have seen, were most interesting. In social life he was attractive; in his friendships, he was high-toned, sincere, and faithful. The encomium of his biographer, that, while he had the good fortune to secure numerous excellent friends, "he had the additional happiness of never losing one," is fully explained by the delightful spirit of the correspondence given in these volumes. His refusal to publish the "Fortnight in the Wilderness," lest it should interfere with the success of the work of his travelling companion in America, and the throwing up of his official position, on his return to France, on account of an injustice done his friend, reveal the mingled chivalry and delicacy of his attachments.

It is much to be regretted that his position in reference to religion, and its institutions, was not brought to view by his biographer. From this deficiency we are unable to form a clear opinion on some important points. In all his works, however, we find the utmost respect evinced for the Christian faith; and, in his death, he was comforted by its holy ministrations, according to the rites of his fathers.

Political life and official position added nothing to the actual dignity of Tocqueville, although they served to widen the circle of his friendships and advance his knowledge of men and nations. We regret that he should have been minister of foreign affairs under the Republic, when the intervention was made by

France against the freedom of Rome, and we trust there is a full vindication of his position in that affair, which is not sufficiently explained in these volumes.

The true distinction of Tocqueville rests on the contributions he made to historical science. To render these, he was specially endowed and trained. By the ties of birth, he belonged to the noblesse of the ancient regime, but he was born under the sway of the first empire, when the doctrine of equality had been fully inaugurated in France. The Revolution of '89, the Republic, the anarchy and reaction, the military despotism — these great events contributed greatly to the formation of his character. He possessed a remarkably clear and strong intellect, combined with a prevailing candor and love of truth. These enabled him to apprehend and delineate democracy in France, and to appreciate that more complete form of it which the United States exhibits to the world.

While he appears to have been devoid of humor, he possessed great sensibility to the influences of external nature and of society, and he was most happy in delineating them. Sharing the restlessness common to his countrymen, he yet placed his conduct under the control of a strong will, and harnessed his powers to perform the great tasks it enjoined.

By an induction from the events of seven hundred years, he had the sagacity to discover that democracy was inevitable in France and in Europe — that all things concurred to make it certain, in the sphere of Providence, as in the general movements and the particular dispositions of irresistible corps d'armée on a battle-field, that the cause of the people would triumph. It became to him as the voice of God, and it filled his soul with awe. He ennobled his life by consecrating it to a noble object. He aimed to discover the laws of that stupendous social power, as Newton did the laws of the heavenly bodies, that it might be guided, if not resisted. Thus he blest America by revealing to her and to the nations anew, her great power and privilege as the advanced standard-bearer of human rights on the field of the world. He then strove to apply the principles of true democracy to regulate the great popular movement in France and on the continent. In political life, indeed, he seemed to accomplish but little, yet his testimony was decided and consistent

to the cause he had espoused. And the time for judgment is not yet come. But in the great works of his pen, he has accomplished much ; and by them, we cannot doubt, he will accomplish yet more. He has sown the seed, the fruit of which the nations greatly need — religion producing morality, morality fostering intelligence and the humanities ; and these throwing off tyranny, securing submission to law, and guarding and perpetuating the liberties of the people. These doctrines must prevail ; and, in their advancement, the name of Tocqueville will be increasingly honored.

ARTICLE VIII.

SHORT SERMONS.

“I have kept back nothing.” — *Acts xx : 20.*

PAUL is addressing the church at Ephesus through its elders for the last time. He has been with them in scenes jubilant and sorrowful, the marriage of their young men and maidens, the birth of their children, at the bedside of their sick, by the grave of their dead. These are not remembered now. Paul thinks of the great white throne and Him who sits thereon ; the judgment of the last day, and the meeting he will have there with those to whom he has preached the Word. He can think of his course among them with serene satisfaction.

Mark his emphatic declaration, “I have kept back nothing.” The preacher is a depositary. That which he is to give to the people has first been given to him. He must deliver it in its integrity, in all its length and breadth and fulness ; its great truths, its eternal principles ; its doctrines as well as its precepts ; its threatenings as well as its promises ; hell as well as heaven.

Why must he do this ? It is “the counsel of God.” Could any tell beforehand whether he would vouchsafe a revelation at all when the world should be shrouded in darkness and the shadow of death ? If he does, who will dare tamper with it ? An angel ? It will cost him his golden harp, his crown, his place in heaven. An ignorant, sinful man ? How will he answer it to God in the dreadful day of judgment ?

It is "profitable unto" men. In this, as in all things, God designs primarily and ultimately his own glory, but also the well-being of fallen man. The Divine wisdom and love have shaped it perfectly for this end. To keep back any part of it, is to step between God's infinite love and the souls he seeks to save. Therefore Paul kept back nothing.

Mark the results. A good conscience. It is a great thing, when a man has finished his ministry, to feel that he is "free from the blood of all men." To some he has been made a savor of death unto death, and to some a savor of life unto life." The grand result is with God. His soul is at peace.

It excites attention. So did Paul at Ephesus, at Rome, at Corinth, at Thessalonica, declaring all the counsel of God. If a preacher would put men to sleep, and empty a house, let him tell men of God's love, but not of his justice; of heaven, but nothing of hell.

It wins affection. No other course gains so largely, in the main, confidence, respect, esteem, love.

It saves the soul. Such preaching honors God, and God honors such preaching. Christ is exalted, the Spirit is poured out, and men dead in trespasses and sins are renewed unto repentance and everlasting life.

"Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?"—*Ezekiel xxxiii*: 11.

How could God more plainly declare his good will to sinful, perishing man? How could he more distinctly and positively shut them up to the fearful responsibility of their own eternal destiny? Or how could he more emphatically point out the only way of escape from the coming wrath?

God sees men bent on death. "Why *will* ye die?" Certainly men do not choose death in itself; but they certainly do choose the way that leads to death, knowing that it leads to death. In that way they walk, deliberately, perversely, obstinately. And as they do this they still cling to a miserable hope of heaven, basing that hope on their own goodness; excusing their sins on the ground of their circumstances, their temptations, and the strength of their passions.

God seeks earnestly to save them. God knows how, and if God's effort fails, they perish. They must "turn from their evil ways." They must turn. No other can do it for them.

To Christ for pardon. Their whole life is a career of dreadful

guilt that admits neither palliation nor excuse. The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin.

To Christ for justification. To be delivered from condemnation is to be justified. That is through the imputed righteousness of Christ by faith.

To Christ for regeneration. Not a single right feeling or desire can they have but as the fruit of the regenerating Spirit. If they will not die eternally, then, let them turn in despair to Christ, if, peradventure Christ may, of God, be made unto them wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.

ARTICLE IX.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Baptism, the Covenant and the Family. By REV. PHILIPPE WOLF, Late of Geneva, Switzerland. Boston: Crosby & Nichols.

OUR faith in flattering and fluent Book Notices is fast dying out. Here is a volume on a most important topic, the subject and the mode of baptism. The leading orthodox journals, so far as we have seen, have commended the work, while some give it a special excellence. Yet we have seldom read a religious book so made up of rash criticism, rough denunciation, innovation, error, and wild conceit. We regard the volume as exceedingly unsafe, and so far as the interests of pedobaptism are concerned, we look on its publication as a misfortune. We feel like disowning it as an authority on our side of this question, not that it has not many excellencies, for it has them, but we speak of the book as a whole. We suppress criticism, and fill the usual space with quotations, that will show the good and ill of the book:

"We renounce completely the use of the Fathers, and we shall not invoke their testimony in support of our doctrines on baptism." p. 21. "Baptism by immersion is a modern fiction borrowed from the heathen. . . . Immersion is no baptism." p. 34. "To immerse means to drown," "to bury under the water and keep there." pp. 38-9. The argument from John's baptism of "all Jerusalem and Judea" is thus forcibly put arithmetically to our Baptist brethren. We condense it. "The population of this region was probably six millions; call it three millions; suppose one in six baptized,

or five hundred thousand; John was six months in the work; this would make about thirty-two hundred a day. Being only adults, ~~as~~ the Baptist theory, they would average in weight one hundred and twenty pounds, or three hundred and eighty-four thousand pounds for John to lower into the water and raise up again, and this daily for six months, — more than Herculean labor of the forerunner." pp. 56-60. The criticism on the baptism of the Eunuch and the Greek propositions, *ἐν*, *ἐς*, and *ἐκ*, is very good, and removes a vast fog-bank. pp. 62-70. The baptism of John and of the apostles is strangely made one and the same. "To admit that there could have been two baptisms, differing either as to form or to substance, is to place one's self under the impossibility of understanding anything as to Christian baptism." p. 98. This fundamental error vitiates almost the whole book. The "certain disciples" at Ephesus, whom Paul re-baptized (Acts xix.) were "spurious disciples, neither Jews nor Christians, an anomaly and an exception. They had not been baptized by John himself." p. 102. "The apostles have always and invariably conferred baptism before justifying faith." We marvel that a thoughtful and evangelical man can take this position. "At the first baptism performed after Pentecost the apostles baptize no less than three thousand, and in a single afternoon." "The apostle urges them to be baptized immediately, not because they have believed and possess the faith that saves, for on the contrary he has just told them, 'Be baptized every one of you for the remission of sins.' He places the remission of sins, or what comes to the same, saving faith, *after* baptism, and puts before only the desire of pardon, for which a feeble germ is sufficient. The order of the apostle runs thus: 1st. Repent, that is, desire to do better; 2nd. Be baptized; 3rd. After baptism, strive to obtain the remission of your sins by believing; 4th. After faith, if so be that you believe, you shall certainly receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." So the baptism of the Samaritans, (Acts viii.) of the Eunuch, of Cornelius, of Paul, the jailor, Lydia, and all others, *preceded* saving faith. "The fact is, that there is in the gospel no condition whatever attached to the reception of baptism. The ordinance is as freely imparted as the word of preaching itself." pp. 118-147. "Baptism always before faith both for adults and infants; such should be the device of pedobaptists." p. 151. "There is no command whatever of the apostles, either expressed or even implied, authorizing us to baptize." "It must be confessed that baptism has somewhat the appearance of an apostolical prerogative, which we have arrogated to ourselves without sufficient authority." "The Quakers and Socinus are therefore perfectly right in saying that nothing in the New Testament enjoins upon us the practice of baptism." "It is only by adopting the Old Testament as a foundation, and connecting with it the practice of baptism, that we obtain sufficient right to perpetuate it." pp. 159, 160. The commission of our Lord, "Go teach all nations," &c., "refers only to the baptism of heathen, and not to that of the people of God." The "nations" are *ἔθνη*, gentiles. Old Testament law and usage already secured the baptism of the Jews. pp. 162-3. "A nation is not a nation without the children." "The commission, therefore, leaves to infant baptism the widest margin that it is possible to desire or even to imag-

ine." pp. 171-2. We see not how our Baptist brethren can break this line of defence for our children. After saying that Baptists and pedobaptists agree that baptism is a rite, admitting to the church, Mr. Wolf adds: "We have, nevertheless, the temerity to deny this relation entirely, and to believe that baptism exists independently of the church." "Baptism existed and was practised a long time *before* the foundation of the church." How strange a theory! "Baptism can explain the church, but the church cannot explain baptism." "Baptism occupies a larger area than the church." "Baptism does not introduce into a church." pp. 199-201.

Chapters tenth and eleventh on the nature of covenants, and on the covenant and its sign from Abraham to Christ, are valuable and well prepared. The chapter on "Baptism substituted for Circumcision" is admirable. We feel like saying this of several chapters in the latter half of the volume, excepting where the erroneous principles we have indicated have gained place in them.

In brief, the book is Jeremiah's figs in one basket.

Faith: Treated in a Series of Discourses. JAMES W. ALEXANDER, D. D. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 444. New York: Charles Scribner. 1862.

DR. ALEXANDER'S preaching was marked by unusual simplicity, clearness, scripturalness, common-sense in thought, and by an honest, manly, earnest method of delivery; which made him alike an attractive and commanding pulpit orator, little as he affected any such superiority, and much as his more private memoranda show that, in his own estimate, he fell short of his ideal. He honored his profession by habitually putting into it his best mental and spiritual power. There is no attempt to write down theology to the comprehension of common understandings, after the milk-diet fashion; but there is a delightful naturalness of expression, and a handling of divine truth in a style of unambitious, familiar, business-like enforcement, which give his sermons a more than rhetorical charm. So should we suppose, that one of the noblest of men and most childlike of Christians must discourse of the truth as it is in Jesus.

We have in this volume sixteen parochial sermons upon the central topics of the Christian life, doctrinally and experimentally treated. They take us onward from "The Righteous Advocate for Sinners," through the various phases, connections, and results of faith, shedding a pure, strong light along this path trodden by all the saints of God from the beginning. Reading its successive developments of this never-wearying theme, we find safe, timely, needful instruction to

minds in search of religious repose, and nourishment for believers rich and relishable. There is nothing forced, fantastic, *outré*; yet nothing heavy, prosy, lethargic. Being dead, one still speaketh here, to whom men who are willing to be taught the highest wisdom may well listen.

A Commentary Critical and Grammatical, on St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, with a Revised Translation. By CHARLES J. ELLICOTT, B. D., Professor of Divinity, King's College, London, &c. Andover: Warren F. Draper. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 8vo. pp. 200. 1862.

HERE we have the second volume of a very successful effort to find the meaning of scripture by careful, scholarly, grammatical criticism. We welcome every such effort. It is in the right direction, and will cut up by the roots a thousand dangerous speculations. The mischief of interpretations has been reliance upon general theories and human reason, rather than the strict grammatical import of the words. We would not depreciate reason, but reason in different men differs, and needs a safe guide, and it was for this purpose that inspiration was interposed. We have not had time to follow the learned author of this elegant commentary through all his notes, but so far as we now see, this work is greatly in advance of any that has appeared; and we commend it to the examination and study of ministers and students of the Bible.

A Glance at First Principles. Christ's Work of Reform. A Bible View. By a Layman. Boston: Crocker & Brewster. 1862.

It is most refreshing to find a layman writing a book so thoroughly pervaded by the spirit of the old Puritans, so eminently scriptural in its views, and so manly in its tone. It is what it purports to be — “a Bible view,” the application of “first principles,” in other words, the great truths of Christianity to the practical enterprise of the world's regeneration. It is not controversial, either in form or temper, yet it cuts up with a keen discrimination the merely secular reforms of the day, and clearly demonstrates that vital union with Christ by regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost is the grand central principle of all successful effort for the elevation of fallen man. It has in all its pages the savor of the sound scriptural theology of the elder Edwards and the Puritan fathers. We hail the book with pleasure, and commend it warmly to the attention of our readers.

Twenty-Fifth Annual Report of the Board of Education, together with the Twenty-Fifth Annual Report of the Secretary of the Board.
Boston : William White, Printer to the State. 1862.

WE have here a handsome octavo of 455 pages, embracing the separate Reports of the Board of Education, the Visitors to Newark Schools, the Secretary, and the Agent of the Board, with abstracts of the Reports of School Committees throughout the State, and a mass of valuable statistical information, the preparation of which must have cost vast labor.

It is the glory of our public school system in Massachusetts that her people do not consider it perfect, but have intelligence enough to modify it as circumstances may require. Very important improvements have been made within the last quarter of a century, nor can we doubt that still greater improvements will be accomplished within the next ten years. We have watched with particular interest the labors of the agent of the Board, the Rev. B. G. Northrop, and we desire to record our deep conviction of the great value of these labors. Mr. Northrop possesses rare qualifications for the office he fills — finished scholarship, a sound practical judgment, enthusiastic interest in the cause of education, facility in lecturing, a never-tiring industry, and, not least, a fine Christian spirit with great suavity of manners.

His Report in the present volume is a paper of exceeding value, and deserves to be well studied by every school teacher and parent in the State. The adoption of the suggestions it contains on spelling, reading, text-books, keys, classical studies in our High Schools, physical exercise, &c., could not fail to bring our whole educational system up to a much higher standard, and every one of these suggestions is perfectly practicable. We earnestly advise all concerned to read, mark, and inwardly digest Mr. Northrop's able and sensible Report.

ARTICLE X.

THE ROUND TABLE.

THE IMPERSONAL WE. — It is pleasant to find one's judgment on a debated question indorsed by a good authority in the matter ; and this we esteem the "Independent" to be in a purely literary affair. It

writes sensibly upon the publicity which the prevailing fashion demands for our periodical authors. Our intensely eager curiosity cannot be satisfied with a good thing unless it knows precisely where it comes from. Possibly not a few readers do not feel competent to say if a thing is good without the indorsement of a distinguished name to back their verdict. Or is it that people now-a-days have not time to try for themselves if an article is worth the trouble of a reading, but must have the assurance of the writer's name to guarantee them against a waste of labor? However this be, it has come to pass that nothing scarcely now can wear even the thinnest veil. Newspaper columns now parade their celebrated contributors, with all their blushing honors thick upon them. Monthlies and quarterlies let you either boldly or slyly into the coveted secret of whose is this and that. This is not enough; but bulletins in advance herald the rising of new or the return of old stars, of all the magnitudes. The thing has become quite nauseous to some tastes, and threatens injury to the public mind, as it hinders individual independence of judgment, and goes to enfeeble the critical abilities of the mass of readers. We count but here and there a contemporary which observes a reticence on this subject. Our own course was adopted deliberately, and has been adhered to against the continued remonstrance of many firm friends. We have had to use much of the grace of resistance to fraternal importunities to keep our own counsels concerning the parentage of at least those of our papers which we decidedly preferred should remain incognito. We fancy that we have acquired some character for just this thing, of not permitting the individual interest of our pages to become the main point of consideration with anybody. A people who, more than any other existent, profess to call no man master, do not show much consistency in this insatiable avidity to ferret out the source of every paragraph which asks their notice. But our New York contemporary shall speak for us. It says:

"All the great journalistic successes of England have been impersonal, where the workman was hidden behind the work, and scarcely known or regarded by the public. Jeffrey's generally understood connection with the *Edinburgh Review* was scarcely an exception to this, and Gifford of the *Quarterly* was merely an abstraction for general readers. The thunder of the *Times* lost all its sonority when years after it leaked out that Captain Sterling was the Jupiter Tonans, and no known name can fill the imagination like the oracular editorial 'We.'"

Wherever lies the power of this impersonal unity of a periodical publication, it is a perfectly legitimate means of influence. It may, of course, be abused. But they are not the ones to allege this, whose

notions about the Bible are prevalent. Fashion and philosophy alike reject its supernaturalism. The creed of the million is, that one belief is as good as another. Doctrinal preaching is at a great discount. Children are taught the catechism, but grown-up folk are left to forget or remember its truths as they please. The church and the population are very nearly conterminous. Spirituality is at zero. This is dark shading; probably, in many localities, the picture is all too true. Yet a reaction is begun; and the denseness of this gloom may soon break away before a bright day-dawn. We have hope still of the land of Luther and Melancthon.

OUR physicists will unseat the Almighty to make room for their nature-god, with its fate-fixed necessity of invariable causation, hoping, possibly, to climb up on its broad shoulders to the thunderer's throne themselves. Their ambition may remind our classical readers of a few lines of Virgil, in the sixth *Æneid*, which depict a similar overweening effort to assume, or at least to counterfeit, divine functions. Will these modern god-makers recognize their close kinship with the son of windy Eolus?

"Vidi et crudeles dantem Salmonea pœnas,
 Dum flammas Jovis et sonitus imitatur Olympi.
 Quatuor hic invectus equis, et lampada quassans,
 Per Graiûm populos mediæque per Elidis urbem,
 Ibat ovans, Divûmque sibi poscebat honorem :
 Demens ! qui nimbos et non imitabile fulmen
 Ære et cornipedum cursu simulârat equorum.
 At pater omnipotens densa inter nubila telum
 Contorsit (non ille faces, nec fumea tædis
 Lumina) præcipitemque immani turbine adegit."

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ARTICLE I.

RELIGIOUS SELF-COMPLACENCY.

The Higher Christian Life. By Rev. W. E. BOARDMAN.
Boston: Henry Hoyt. New York: D. Appleton & Co.
1859.

*The Life of Trust: being a Narrative of the Lord's Dealings
with George Müller.* Written by himself. Edited and con-
densed by Rev. H. LINCOLN WAYLAND. With an Intro-
duction by FRANCIS WAYLAND. Boston: Gould & Lin-
coln. 1862.

A SHORT and easy way to heaven is the dream of indolence and pride in every age. So will it ever be to the end of the dispensation. Not so very strait is the gate in the hands of such engineers, nor the way so very narrow, however it may have been once when Christ spake. If any choose to go the roundabout, lengthened, weary way which Bunyan's pilgrim trod, let them; but there is not the smallest need. There is a much shorter, easier road. The slough of despond, the valley of humiliation, the lions, and the shadow of death, are antiquities, of value chiefly to remind us of our own happier lot — our triumphs speedier than even Cæsar's — "I saw, I conquered" — victory, not only bloodless, but achieved without the toil of a march; golden harvests where no furrow has broken the glebe;

millennial experiences before the millennium has come ; sanctification at a stroke, like justification, and no longer in the old way of struggles, and prayers, and cross-bearing, and failures, and despondencies, and painful humiliations, and bitter sorrows ; the shadows of evening without the noonday heats ; Canaan hard by Egypt, with the Red Sea so nicely bridged that Pharaoh may pass as easily as Moses, and share with him the promised land.

Is not Satan a great master of satire ? “ In the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened ; and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil.” How cruelly has that prediction been fulfilled in the towering conceit of man in all the generations that have succeeded the fall ! Plunging headlong from the heights of knowledge into an ignorance dense and dark as Egyptian night, he has soared, in his own vain imaginations, among the gods, and made the angels blush by his temerity. No secrets have been too profound for his daring, no sublimities have awed him by their stupendous grandeur.

Most especially does this foolish conceit betray itself in man's relations with God. It is here that he is most of all incapable of forming a correct judgment, because the very essence of the fall consisted in a false judgment of God and his government. That one false judgment involved the race, and presses, with its heavy shadows, on the soul in all its vain, self-reliant speculations pertaining to things divine.

We emerge from this darkness only as we fall prostrate before God, and listen to his voice, accepting in simple faith every word at his mouth, in unquestioning silence of our own proud reason. This is a most hard thing to do. We must be ever acting over again the wickedness and folly of our first parents in Eden. We will still be as gods, knowing good and evil.

All the false religions in the world come of this, and — far more disastrous and melancholy — all the manifold corruptions of the true. The Divine revelations have always been clear and distinct, whether made to patriarchs when writing was unknown, and preserved in the knowledge of men by repetition and tradition ; or recorded on tables of stone in the holy mount ; or communicated — through prophet and apostle — under a particular supernatural illumination and direction. Walking in

their light it is impossible to stumble. The indispensable qualification on our part is humility. Having this, we shall be content to stop in our inquiries where God stops in his revelations, not seeking to grasp the things which he has withheld, nor to know more than he has told us about the things revealed.

Job's three friends were devout, God-fearing men, yet they grievously erred in seeking to assign the reason of God's strangely diverse methods of dealing with mankind — sending here almost uninterrupted prosperity, and there multiplied afflictions and sorrows. Over and above the great law of providential reward and retribution, according to which the men of every age and generation reap as they sow, there is the yet higher law of the Divine sovereignty — God acting in accordance with his own regal will, not arbitrarily, but in the perfect light of the highest reason, the purest and largest beneficence; yet so far as our ability to comprehend is concerned, dwelling in the thick darkness, or dazzling us to a total blindness by the brightness of his beams. Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar thought Job was wicked and a hypocrite because he was crushed almost to death with calamities and sorrows; whereas God was sovereign, acting according to his own prerogative to give account of none of his matters.

The patriarch, stripped of his estates, bereaved of his children, and smitten in his own person by the terrible chastisements of God, resolutely asserted his innocence of any particular acts of wickedness which could account for his calamities and sufferings, yet justified earnestly the Divine conduct, being profoundly assured that there *were* the very best of reasons for that conduct, though utterly dark and inscrutable to him. This was Job's humility, and his humility was his wisdom, and strength, and repose; for it gave him a resting-place as firm and secure as the foundations of heaven itself.

“ God has a strong pavilion where
He makes his saints abide.”

Strange that a lesson so luminously unfolded so many centuries ago should remain unlearned, even by the Church, down to the present day. It is still as easy a matter as it appeared to those illustrious comforters of Job, to take the measure of Jeho-

vah — to fathom his counsels, forecast his plans, set bounds to his wisdom and equity, and tell beforehand what he will do. Eliphaz, Bildad and Zophar are still extant with their shallow and impertinent conceits, to prescribe for God, and add to the sorrow of his afflicted children. They can declare unto us, with certainty, what God will do in a particular case, according to the circumstances ; or, when a particular enterprize has failed of accomplishment, they can clap their finger on the cause, that cause lying within the limits of man's will. This is more than making God faithful to his promises—it is making him subordinate to conditions, and the conditions subordinate to a human will. Thus the spirit of the living God is bound, his awful sovereignty vanishes away, and his throne crumbles on its foundations, while, according to Satan's terrible prediction, the Adam is as God.

The consequences of this blind presumption are most of all disastrous and melancholy when it enters the province of God's spiritual kingdom. It has no more doubt of its ability to accomplish specified results there, than to build a house, or plough a field, or lay out a garden. Elijah, like Job, was a man of profound humility, because his understanding, and reason, and will were profoundly abased before God. When the priests of Baal were shamefully defeated in that trial of the power of their god, and the fickle multitude—suddenly converted in a grand revival that reached only to their emotions—shouted “the Lord, he is the God ; the Lord he is the God ;” the prophet hoped that a good work might have been wrought by the Divine Spirit at least in some of them. But when there was not found a man to stand by his side and on God's side, against the murderous rage of Jezebel, then he went away, in the unutterable sorrow of his heart, bowed down under the awful overshadowing sovereignty of God, into the wilderness, and sat down under the juniper-tree. Our modern Zophars and Bildads see nothing but cowardice in his conduct, though his heavenly Master and Friend sent an angel to refresh him there, with no word of reproof. The magicians of our day would have saved the prophet from that sorrowful flight, and would have instructed him to a method of procedure by which that Olympian mob should have been transformed to hopeful converts, and peradventure

Jezebel herself should have been brought into the Church as an active member.

The forms assumed by this vain conceit are manifold, and of exceeding subtlety. "Ye shall be as gods!" The old highway of sanctification is exceeding steep and rough, with obstructions at every step. To pray without ceasing; to maintain a watchfulness that remits not for a single instant without danger and loss; to pray evermore; with a rigid self-control, and meek forbearance under provocation and injury, and the exercise of a temper of unfeigned humility, which is willing, with all this incessant and painful warfare, to be less than the least of all saints — could anything be harder than this? Yet this is the path, and this alone, of Christian sanctification — laborious, slow, and full of obstacles and discouragements. This was the weary pathway trod by Elijah, and Paul, and John, and all the early Christians. It was the path trod by Martin Luther and Jonathan Edwards, and all who have reached heaven in these latter days.

Is there no less toilsome and discouraging way? is the ever returning inquiry of spiritual indolence. To this inquiry the spiritual conceit of the Adam has been always ready with its confident reply. To gain a high vantage-ground in the religious life by a summary process is the method propounded — by a sudden bound, a peculiar experience, a supernatural aura, a higher life, a second conversion — a something which shall be attained speedily, without the long watchfulness, and toil, and praying, and self-denial, and cross-bearing; and which, at the same time, shall permit its subject to look down with complacency upon the great mass of the brethren, who have never dreamed of any such summary illumination.

This peculiar phase of religious character will not disappear from the Church this side of the millennium. It must coexist with human indolence and pride. Its dogmatic teaching is the doctrine of perfectionism; its practical development is shallow experience, soaring conceit, vast inflation, severe uncharitableness, proud exclusion, and, in too many instances, alas, a sad forgetfulness of the moral law, and a greedy wallowing in the mire of licentiousness. We say this last well knowing what

we say, and we assert it with the utmost deliberation and positiveness. How many pure-minded, consistent, and earnest Christians have embraced these speculations, we very well knew. We shall whisper no unkind word of them — their deep sincerity, their beautiful religious life. All this however, must not, cannot shake our conviction that the doctrine of perfectionism, in any and every form, is, in its nature and tendency, directly and inevitably subversive of the fundamental teachings of Christ and his apostles in relation to the Christian life.

One of the forms, and perhaps the most specious and dangerous, under which the stale heresy of perfectionism presents itself at the present day, is developed in a volume which has been extensively read, bearing, for a title, "The Higher Christian Life." It is an attractive title to devout minds, and has induced a great multitude to obtain and read the book, who never would have obtained nor read it if the title first affixed to the manuscript — "Second Conversion" — had been retained. We take leave to express the opinion that it should have been retained nevertheless, since it was the true title, the grand point at which the author strenuously labors from beginning to end of the treatise being to establish the doctrine of a second conversion, as the scriptural and divinely ordained road, or rather gate, to eminent personal piety, or the higher Christian life.

It is a new form of an old heresy. The Bible nowhere affirms the fact of a second conversion, but, on the contrary, teaches, with the utmost clearness and precision, one, and but one great and instantaneous change this side the grave, variously denominated — "being born again," "created anew," "passed from death unto life," "repentance toward God," "faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ," "regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost." The immediate result of this great change, in every instance, is complete justification through the imputed righteousness of Christ. This is the beginning and foundation of personal holiness or sanctification, a work of the Holy Spirit, which continues through all the subsequent life, being complete only when that heaven is reached into which nothing that defileth can ever enter. That some Christians advance more rapidly than others in this spiritual growth, is too obvious to

need affirmation. It is just as obvious that the most indubitable mark of rapid progress is profound humility.

(Now we assert that profound humility never was, and never will or can be, a distinguishing feature of perfectionism.) We are not careful to admit possible exceptions. Exceptions prove nothing anywhere, unless it be the general rule to which they are exceptions. We speak logically as regards the tendencies of the doctrine, and broadly as to the facts in the case. We mean to say with the deepest earnestness, that if any man admit to his mind the persuasion that he has attained, or may attain, a high spiritual illumination and strength as the result of a sudden change — a second conversion — rather than through the slow and toilsome process of pressing onward in prayer and watchfulness year after year, that man must receive more grace than falls to the lot of most Christians to save him from a perilous self-righteousness and pride. If any who have embraced the views advocated in the “Higher Christian Life” should demur to our so positive averment, we should be moved to repeat it in the spirit of faithful warning to them in particular.

We will go a step farther, and say that the pretenders to uncommon spirituality in any age, (and every age has them,) fulfil a mission vastly different from that of Jesus Christ and his apostles. They repel and discourage the lowly and self-distrustful disciples, making them feel “how awful goodness is,” in quite another sense than that intended by the great poet. Jesus, and Paul, and John, drew the most timid disciples to them by the condescension of their bearing, and the absence of all flashing out upon them of a superior sanctity. These draw to themselves only those whom they convert to their own peculiar dogmas.

We must scan a little more closely the positions laid down in this book. It asserts, in plain and unmistakable phrase, first a conversion unto justification through faith in Christ as our righteousness, and then a second conversion unto holiness through faith in Christ as our sanctification; the second not less than the first, being instantaneous, and the result being as perfect unto sanctification as the result of the first is perfect unto justification. Not that we are personally perfect in holi-

ness when Christ becomes our sanctification through faith, but exceedingly sinful ; precisely as we are not personally perfectly righteous when Christ becomes our righteousness by faith.

Every reader of the book will remember how frequently, for substance, this is repeated and reiterated, and that with the strongest emphasis. Thus, on page 38 :

“Neither the great reformer or [nor?] the great historian of the Reformation made any profession of perfection themselves. Indeed, Luther expressly disclaims it, and D'Aubigne records the disclaimer. Yet in both the soul and marrow of the full experience of salvation at the last, was the *perception* and the *reception* of the Lord Jesus as their righteousness in the sense of *sanctification*, as already before they had taken him as their righteousness in the sense of justification ; for these senses are both included in the term ‘righteousness of God,’ as used by Paul, and exulted in by Luther, and in both senses Christ is complete to the believer, and in both the believer is complete in Christ.”

What have we here but the stale dogma of perfectionism, in phrase slightly changed, or the antinomianism of every age—for they are essentially identical, and their practical result is the same. If not this, then can anybody tell us what ? for we confess our utter inability to see. Again on page 94 :

“The Scriptures everywhere teach us the same thing. They always answer the question, ‘What must we do?’ by the assurance, ‘Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.’ Whether the question relates to justification or sanctification, the answer is the same. The way of freedom from sin is the very same as the way of freedom from condemnation. Faith in the purifying presence of Jesus brings the witness of the Spirit with our spirits that Jesus is our sanctification, that the power and dominion of sin is broken, that we are free, just as faith in the atoning merit of the blood and obedience of Christ for us, brings the witness of the Spirit that we are now no longer under condemnation for sin, but freely and fully justified in Jesus.”

If it is meant to say, that so long as the Christian maintains an earnest warfare with sin in his own heart and life, looking, all the while, to Jesus by faith, he is warranted to believe, not only that Christ is his perfect justification, but that by his

divine power he is conducting him along to an ultimate and perfect sanctification — which is as impossible, with all his struggles and watchings and prayers, without Christ, as justification is impossible without Christ — and that thus Christ of God is made unto him righteousness and sanctification and redemption, this is the doctrine of the Church in all ages, the doctrine of the Bible, and the old highway of sanctification.

But plainly this is not meant to be said, because something is plainly said so altogether different, something that is not the doctrine of the Church nor of the Bible, is not the old highway of sanctification, worn by the feet of the saints and strewn with many a mark of cross-bearing and painful toil, but perfectionism. The teaching of the passage and of the whole book is that perfect sanctification comes precisely as perfect justification comes — through faith alone. Now mark! Justification is by faith alone. Works have nothing to do with it, prayers, watchfulness, conflicts, self-denials, cross-bearings, have nothing to do with it, can have nothing to do with it. *Without* works, on the other hand — without prayers and watchfulness, and conflicts and self-denials and cross-bearings, sanctification cannot be, though the faith were that of Abraham and Enoch and Moses in one.

This “second conversion” is even exalted above the first, as greater and more difficult. This seems so astounding, so absolutely monstrous, that we are unwilling to have our readers accept the assertion on our testimony. Let them turn to page 140.

“The second is the higher stage, and more difficult too. It is really harder to overcome sin in the heart, than to break away from the world at first. And it is harder to come to the point of trusting in Jesus to subdue one’s own heart entirely to himself, than to venture upon him for the forgiveness of sin. We are slower to perceive that the work of saving us from sin — of expelling sin from us — is Christ’s, than to see that he has already suffered the penalty of sin and purchased our pardon.”

We join issue. We affirm that the main conclusions which this volume so strenuously endeavors to establish are directly opposed to the plainest teachings of the Word of God. It cuts up by the roots the Scripture doctrine of sanctification. It

contains the germ of the rankest perfectionism. Its direct tendency, and sure result in multitudes of instances, is to undermine the true scriptural morality. It grants dispensation from the painful and life-long struggles which the Scriptures enjoin in such passages as, *Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling* : Philip. ii. 12 : *Let us labor, therefore, to enter into that rest, lest any man fall after the same example of unbelief* : Heb. iv. 11 : *And beside this giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue ; and to virtue knowledge ; and to knowledge temperance ; and to temperance patience ; and to patience godliness ; and to godliness brotherly kindness ; and to brotherly kindness charity* : 2 Peter i. 5-7 : *And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts* : Gal. v. 24. Shall we be suspected of having put the case too strongly ? Once more, then, the book shall answer for itself. Page 52 :

“ We have one process of acceptance with God, that is faith ; and another for progress in holiness, that is works. After having found acceptance in Jesus by faith, we think to go on to perfection by strugglings and resolves, by fastings and prayers, not knowing the better way of taking Christ for our sanctification, just as we have already taken him for our justification.”

That is to say, the new and better way is to take Christ for our sanctification without the “ strugglings and resolves, the fastings and prayers ! ”

If the immortals can feel astonished at what mortals do, we think Martin Luther and Jonathan Edwards must experience the feeling in no small measure to see their names employed to give currency to such doctrine, and to hear it affirmed that they illustrated and enforced the doctrine both by their own personal experience and their dogmatic teachings. We affirm, on the contrary, that those great and good men labored earnestly to establish a doctrine widely differing, to wit : the old-fashioned scriptural doctrine of sanctification. Let us see. In his “ *Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians*,” (London edition, page 482,) Martin Luther says :

“ Therefore we must always believe and always hope ; we must always take hold of Christ as the head and foundation of our righteousness. He that believeth in him shall not be ashamed. (Rom. ix. 33.) Moreover we must labor to be outwardly righteous also ; that is to

say, not to consent to the flesh, which always enticeth us to some evil, but to resist it by the Spirit."

If Martin Luther had believed in a second conversion, or in "taking Christ for [his] sanctification, just as he had already taken him for [his] justification," he could hardly have spoken as he has done on page 483 of the same volume :

"I remember that Staupitius was wont to say, 'I have vowed unto God above a thousand times that I would become a better man : but I never performed that which I vowed. Hereafter I will make no such vow ; for I have now learned by experience that I am not able to perform it. Unless, therefore, God be favorable and merciful unto me for Christ's sake, and grant unto me a blessed and a happy hour when I shall depart out of this miserable life, I shall not be able, with all my vows and all my good deeds, to stand before him.' This was not only a true, but also a godly and a holy desperation."

But did not Martin Luther himself experience a great and sudden change after he became a Christian, which might be called a second conversion ? Undoubtedly Martin Luther did experience a great and sudden change after he became a Christian, which anybody that wants to may call a second conversion, but it was simply the clearing up of his views in relation to justification ; just that, and nothing more. The account of that change is found in the introduction to the Commentary on Galatians, page xix., and is as follows :

"In these spiritual conflicts and inward wrestlings, how grievously he was encumbered, fighting against incredulity, error, and desperation, marvellous it is to consider ; insomuch that three days and three nights together he lay upon his bed without meat, drink, or any sleep, like a dead man, as some of him do write, laboring in soul and spirit upon a certain place of St. Paul, in the third chapter of the Romans, which was 'to show his justice ;' thinking Christ to be sent to no other end but to show forth God's justice as an executor of the law ; till at length, being answered and touched by the Lord concerning the right meaning of these words, signifying the justice of God to be executed upon his Son, to save us from the stroke thereof, he, immediately upon the same, started up in his bed so confirmed in faith as nothing afterward could discourage him."

So much of Martin Luther, and the aid and comfort which he affords to modern perfectionism.

We think all careful readers of Jonathan Edwards will be surprised to see that masterly expounder of the Bible claimed as a teacher of the views contained in the "Higher Christian Life." The claim is asserted in clear and positive terms on page vii. of the preface, as follows :

"Of course it is not intended to convey the idea of a second regeneration, but that expressed by President Edwards, in the term 'Remarkable Conversions,' which is his title of his account of several remarkable cases of higher life attained after conversion."

The reference, of course, is to the "Narrative of *Surprising Conversions*," contained in the third volume of the "Works." We had always supposed that the "surprising conversions" narrated in that most discriminating treatise, were from among the unregenerate, and the most cursory turning over of the narrative makes this fact so very plain that we are not a little perplexed at the very positive statement we have quoted. The "surprising" circumstances, as we read, were, that the change was "so sudden and so great" among those who previously had been so utterly ungodly, and even "loose"; that the work extended through so many towns; that the number of conversions was so large; that it embraced so many "elderly persons, and also those that [were] very young"—upwards of fifty in Northampton being above forty years old, and "near thirty between ten and fourteen years of age." Distinct mention is made, as should be expected, of the recovery of backsliders, and likewise of instances of extraordinary spiritual progress on the part of those who had been converted a good while previous. These, however, as described by President Edwards—we assert it with the utmost confidence—afford not the shade of a shadow of support for the views put forth in the "Higher Christian Life"; but lie directly in the line of the doctrines which are "most surely believed among us" touching the matter of Christian sanctification. We aver that we cannot conceive anything more diverse, in total tenor and savor, than this book and President Edwards' "Narrative"; and very glad we should be if our readers would not take our word for it, but verify the matter for themselves.

It is claimed that the wife of President Edwards was a clear

and remarkable instance of second conversion, according to the account given by her husband of her peculiar experience. This account occurs in "Thoughts on the Revival of Religion in New England." A single extract from the account will sufficiently answer the claim, and indicate plainly enough the views of President Edwards :

"And these things not in one that is in the giddy age of youth, nor in a new convert and inexperienced Christian, but in one that was converted above twenty years ago ; . . . and in a Christian that has been long, in an uncommon manner, growing in grace, and rising, by very sensible degrees, to higher love to God, and weanedness from the world, and mastery over sin and temptation, through great trials and conflicts, and long-continued struggling and fighting with sin, and earnest and constant prayer and labor in religion, and engagedness of mind in the use of all means, attended with a great earnestness of life. Which growth has been attended, not only with a great increase of religious affections, but with a wonderful alteration of outward behavior, in many things, visible to those who are most intimately acquainted, so as lately to have become, as it were, a new person ; and particularly in living so much more above the world, and in a greater degree of steadfastness and strength in the way of duty and self-denial, maintaining the Christian conflict against temptations, and conquering from time to time under great trials ; persisting in an unmoved, untouched calm and rest under the changes and accidents of time. . . . Since that resignation spoken of before, made near three years ago, everything of that nature seems to be overcome and crushed by the power of faith and trust in God, and resignation to him ; the person has remained in a constant, uninterrupted rest, and humble joy in God, and assurance of his favor, without one hour's melancholy or darkness, from that day to this." — Works, Vol. III. pp. 132, 133.

Why did not President Edwards say that the person ought to have come at once into all this "uninterrupted rest, and humble joy in God, and assurance of his favor," at the commencement of the Christian life, more than twenty-seven years ago, through taking Christ for her sanctification just as she had taken him for her justification ? Plainly because he did not believe anything of the kind. The emphasis with which he dwells on the fact that these things did not take place in a new convert, but in one that was converted so many years since, and that these had been years of "great trials and conflicts, and

long-continued struggling and fighting with sin, and earnest and constant prayer and labor in religion, and engagedness of mind in the use of means, attended with a great exactness of life," puts it beyond all shadow of doubt that he regarded this serene and exalted joy as only possible to the Christian of a mature experience.

We claim President Edwards, therefore, as a strong witness on the other side. We repeat the expression of our unfeigned surprise to find his name coupled with the old and threadbare theory advocated in the "Higher Christian Life," and we record our earnest protest against that theory, in whatever terms presented, and with whatever specious modifications. We declare our full and deliberate conviction that its extensive prevalence in our churches cannot fail to work most disastrously to the piety of their members. It is a degenerate plant, "whose seed is in itself," "yielding fruit after his kind" — blunted moral sense, melancholy downfall, shipwreck of faith, apostasy, perdition.

Closely affiliated with this specious theory is a sect which sprung up in England some twenty-five years ago, under the designation of "The Brethren," or, as they are commonly called, the "Plymouth Brethren," or "Darbyites." While abjuring sectarianism, and proscribing all the sects, they are themselves the most sectarian sect of all. The very cornerstone of their existence is the broad assertion that there is no sect pure enough for their fellowship. All are thoroughly and hopelessly corrupt. Hence they have withdrawn from these various divisions of Christendom, and have banded together — Calvinist and Arminian, Baptist and Pedo-Baptist, Churchman and Dissenter — walking up to a higher platform of self-asserted spiritual illumination, proscribing the whole visible Church of God, proselyting, with a jesuitical secrecy and zeal from all its branches, yet gravely affirming that they are not a denomination or sect; but "THE BRETHREN"! They boldly deny the Scriptural origin and validity of the ministry of the Word as an order. They utterly repudiate the idea of a regular and stipulated maintenance of those who preach the gospel, and brand all who receive such maintenance as hirelings and intruders. Yet they also have their recognized and stated religious

teachers, who may be sea-captains, brewers, Lord Congletons; or they may be such as have been regularly trained to preach, and have been the pastors of churches, provided they will abjure both church and ministry, as they formerly understood and believed. Their preachers must eat, and drink, and sleep like other folks, but food, and raiment, and lodgings must come as the brethren and sisters are moved by the spirit of God to make provision.

This peculiar religious manifestation had its origin in the fatherland, and has prevailed more or less in all sections of the country, its steady and persevering aim being, not the salvation of the ungodly, not the formation of a church from converts newly gathered out of the world, but the drawing into its fellowship of such as are Christians already in all the different sections of the Church of Jesus Christ. It has been found a matter of no small difficulty to ascertain precisely what "the Brethren" believe, as they are characterized by a peculiar cautiousness as regards any positive declaration of their faith. We offer it as the most definite conclusion we have been able to reach, that their central principle is the higher Christian life, or perfectionism. The Brethren are among us, in our cities especially, and in due time the fruits of their *quiet* labors will openly appear.

The visionary schemes of George Müller, as set forth in the "*Life of Trust*," are the direct outgrowth of the same spirit of conceit and presumption. Building asylums, and clothing, feeding, and instructing orphans by praying alone; preaching the gospel without an order of preachers, and those who preach supported without any human arrangement for their support; reaping without sowing; reaching the end of the journey without setting out; faith without works,—it is all contrary alike to the Bible, and common sense, and all human experience. We say *all* human experience, that of George Müller included. Without wishing to call in question the honesty or sincerity of the man, we must be permitted to affirm that a more adroit system of human instrumentalities was never devised and set in motion since the days of the Apostles. Funds have flowed in to clothe and feed George Müller's orphans, because the benevolent and tender-hearted English community has been

made fully aware of the urgency of the case — that there was a large number of fatherless and motherless children at Bristol to be cared for ; that the institution had no regular income, and that no agency was employed to solicit funds, and nobody was asked to give ; consequently that not only the orphan children but Mr. Müller and all concerned must suffer unless voluntary contributions were sent in. Could a stronger appeal be made ? Is the intervention of any supernatural law required to explain the fact that the institution has been generously sustained ? We protest that it would be most unnatural, and more like Patagonia than England, if there was any lack. Moreover, it seems to us that the particular instances which Mr. Müller is at so much pains to describe do but feebly sustain his conclusions. Thus, on pages 182–3, he says, that a “ brother ” who had several times helped him, and only two months previous had sent him thirty pounds, wrote to ask if he was in any “ present need,” as if he was he had something to give him, but if not, then he wished to bestow it in another direction. Mr. Müller declined to answer the question, and then prayed to the Lord that the money might come, and it came, and this was in direct answer to his prayer ! Now, we ask whether Mr. Müller’s declining to answer the question, under the circumstances, was not a tacit admission of “ present need,” and whether the kind brother must not have felt himself shut up to that conclusion, and bound to act accordingly ?

Again, on pages 248–9, he describes the case of a sister who brought him five hundred pounds after he had prayed twenty-four days that she might do it. But he had had a long conversation with her, and she had opened her heart to him, and he had told her that his house and his purse were hers ; and then she was moved to confess that she had five hundred pounds, and was in doubt what to do with it, and asked him to pray with her that the Lord would direct her what to do with it, which he did. We have not a single word to say against the praying twenty-four days ; but we protest that after this it was not for George Müller to speak lightly of the use of means. We set him down as a man of singular tact and cleverness in the use of means, one that would bear off the palm from all the “ agents ” we have ever known.

Mr. Müller's practice is as much opposed to Mr. Müller's theory in the matter, as Mr. Müller's theory is opposed to the Bible. Under all dispensations God has sanctioned direct appeals to men, and systematic, for money to promote his cause. Paul made no mistake, therefore, when he appealed to the Church at Corinth on behalf of the poor Christians elsewhere, and sent not one agent but several, to urge the case, in order, as he said, that they might be ready with their benefactions against he came.

We submit, therefore, that neither by the Word of God, nor by his own practice, is Mr. Müller sustained in his sweeping denunciations of the benevolent institutions of the day. We have as little fear that the churches will be shaken in their steadfast affection for the great Christian institutions which God has so signally blessed, by the visionary theories of George Müller, as that they will be tempted to turn their feet from the old beaten highway of sanctification by any dreamy prophet of perfectionism.

ARTICLE II.

AMERICAN UNITARIANISM.

THE section of our ecclesiastical history which shall bear this title must truthfully acquaint our posterity with the causes which led to the introduction of this schism, the means by which it was promoted; and the process of disintegration through which it is now passing; — to what future conditions, those who are alive to witness will relate. We only purpose at present to set down rather a full synopsis of the subject as thus far developed — nothing more.

A statement of the prominent causes which favored this defection is important to answer the inquiry, Why were wild grapes found in the Lord's vineyard?

Never was a soil planted with better seed than was New England; and never were there better cultivators than the

first Puritan preachers. After giving a catalogue of them, Mr. Neal bears them this honorable testimony: "I will not say that all the ministers mentioned were men of the first rate for learning, but I can assure the reader, they had a better share of it than most of the neighboring clergy at that time. They were men of great sobriety and virtue; plain, serious, affectionate preachers; exactly conformable to the Church of England, and took a great deal of pains to promote a reformation of manners in their several parishes." Both ministers and churches were evangelical in doctrine, and consistent in practice. How then did the gold become dim? The chief causes were threefold, and a unit in their results.

1. Church-membership was made essential to the right of suffrage. None but members of the church were allowed to perform civil duties at the polls.

2. The half-way covenant. Persons of sober life, who had been baptized in their infancy, but who gave no decisive evidence of piety, and who were both unprepared and unwilling to unite with the church, were permitted to "own the covenant" and present their children for baptism.

3. Treating the Lord's Supper as a converting ordinance. Rev. Solomon Stoddard, of Northampton, Mass., advocated and introduced the practice of bringing the unregenerated to the sacramental supper, that in the use of this means of grace they might be converted. The practice extended thence through Hampshire county, and to other parts of New England.

The first-named cause was a premium for hypocrisy, tempting many who had no piety to offer themselves for church-membership for the sake of enjoying the civil privilege of suffrage, and creating a bitter enmity against the church on the part of those who thus offered themselves and were rejected.

The second introduced the many to an honorable standing, and a large share of the privileges of the church, while very few came to her solemn feasts.

The third dropped the principle that regenerated persons only should belong to the church, and partake of its ordinances, and lifted upon her the floodgates of worldliness. "The letting go this principle," said Dr. Owen, "brought in the great apostasy of the Christian church."

And in the instance before us, these three causes, severally and combined, so opened the door that the church was secularized and paralyzed by unconverted members. The piety of the sons of the Pilgrims turned pale and sickly. The salt of the earth lost its savor; the light of the world its brightness.

Here was introduced another powerful cause of spiritual degeneracy. If persons without piety might enter the church, why might not the same enter the pulpit? Within threescore years, ending the middle of the eighteenth century, it is feared that many entered the ministry who had not the love of God in them. They were moderately orthodox in sentiment, but their public devotions were frosty, and their preaching pointless and powerless.

Attempts at reformation were feeble and fruitless; and so low was the declension in piety and morals that Cotton Mather declared, "in forty years more, should it continue to make progress as it had done, convulsions would ensue, in which churches would be gathered out of churches." This was the time — while men slept — for the enemy to sow the tares of Arminianism and Pelagianism; and it was industriously improved.

In 1740, the good seed sown by the faithful began to spring up; and what was called the "Great Awakening," commencing in Northampton, extended to about fifty towns, near and remote. But with the good seed appeared the tares also. Such a work of grace, under such circumstances, could not occur without violent opposition. In and out of the church its opponents were fierce, seizing and magnifying into monsters everything which exceeded their own standard of zeal or measure of propriety, and denouncing the whole as fanaticism, wildfire, and the work of the devil. The burning truths preached by Edwards and Whitefield fell upon them like hot shot in a lake of ice-water, with repellent demonstrations. As the excitement of the revival passed away, their zeal cooled down into a criminal indifference in regard to religious doctrine, or cropped out in Arminianism; as in the case of Dr. Chauncy, of Boston, who closed his Arminian career boldly advocating the doctrine of universal salvation.

About this time the writings of Whitby, Taylor, Clark,

Emlyn, and others from England, with some issues from the American press, boldly assailed the doctrines of an evangelical christianity, and proposed "another gospel."

Then came on the French war, which lasted with little cessation eighteen years, and terminated with the surrender of Nova Scotia, the Canadas, and a part of the West Indies to England; and, three years after, the Stamp Act, which greatly agitated the American mind; and this was soon followed by the seven years' Revolutionary war. From these "wars and fightings" came a fearful brood of immoralities and crimes. The war-horse strode over the Sabbath; the sanctuary was turned into a barrack, the decalogue into ridicule, and the precepts of Jesus into puns to point witticisms and give currency to scurrility. Infidelity drove its iron wheels over the most sacred inclosures. With all the appliances of truth, and occasional outpourings of the Holy Spirit, the sad effects of those years of strife and blood had not been removed when the war of 1812 was declared.

It was during these years of spiritual declension, of stagnant morals, and opposition to the doctrines of the cross, that Arminian errors, Pelagian heresies, and Infidel speculations secretly begat Unitarianism. The progeny bears unmistakably the strong marks of its diverse, yet homogeneous parentage.

The first American work, in which Unitarianism was advanced and defended, was by Rev. Hosea Ballou, who, like Chauncy, stepped across the undefined line, and died in Universalism. It was on the Atonement, and published in 1803.

The first prominent and open advocate of the system in the pulpit was Dr. Freeman, of Boston. Up to 1815, both the pulpit and press were generally masked and silent on the subject. But now that the world begins to suspect the existence of such a thing, it is time to consider the means by which it was promoted.

Foremost among the means was a studied and careful concealment. To this end all creeds and confessions of faith were strenuously opposed, as also the examination of candidates for the ministry. The press was silent, or occasionally issued an anonymous article, to try the strength of ice which it dare not openly tread. The pulpit suppressed or caricatured the

truth, and conveyed the impression that a preacher's religious sentiments were private property, and could not be inquired into without impertinence; that the doctrines of religion bred discord, and should not be preached; especially as it was the first and last business of a minister to please his people; and, finally, it was of very little importance what a man believed, or whether he believed anything, if he was only sincere.

But at length that concealment could no longer be practised. As Mr. Belsham, in his "*Memoirs of Lindsey*," had published a chapter of extracts of letters from leading American Unitarians, and that chapter, after having been concealed two years, had been published in pamphlet form in Boston, and spiritedly reviewed in the "*Panoplist*" for June, 1815 — the mode of sustaining Unitarianism was essentially changed.

Its champions now stood forth as the advocates of all that is free and ennobling, in opposition to the iron fetters of Calvinism and the degradation of a polytheistic worship; as the promoters of an exalted charity and a world-wide liberality, in opposition to a starveling selfishness and a narrow bigotry. The press now lent a more generous aid; at first mostly in negations, then in the stout affirmation of truths which nobody denied, and finally, in a forced defence or abandonment of its positions or points of doctrine.

Liberal hymns and doxologies were substituted for the old. Priestly, and other foreign writers of note, were summoned to testify on this side of the Atlantic; ordination and other occasions were improved to disparage what Dr. Channing denominated "a gallows in the centre of the universe," and uphold a system which ignored the only Saviour of men; the influence of great names was also invoked as a shield of defence, and Dr. Ware was wrongfully inducted into the Hollis Professorship of Divinity in Harvard College, and there fed long years on orthodox bread to keep that institution in the interest of Unitarianism. And, as a climax of wrong, taking advantage of the parochial laws and the decisions of courts, by which the rights of churches were lost in parishes, the Unitarians, uniting with their own the votes of the irreligious, wrested property, including houses of worship, parsonages, communion-ware, and funds for the support of the gospel, from churches to which they right-

fully belonged, and appropriated these to their own use. The old Cambridge Platform, and the principles of equity were ignored to sustain a system which stripped a divine Saviour of his honors, and turned him out of his own world.

A generation has passed since these transactions. Many who took an active part in them have gone to their final account. There has been time for grief over injuries to be assuaged, for passion to cool, and an enlightened judgment to reach correct decisions ; time also to test the strength and permanence of a system thus originated and started on its career.

What, then, is its present condition — healthy and prosperous ? or sickly, and sinking in decay ? Errors, like thistles, are hard to be eradicated, especially when rooted in a congenial soil. Twenty or thirty years ago a friend's farm was nearly overrun by them. They intruded into the garden, the wheat, and corn-fields, and lifted their arrogant heads along and above the fences. The good farmer run the plough through their knotty roots, he mowed them on rainy days, choked them under a sturdy growth of clover, and so curtailed their pretensions that they are now comparatively a modest and harmless evil. Still they are thistles, noxious thistles, yet may be suffered to grow with the wheat till the great harvest day.

As a whole, it is obvious that New England Unitarianism is neither increasing nor aggressive ; and if Boston, its fountain-head, may be quoted as a true exponent of its quantity and power, it has lost much during the last thirty years. Instead of holding that city as formerly, it has been compelled to relax its grasp, and behold evangelical elements assert and maintain a power, more than quadrupled in the number of its churches, members, and influence.

Its unity, so long its boasted tower of strength, is no more. While some have gone down Theodore Parker's inclined plane — *facilis descensus* — some into Universalism, and not a few been brought under the saving influence of a pure gospel, many have become dissatisfied with a system which does not meet their immortal wants. Their souls demand bread — bread from the hands of Him who fed the multitudes on the shore of the sea of Galilee. But how to get to him, to see him, to speak to him, whether by coming at night, or climbing a syc-

more, or some other way, is the question. How to overcome family and social caste, the pride of intellect and position, is the question. Conscious of their creedless, Christless wants, some are feeling after a positive theology; some would make more of the sacraments and symbols of religion, and some would find Him "of whom Moses in the law and prophets did write," in the liturgic forms and artistic music of Church vespers. Confessedly they want what they call "a more devout spirit," and acknowledge that they must re-crystalize before they can do much more; but where, and around what? that again is the question.

It was not without some reason, a few years since, that they claimed the empire in the literary world. Harvard equipped men with Damascus blades, Andover with the sword of the Spirit, and they went forth; the former to contend for social culture, and the latter for the "faith once delivered to the saints." Since the contest died away, they have met on a common literary ground, and which are now the most eminent it may seem invidious to declare. Yet the friends of evangelical religion need not fear to place side by side the weekly, monthly, quarterly, and occasional literature of each, and let the competent and candid decide. Damascus blades even grow brighter and keener when burnished and sharpened by truth.

ARTICLE III.

RUSKIN'S LITERARY SPIRIT.

THE "Oxford Graduate" is delightfully communicative. So true a genius could not be too much so for the gratification of his readers' curiosity, while a taste so faultless in its instincts is sure to retain this self-revealing impulse within the limits of strictest propriety. He always wishes to put us just at his own point of view, in feeling as well as position; and so he tells us how he comes by his convictions in art and nature, that we may

see through his inner vision the things which he desires to make apparent. He does not indulge us with autobiographical details; but he kindly lets us sit beside him and look over, as, from some rock-girt valley, or turn of the road, he sketches the profile of an Alpine range; or, by the seashore draws a bold headland with the hungry surge dashing up against its gray cliffs; or leads us through the dim aisles and cloisters of old cathedrals, giving us not only his independent, first-hand criticisms, but also the interior processes through which he has arrived at them. When he has changed an opinion he is not content with a simple statement of the fact, but considers his reader entitled to know the reason and progress of this revision of his judgment. Any one carefully perusing his various volumes, and not omitting their copious appendices and notes, will thus come into acquaintance with no small measure of the intellectual and spiritual growth of this writer. It is pleasant not only to have books so uniquely rich as these, but with them to have so much of the mental processes which made them what they are. We honestly confess that this author has won our love as well as respect by the frankness and fairness with which he treats us; and none the less, because there is a dash of truth in the oddly paradoxical dictum of a Scotch reviewer — of some years gone by — “the most mistaken, most unmannerly, and the best art-critic that ever wrote — Mr. Ruskin.” We feel inclined to take off our hat and make a bow to the man, who, in an age of literary fashions like this, has the manliness to deserve the first part of this compliment, while possessing power to command the high eulogium of the second.

The varied and accurate knowledge which these Ruskinian treatises display is wonderful. They spring from a brain which seems to have put under almost exhaustive tribute enough departments of study to fill up the researches of a half dozen lives. The volume of the “*Modern Painters*,” which treats of mountains, shows this gentleman to be a practical geologist of thorough training. When he writes of plant-life, from the hyssop on the wall to the cedar of Lebanon, one would suppose him a professional arborist. But he turns to the water, and now his observations and well-conned measurements of the forms and changes of the sea-wave would appear to have demanded an

exclusive attention of years to this sole element. How less than the waking hours of a whole manhood, again, spent in art-galleries and churches, could have possessed this minute art-student with the countless details of pictures, and drawings, and architectural erudition which empty themselves as from an exhaustless storehouse into his pages? Nothing on earth which the five senses can take account of seems to have eluded him. Yet when he talks about the clouds you would fancy he had done little else than lie upon his back and note their shifting, beautiful, gorgeous shapes and colors; not, however, in a half-awake reverie of intoxicated pleasure, for he has learned the secret of their grouping, and how they marshal their fleecy cohorts, morning, noon, and even, in weather fair and foul. What the astronomer has done for the stars beyond them, he has essayed for the vaporous masses which drape the firmament; but not with the dry eye of the scholar alone, but with the religious feeling of the devotee. He has caught the sense of Bernard's idea in reading this book of nature to whatever page he turns: "Aliquid amplius invenies in silvis, quam in libris. Ligna et lapides docebunt, quod a magistris audire non possis." He seems to have been touched with the wand of the gentle fairy:

"And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go."

His imagination and Christian fervor are alike stimulated by the heavy rain-cloud — emblem of intensest dreariness, and the billowy cumuli which float like islands of opal, or ridge themselves like the hills of God, along the blue expanse:

"This, I believe, is the ordinance of the firmament; and it seems to me, that in the midst of the material nearness of these heavens, God means us to acknowledge His own immediate presence as visiting, judging, and blessing us. 'The earth shook, the heavens also dropped at the presence of God.' 'He doth set his bow in the cloud,' and thus renews, in the sound of every drooping swathe of rain, his promises of everlasting love. 'In them hath he set a *tabernacle* for the sun;' whose burning ball, which, without the firmament, would be seen as an intolerable scorching circle in the blackness of vacuity, is, by that firmament, surrounded with gorgeous service, and tempered by mediatorial ministries; by the firmament of clouds the golden pavement is

spread for his chariot-wheels at morning ; by the firmament of clouds the temple is built for his presence to fill with light at noon ; by the firmament of clouds the purple veil is closed at evening round the sanctuary of his rest ; by the mists of the firmament his implacable light is divided, and its separated fierceness appeased into the soft blue that fills the depth of distance with its bloom, and the flush with which the mountains burn as they drink the overflowing of the day-spring. And in this tabernacling of the unendurable sun with men, through the shadows of the firmament, God would seem to set forth the stooping of His own majesty to men, upon the *throne* of the firmament. As the Creator of all the worlds and the Inhabiter of eternity, we cannot behold Him ; but, as the Judge of the earth and the Preserver of men, those heavens are indeed his dwelling-place. ‘Swear not, neither by heaven, for it is God’s throne, nor by the earth, for it is his footstool.’ And all those passings to and fro of fruitful shower and grateful shade, and all those visions of silver palaces built about the horizon, and voices of moaning winds and threatening thunders, and glories of colored robe and cloven ray, are but to deepen in our hearts the acceptance, and distinctness, and dearness of the simple words, ‘Our Father, which art in heaven.’” — *Modern Painters*, Vol. IV., pp. 84, 85.

We have already devoted a paper to the religious spirit of this author ; and, after a further study of his works, are glad to avow a deepened persuasion of the genuineness of his Christian sentiments. How unaffectedly beautiful, in the midst of a tenderly pensive description of the oldest of the Venetian cathedrals, the parenthetical sentence thrown in — “for the actual condition of the exiles who built the cathedral of Torcello is exactly typical of the spiritual condition which every Christian ought to recognize in himself, a state of homelessness on earth except so far as he can make the Most High his habitation.” These springs of pious thoughtfulness are bubbling from under wayside stones, and banks, and flower-tufts, and fragments of art-ruin, wherever among them his path winds and wanders. So far from anything forced about them, it would seem a violence not to find them just where we do. We have never read an author not designedly devotional, through whose pages, like a clear water-mark, the “Glory to God in the highest” of the Bethlehem angels shines so unmistakably and habitually. And this in no monkish or conventional way ; but as naturally as

the artlessness of childhood, and not seldom, too, in expressions far enough from the fashionable type of this most utilitarian age, for which we like its flavor none the less. Thus, in evolving the idea of "Sacrifice," in the "Seven Lamps of Architecture," he completes a rapid but searching view of the Hebrew sacrificial worship in a strain of application to our circumstances, which some have thought of not a little, but which many more will regard as fanciful to a degree. Nevertheless we give so much of it as we can.

"But further, was it necessary in carrying out the Mosaical system, that there should be either art or splendor in the form or services of the tabernacle or temple? Was it necessary to the perfection of any one of their typical offices, that there should be that hanging of blue, and purple, and scarlet? those taches of brass and sockets of silver? that working in silver and overlaying with gold? One thing at least is evident: there was a deep and awful danger in it; a danger that the God whom they so worshipped, might be associated in the minds of the serfs of Egypt with the gods to whom they had seen similar gifts offered, and similar honors paid. The probability, in our times, of fellowship with the feelings of the idolatrous Romanist is absolutely as nothing compared with the danger to the Israelite of a sympathy with the idolatrous Egyptian. . . . Yet against this mortal danger provision was not made in one way, (to man's thoughts the simplest, the most natural, the most effective,) by withdrawing from the worship of the Divine Being whatever could delight the sense, or shape the imagination, or limit the idea of Deity to place. This one way God refused, demanding for himself such honors, and accepting for himself such local dwelling as had been paid and dedicated to idol gods by heathen worshippers; and for what reason? Was the glory of the tabernacle necessary to set forth or image His divine glory to the minds of his people? What! purple and scarlet necessary to the people who had seen the great river of Egypt run scarlet to the sea, under his condemnation? What! golden lamp and cherub necessary for those who had seen the fires of heaven falling like a mantle on Mount Sinai, and its golden courts opened to receive their mortal lawgiver? What! silver clasp and fillet necessary, when they had seen the silver waves of the Red Sea clasp in their arched hollows the corpses of the horse and his rider? Nay, not so. There was but one reason, and that an eternal one; that, as the covenant that He made with men was accompanied with some external sign of its continuance and of His remembrance of it, so the acceptance of that

covenant might be marked and signified by use, in some external sign of their love and obedience, and surrender of themselves and theirs to his will; and that their gratitude to him, and continual remembrance of him, might have at once their expression and their enduring testimony in the presentation to him not only of the firstlings of the herd and fold, not only of the fruits of the earth and the tithe of time, but of all treasures of wisdom and beauty; of the thought that invents, and the hand that labors; of wealth of wood and weight of stone; of the strength of iron, and of the light of gold." — pp. 12, 13.

This principle, the writer maintains, is not only unabrogated, but is incapable of abrogation, so long as we are the receivers of Divine gifts. It matters nothing that Deity no longer has a visibly impersonated residence in his temple; "if he is invisible, it is only through our failing faith." Other duties cannot conflict with this:

"It has been said — it ought always to be said, for it is true — that a better and more honorable offering is made to our Master in ministry to the poor, in extending the knowledge of his name, in the practice of the virtues by which that name is hallowed, than in material presents to his temple. Assuredly it is so; woe to all who think that any other kind or manner of offering may in any wise take the place of these! Do the people need place to pray, and calls to hear his word? Then it is no time for smoothing pillars or carving pulpits; let us have enough first of walls and roofs. Do the people need teaching from house to house, and bread from day to day? Then they are deacons and ministers we want, not architects. I insist on this. I plead for this; but let us examine ourselves, and see if this be indeed the reason for our backwardness in the lesser work. The question is not between God's house and his poor; it is not between God's house and his gospel. It is between God's house and ours. Have we no tessalated colors on our floors? no frescoed fancies on our roofs? no niched statuary in our corridors? no gilded furniture in our chambers? no costly stones in our cabinets? Has even the tithe of these been offered? They are, or they ought to be, the signs that enough has been devoted to the great purposes of human stewardship, and that there remains to us what we can spend in luxury; but there is a greater and prouder luxury than this selfish one — that of bringing a portion of such things as these into sacred service, and presenting them for a memorial that our pleasure as well as our toil has been hallowed by the remembrances of Him who gave both the strength and the reward. And until this has been done, I do not see how such

possessions can be retained in happiness. I do not understand the feeling which would arch our own gates and pave our own thresholds, and leave the church with its narrow door and foot-worn sill; the feeling which enriches our own chambers with all manner of costliness, and endures the bare wall and mean compass of the temple. . . . It will be seen, in the course of the following chapters, that I am no advocate for meanness of private habitation. I would fain introduce into it all magnificence, care, and beauty, where they are possible; but I would not have that useless expense in unnoticed fineries and formalities . . . things which cause half the expense of life, and destroy more than half its comfort, manliness, respectability, freshness, and facility, . . . the tenth part of which . . . would, if collectively offered and wisely employed, build a marble church for every town in England; such a church as it would be a joy and a blessing even to pass near in our daily ways and walks, and as it would bring the light into the eyes to see from afar, lifting its fair height above the purple crowd of humble roofs.

"I have said for every town; I do not want a marble church for every village; nay, I do not want marble churches at all for their own sake, but for the sake of the spirit that would build them. The church has no need of any visible splendors; her power is independent of them, her purity is in some degree opposed to them. The simplicity of a pastoral sanctuary is lovelier than the majesty of an urban temple; and it may be more than questioned whether, to the people, such majesty has ever been the source of any increase of effective piety; but to the builders it has been and must ever be. It is not the church we want, but the sacrifice; not the emotion of admiration, but the act of adoration; not the gift, but the giving; . . . it is at least better for *us* than if it had been retained for ourselves. It may be better for others also; there is, at any rate, a chance of this; though we must always fearfully and widely shun the thought that the magnificence of the temple can materially add to the efficiency of the worship or to the power of the ministry. Whatever we do, or whatever we offer, let it not interfere with the simplicity of the one, or abate, as if replacing, the zeal of the other." — pp. 14–16.

The relation of church-architecture to a spiritual worship is largely treated in the "Stones of Venice" from various points of view. No topic so excites the zeal of the author as this of the right construction and appropriate ornamentation of the house of the Lord. He analyses closely the modifying influences of a devout or a formal piety upon the style of church

building, and the reverse effect of this upon the religious feelings of the worshippers. The description of a Venetian pulpit suggests this eloquent paragraph :

“ But whatever ornaments we admit ought clearly to be of a chaste, grave, and noble kind ; and what furniture we employ, evidently more for the honoring of God’s word than for the ease of the preacher. For there are two ways of regarding a sermon, either as a human composition, or a Divine message. If we look upon it entirely as the first, and require our clergymen to finish it with their utmost care and learning, for our better delight whether of ear or intellect, we shall necessarily be led to expect much formality and stateliness in its delivery, and to think that all is not well, if the pulpit have not a golden fringe round it, and a goodly cushion in front of it, and if the sermon be not fairly written in a black book, to be smoothed upon the cushion in a majestic manner before beginning ; all this we shall duly come to expect ; but we shall at the same time consider the treatise thus prepared as something to which it is our duty to listen without restlessness for half an hour or three quarters, but which, when that duty has been decorously performed, we may dismiss from our minds in happy confidence of being provided with another when next it shall be necessary. But if we once begin to regard the preacher, whatever his faults, as a man sent with a message to us, which it is a matter of life or death whether we hear or refuse ; if we look upon him as set in charge over many spirits in danger of ruin, and having allowed to him but an hour or two in the seven days to speak to them ; if we make some endeavor to conceive how precious these hours ought to be to him, a small vantage on the side of God after his flock have been exposed for six days together to the full weight of the world’s temptation, and he has been forced to watch the thorn and the thistle springing in their hearts, and to see what wheat had been scattered there snatched from the wayside by this wild bird and the other, and at last, when breathless and weary with the week’s labor they give him this interval of imperfect and languid hearing, he has but thirty minutes to get at the separate hearts of a thousand men, to convince them of their weaknesses, to shame them for all their sins, to warn them of all their dangers, to try by this way and that to stir the hard fastenings of those doors where the Master himself has stood and knocked, yet none opened, and to call at the openings of those streets where wisdom herself hath stretched forth her hands and no man regarded, — thirty minutes to raise the dead in, — let us but once understand and feel this, and we shall look with changed eyes upon that flippery of gay furniture about

the place from which the message of judgment must be delivered, which either breathes upon the dry bones that they may live, or, if ineffectual, remains recorded in condemnation, perhaps against the utterer and listener alike, but assuredly against one of them. We shall not so easily bear with the silk and gold upon the seat of judgment, nor with ornament of oratory in the mouth of the messenger; we shall wish that his words may be simple, even when they are sweetest, and the place from which he speaks, like a marble rock in the desert, about which the people have gathered in their thirst."—Vol. I., pp. 25–27.

A writer who brings out the opposite sides of every subject he handles with such fearless fulness may easily run into the semblance of self-contradiction. It is evident, however, that the adornment of the sanctuary which he condemns is only that which ministers to pride and conflicts with the true practice of devotion. Passionately devoted as Ruskin is to the noble architecture of the thirteenth century, which carried the art of which he discourses to the highest point of excellence yet attained, he wisely questions whether our Christianity would bear that affluence of beauty and magnificence. The churches which then arose, almost as if by magic all over Europe, were only in keeping with the civil and domestic buildings, and also with the dress of the population. Nothing strikes a traveller now to those old cathedrals more unpleasantly than the contrast between their grandeur and the poor, pent up, crowded structures around them of a much more modern growth. In the square of the noble pile at Strasburg, one finds less of this contrast than common, as many of the ancient Gothic residences remain to show that—

"there was nothing intended to be, or felt to be, especially ecclesiastical in any of the forms so developed; and the inhabitants of every village and city, when they furnished funds for the decoration of their church, desired merely to adorn the house of God as they adorned their own, only a little more richly, and with a somewhat graver temper in the subjects of the carving . . . So long as our streets are walled with barren brick, and our eyes rest continually in our daily life on objects utterly ugly, or of inconsistent and meaningless design, it may be a doubtful question, whether the faculties of eye and mind which are capable of perceiving beauty, having been left without food

during the whole of our active life, should be suddenly feasted upon entering a place of worship ; and color, and music, and sculpture should delight the senses, and stir the curiosity of men unaccustomed to such appeal, at the moment when they are required to compose themselves for acts of devotion ; . . . but it cannot be a question at all, that if once familiarized with beautiful form and color, and accustomed to see in whatever human hands have executed for us, even for the lowest services, evidence of noble thought and admirable skill, we shall desire to see this evidence also in whatever is built or labored for the house of prayer ; that the absence of the accustomed loveliness would disturb instead of assisting devotion ; and that we should feel it as vain to ask whether, with our own house full of goodly craftsmanship, we should worship God in a house destitute of it, as to ask whether a pilgrim whose day's journey had led him through fair woods and by sweet waters, must at evening turn aside into some barren place to pray." — *Stones of Venice*, Vol. II., pp. 112, 113.

The world has indeed changed, and its necessities as well, since those days of simple feeling and glorious art, of popular illiterateness, too, when the Scriptures not in the hands of the people, had to be printed in pictorial forms on emblazoned windows and in "the splendor of the glittering nave and variegated dome," arresting the multitudes that thronged those aisles with "the two great messages — Christ is risen, and Christ shall come ;" making —

"the whole edifice . . . to be regarded less as a temple wherein to pray, than as itself a Book of Common Prayer, a vast illumed missal, bound with alabaster instead of parchment, studded with porphyry pillars instead of jewels, and written within and without in letters of enamel and gold."

These certainly are not our wants. But we do want a sanctuary which is a sacred place — a God's house which is neither a Jewish exchange of customs nor a worldling's Vanity Fair. We have not merely expunged the old scripture-texts from the portals of the dwelling, lest the "Peace be to this house" should look like pious ostentation ; but we are almost ashamed to admit that the Sabbath is a day of devotion, and the church a refuge of heart-faint worshippers, to be cherished with tender love, and beautified with homelike care, and frequented with earnest desire. Those old devotees were not ashamed of their faith. Their de-

votion, such as it was, was a hearty, daily offering. They were not infidels.

"Let us look to it, whether that strong reluctance to utter a definite religious profession, which so many of us feel, and which, not very carefully examining into its dim nature, we conclude to be modesty, or fear of hypocrisy, or other such form of amiableness, be not, in very deed, neither less nor more than infidelity; whether Peter's 'I know not the man' be not the sum and substance of all these misgivings and hesitations; and whether the shamefacedness which we attribute to sincerity and reverence, be not such shamefacedness as may at last put us among those of whom the Son of Man shall be ashamed." — Vol. II., p. 307.

But a long list of references to other topics which we wish to touch reminds us that this gravely interesting subject must detain us no further. Awhile ago we gave a *quasi* assent to a curt criticism of our author from a foreign reviewer; but we decidedly object to the "tall oak" expansion of this "little acorn" which we find in the pages of a contemporary that we always read with attention, and not the less when constrained to dissent widely from its sentiments. It took us greatly by surprise, in perusing an article on another subject in the "Christian Examiner" of November last, to meet our friend the "Graduate" installed as the head of a new school of literature named more significantly than gracefully — the "Bullying;" of which, says the Examiner:

"Its characteristic feature is treating with supreme contempt, as though they were hopeless imbeciles, all who venture to question the *dicta* of the writer. This superb arrogance makes these writers rather popular with the English, who, as a nation, like equally well to bully and to be bullied. Though Mr. Ruskin's talent and knowledge are no doubt great, he owes a part of his success to his assumption of infallibility. He dogmatizes with an equally serene satisfaction on all subjects — those which he understands and those concerning which he is wholly ignorant — and his admirers accept his opinions on both with equal reverence. . . . His opinions on poetry are ludicrously weak, but are announced with the air of Sir Oracle. The greatest writer on art of the present day, his noblest sayings and his emptiest platitudes are announced with the same defiant air of enormous assumption."

"Nor does it seem difficult to discern a noble reason for this universal law. In that heavenly circle which binds the statutes of color upon the front of the sky, when it became the sign of the covenant of peace, the pure hues of divided light were sanctified to the human heart forever; nor this, it would seem, by mere arbitrary appointment, but in consequence of the foreordained and marvellous constitution of those hues into a sevenfold, or, more strictly still, a threefold order, typical of the Divine nature itself. Observe also, the name of Shem, or Splendor, given to that son of Noah in whom this covenant with mankind was to be fulfilled, and see how that name was justified by every one of the Asiatic races which descended from him. Not without meaning was the love of Israel to his chosen son expressed by the coat 'of many colors;' not without deep sense of the sacredness of that symbol of purity, did the lost daughter of David tear it from her breast; 'with such robes were the king's daughters that were virgins apparelled.' 2 Sam. xiii. 18. We know it to have been by Divine command that the Israelite, rescued from servitude, veiled the tabernacle with its rain of purple and scarlet, while the under sunshine flashed through the fall of the color from its tenons of gold; but was it less by Divine guidance that the Mede, as he struggled out of anarchy, encompassed his king with the sevenfold burning of the battlements of Eabataka? — of which one circle was golden like the sun, and another silver like the moon; and then came the great sacred chord of color, blue, purple, and scarlet; and then a circle white like the day, and another, dark like night; so that the city rose like a great mural rainbow, a sign of peace amid the contending of lawless races, and guarded, with color and shadow, that seemed to symbolize the great order which rules over Day, and Night, and Time, the first organization of the mighty statutes — the law of the Medes and Persians, that altereth not." . . . "I shall have more to say on this head in other places of this volume; but the point I wish at present to impress upon the reader is, that the bright hues of the early architecture of Venice were no sign of gaiety of heart, and that the investiture with the mantle of many colors by which she is known above all other cities of Italy and of Europe, was not granted to her in the fever of her festivity, but in the solemnity of her early and earnest religion. She became in after times the revel of the earth, the masque of Italy; and *therefore* is she now desolate; but her glorious robe of gold and purple was given her when first she rose a vestal from the sea, not when she became drunk with the wine of her fornication." — *Stones of Venice*, Vol. II., pp. 161–163.

Ruskin not a poet ! How then could he have 'said or sung' this Hymn to the Bride of the Adriatic ? It is prose only in form — and scarcely in that ; and so it should be judged through the imagination.

"A city of marble did I say ? Nay, rather, a golden city paved with emerald. For truly, every pinnacle and turret gleamed or glowed, overlaid with gold, or bossed with jasper. Beneath, the unsullied sea drew in deep breathing, to and fro, its eddies of green wave. Deep-hearted, majestic, terrible as the sea, the men of Venice moved in sway of power and war ; pure as her pillars of alabaster stood her mothers and maidens ; from foot to brow, all noble walked her knights ; the low bronzed gleaming of sea-rusted armor shot angrily under their blood-red mantle folds. Fearless, faithful, patient, impenetrable, implacable — every word a fate — sat her senate. In hope and honor, lulled by flowing of wave around their isles of sacred sand, each with his name written, and the cross graved at his side, lay her dead. A wonderful piece of world. Rather itself a world. It lay along the face of the waters, no larger, as the captains saw it from their masts at evening, than a bar of sunset that could not pass away ; but for its power, it must have seemed to them as if they were sailing in the expanse of heaven, and this a great planet whose orient edge widened through ether. A world from which all ignoble care and petty thoughts were banished, with all the common and poor elements of life. No foulness, nor tumult, in those tremulous streets, that filled or fell beneath the moon ; but rippled music of majestic change or thrilling silence. No weak walls could rise above them ; no low-roofed cottage, no straw-built shed. Only the strength as of rock, and the finished setting of stones most precious. And around them, far as the eye could reach, still the soft moving of stainless waters proudly pure ; as not the flowers, so neither the thorn nor the thistle, could grow in the glancing fields. Etherial strength of Alps, dreaming, vanishing in high procession beyond the Torcellan shore ; blue islands of Paduan hill, poised in the golden west. Above, free winds and fiery clouds ranging at their will ; brightness out of the north, and balm from the south, and the stars of the evening and morning clear in the limitless light of arched heaven and circling sea." — *Modern Painters*, Vol. V., pp. 301, 302.

Our author is fond of a paradox, as are most men who feel their own strength ; he draws bridle now and then with a jerk which makes you reel in the saddle ; as when he says of the

artist that "he should be fit for the best society, *and should keep out of it.*" So he seems to have forgotten himself momentarily in criticizing the common emblem of Hope as leaning on an anchor — "a symbol as inaccurate as it is vulgar;" for which he is at a loss whether Spenser is responsible or not. By turning to Hebrews vi. 19, he will find an earlier origin of this symbol, and a sufficiently high authority for its use. But in tracing with a masterly hand the corruptions introduced into art by the prevalence of the Roman Renaissance, he sets down some paragraphs upon certain forms of educational training which are worthy of profound consideration. The point respects the tendency of various branches of knowledge to foster a mischievous and ruinous vanity —

"it being a sure rule that exactly in proportion as they are inferior, nugatory, or limited in scope, their power of feeding pride is greater. Thus philology, logic, rhetoric, and the other sciences of the schools, being for the most part ridiculous and trifling, have so pestilent an effect upon those who are devoted to them, that their students cannot conceive of any higher sciences than these, but fancy that all education ends in the knowledge of words; but the true and great sciences, more especially natural history, make men gentle and modest in proportion to the largeness of their apprehension, and just perception of the infiniteness of the things they can never know. . . . And yet, even here, it is not the science, but the perception, to which the good is owing; and the natural sciences may become as harmful as any others, when they lose themselves in classification and catalogue-making. Still, the principal danger is with the sciences of words and methods; and it was exactly into those sciences that the whole energy of men during the Renaissance period was thrown. They discovered suddenly that the world for ten centuries had been living in an ungrammatical manner, and they made it forthwith the end of human existence to be grammatical. And it mattered thenceforth nothing what was said or what was done, so only that it was said with scholarship, and done with system. Falsehood in a Ciceronian dialect had no opposers; truth in patois no listeners. A Roman phrase was thought worth any number of Gothic facts. The sciences ceased at once to be anything more than different kinds of grammars — grammar of language, grammar of logic, grammar of ethics, grammar of art; and the tongue, wit, and invention of the human race were supposed to have found their utmost and most divine mission in syntax

and syllogism, perspective and five orders. Of such knowledge as this, nothing but pride could come." — *Stones of Venice*, Vol. III., pp. 59–61.

"It acted first, as before noticed, in leading the attention of all men to words instead of things. . . . To this study of words, that of forms being added, both as of matters of first importance, half the intellect of the age was at once absorbed in the base sciences of grammar, logic, and rhetoric; studies utterly unworthy of the serious labor of men, and necessarily rendering those employed upon them incapable of high thoughts or noble emotion. Of the debasing tendency of philology, no proof is needed beyond once reading a grammarian's notes on a great poet: logic is unnecessary for men who can reason, and about as useful to those who cannot, as a machine for forcing one foot in due succession before the other would be to a man who could not walk; while the study of rhetoric is exclusively one for men who desire to deceive or be deceived; he who has the truth at his heart need never fear the want of persuasion on his tongue, or, if he fear it, it is because the base rhetoric of dishonesty keeps the truth from being heard."* — Vol. III., pp. 115, 116.

We do not commit ourselves to the full extent of this deliverance, as the strong and unmeasured language is susceptible of being interpreted; while no conviction of our mind is deeper than that a vast evil of the kind thus impaled is vitiating our own boasted culture, and poisoning the fountains of our professional education. The *idea* of the writer is not so very wide of truth (making allowance for some *poetic* fervency of expression.) The tendency is constant to rest in artificial distinctions and conclusions, to manufacture systems of things instead of taking what God has scattered around us, and putting the fabrications of our own fancies in place of the actual facts which demand our attention. Theological inquiries form no exception to this liability, and are unreliable just as far as they become a mere play and fence of words and phrases — however logically or rhetorically paraded and drilled. There is a pride of know-

* The author of *Horæ Subsecivæ* says that "Logic is the arithmetic of thought." Very well; and about all the arithmetic which is really wanted for practical use is in the few elementary ground-rules of our common-school culture. A simple, truthful logic like this need not go far to find a teacher. So there is a true "art of persuasion." But Cowper's satire has yet an ample target:

"Like quicksilver, the rhetoric *they* display
Shines as it runs, but grasp'd at, slips away."

ing and of systematizing here as elsewhere which needs watching, and to which considerations like these that follow might well administer a salutary caution :

“ We talk of learned and ignorant men, as if there were a certain quantity of knowledge, which to possess was to be learned, and which not to possess was to be ignorant ; instead of considering that knowledge is infinite, and that the man most learned in human estimation is just as far from knowing anything as he ought to know it, as the unlettered peasant. Men are merely on a lower or higher stage of an eminence, whose summit is God's throne, infinitely above all ; and there is just as much reason for the wisest as for the simplest man being discontented with his position, as respects the real quantity of knowledge he possesses. And, for both of them, the only true reasons for contentment with the sum of knowledge they possess are these : that it is the kind of knowledge they need for their duty and happiness in life ; that all they have is tested and certain, so far as it is in their power ; that all they have is well in order, and within reach when they need it, that it has not cost too much time in the getting ; that none of it, once got, has been lost ; and that there is not too much to be easily taken care of.” — Vol. III., pp. 54, 55.

“ For it must be felt at once, that the increase of knowledge, merely as such, does not make the soul larger or smaller ; that, in the sight of God, all the knowledge man can gain is as nothing ; but that the soul, for which the great scheme of redemption was laid, be it ignorant or be it wise, is all in all ; and in the activity, strength, health, and well-being of this soul, lies the main difference, in His sight, between one man and another. . . . There is not at this moment a junior student in our schools of painting, who does not know fifty times as much about the art as Giotto did ; but he is not for that reason greater than Giotto ; no, nor his work better, nor fitter for our beholding. Let him go on to know all that the human intellect can discover and contain in the term of a long life, and he will not be one inch, one line, nearer to Giotto's feet. But let him leave his academy benches, and innocently, as one knowing nothing, go out into the highways and hedges, and there rejoice with them that rejoice, and weep with them that weep ; and in the next world, among the companies of the great and good, Giotto will give his hand to him, and lead him into their white circle, and say, ‘ This is our brother.’ ” — Vol. III., pp. 191, 192.

A leading purpose of this writer, never lost sight of, is to save our nineteenth-century culture from the corruption and

decay which overtook the European civilization of the fifteenth century. To any who would study the spirit of a sound and of an utterly debased state of society in some great representative feature of the age, we know of nothing more stimulating and satisfactory than the analysis given in the second and third volumes of the "Stones of Venice;" first, of the Gothic, and, second, of the Renaissance, styles or schools of architecture and architectural ornamentation; the former having its distinctive qualities or "moral elements" in its savageness or rudeness; its love of change or perpetual variety; its love of nature; its disturbed imagination or true grotesqueness; its rigidity, and its redundancy or richness of detail; the latter, on the contrary, being stamped with pride and infidelity — pride of science, of state, of system, and general faithlessness of conception and execution. The contrast is broad, and its points are clearly and amply illustrated, not only as shaping the world of art, but as permeating and characterizing the more subtle world of thought and feeling. Truths costlier than diamonds gleam along these sections, with a present applicability which is startling and solemn. Men must work as men, comprehending and loving their work, and not as mindless, heartless *automata*. It is right work and good, as the nobler part of the worker is in it:

"And that nobler part acts principally in love, reverence, and admiration, together with those conditions of thought which arise out of them. . . . It is not the reasoning power which, of itself, is noble, but the reasoning power occupied with its proper objects. Half of the mistakes of metaphysicians have arisen from their not observing this; namely, that the intellect, going through the same processes, is yet mean or noble according to the matter it deals with, and wastes itself away in mere rotatory motion, if it be set to grind straws and dust. If we reason only respecting words, or lines, or any trifling and finite things, the reason becomes a contemptible faculty; but reason employed on holy and infinite things, becomes herself holy and infinite. So that, by work of the soul, I mean the reader always to understand the work of the entire immortal creature, proceeding from a quick, perceptive, and eager heart, perfected by the intellect, and finally dealt with by the hands, under the direct guidance of the higher powers."

— Vol. III., pp. 190, 191.

The generalization from these premises is large and Christian :

"So then, whatever may be the means, or whatever the more immediate end of any kind of art, all of it that is good agrees in this, that it is the expression of one soul talking to another, and is precious according to the greatness of the soul that utters it." — Vol. III., p. 207.

But taking this thought into our schemes of modern utilitarianism for a practical rule, would be almost, if not quite, as impracticable as to attempt to bring our politicians to the standard of "do unto others as you would others should do unto you." See how our idol of a "division of labor" tumbles like Dagon to the floor under its stroke :

"We have much studied and much perfected, of late, the great civilized invention of the division of labor ; only we give it a false name. It is not, truly speaking, the labor that is divided ; but the men : — divided into mere segments of men — broken into small fragments and crumbs of life ; so that all the little piece of intelligence that is left in a man is not enough to make a pin, or a nail, but exhausts itself in making the point of a pin, or the head of a nail. Now it is a good and desirable thing, truly, to make many pins in a day ; but if we could only see with what crystal sand their points were polished — sand of human soul, much to be magnified before it can be discerned for what it is — we should think that there might be some loss in it also. And the great cry that rises from all our manufacturing cities, louder than their furnace blast, is all in very deed for this — that we manufacture everything there except men ; we blanch cotton, and strengthen steel, and refine sugar, and shape pottery ; but to brighten, to strengthen, to refine, or to form a single living spirit, never enters into our estimate of advantages. And all the evil to which that cry is urging our myriads can be met only in one way ; not by teaching nor preaching, for to teach them is but to show them their misery, and to preach to them, if we do nothing more than preach, is to mock at it. It can be met only by a right understanding, on the part of all classes, of what kinds of labor are good for men, raising them, and making them happy ; by a determined sacrifice of such convenience, or beauty, or cheapness as is to be got only by the degradation of the workman ; and by equally determined demand for the products and results of healthy and ennobling labor." — Vol. II., pp. 182, 183.

It will be more easy to say that this is Utopian than to prove that it is not in keeping with the evangelic "good-will to men." Most deplorable fruits have already been gathered

from the many branches of the tree of the knowledge of evil more than of good which the spirit of gain has nourished among us like a Hindu banyan. It is useless to portray, however faithfully, our general demoralizations, except with a direct purpose of reformation. The temper of our author is neither sardonic nor peevish, but sad and sympathizing in his severest dealing with this huge and terrible dereliction. We must give one more of his prophet-like pages :

“That is to say, the civilized world is at this moment, collectively, just as Pagan as it was in the second century ; a small body of believers being now, as they were then, representative of the Church of Christ in the midst of the faithless ; but there is just this difference, and this very fatal one, between the second and nineteenth centuries, that the Pagans are nominally and fashionably Christians, and that there is every conceivable variety and shade of belief between the two ; so that not only is it most difficult theoretically to mark the point where hesitating trust and failing practice change into definite infidelity, but it has become a point of politeness not to inquire too deeply into our neighbor's religious opinions ; and, so that no one be offended by violent breach of external forms, to waive any close examination into the tenets of faith. The fact is, we distrust each other and ourselves so much, that we dare not press this matter ; we know that if, on any occasion of general intercourse, we turn to our next neighbor, and put to him some searching or testing question, we shall, in nine cases out of ten, discover him to be only a Christian in his own way, and as far as he thinks proper, and that he doubts of many things which we ourselves do not believe strongly enough to hear doubted without danger. *What is in reality cowardice and faithlessness, we call charity ;* and consider it the part of benevolence sometimes to forgive men's evil practice for the sake of their accurate faith, and sometimes to forgive their confessed heresy for the sake of their admirable practice. And under this shelter of charity, humility, and faint-heartedness, the world, unquestioned by others or by itself, mingles with and overwhelms the small body of Christians, legislates for them, moralizes for them, reasons for them ; and, though itself of course greatly and beneficently influenced by the association, and held much in check by its pretence of Christianity, yet undermines, in nearly the same degree, the sincerity and practical power of Christianity itself, until at last, in the very institutions of which the administration may be considered as the principal test of the genuineness of national religion, those devoted to education, the Pagan system is completely triumphant ; and the

entire body of the so-called Christian world has established a system of instruction for its youth, wherein neither the history of Christ's church nor the language of God's law, is considered a study of the smallest importance; wherein, of all subjects of human inquiry, his own religion is the one in which a youth's ignorance is most easily forgiven; and in which it is held a light matter that he should be daily guilty of lying, of debauchery, or of blasphemy, so only that he write Latin verses accurately, and with speed. I believe that in a few years more we shall wake from all these errors in astonishment, as from evil dreams; having been preserved, in the midst of their madness, by those hidden roots of active and earnest Christianity which God's grace has bound in the English nation with iron and brass." — Vol. III., pp. 119–121.

These topics — of the wrong industrial occupation of the laboring classes, and of the false education and enfeebled faith of all classes — go to the innermost heart of the problem of national prosperity. Many things must be strangely out of joint when Christian populations fall on such miserable times and fortunes as they are now mostly suffering. In these treatises, such questions are only episodic themes of remark, yet the episode often seems to be the main matter in hand. Our readers will have seen, that, in the papers upon this author which we here finish, our design has not chiefly been to present a series of "elegant extracts;" else we should have studded our circlet with other handfuls of many-sided, many-hued brilliants that might readily be gathered. We have rather sought to give him a voice in the great debate of truth and error, good and evil, right and wrong, spiritual beauty and deformity, which is demanding so wide and various a hearing. It is well, that, in an argument like this, one of the richest, most princely intellects of this century should have taken so thoughtfully and enthusiastically the affirmative; that a writer, whose books will live in the current literature of generations to come, has shown himself so intelligent a philanthropist, and so fearless a believer of the Gospel.

ARTICLE IV.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD, AND FROM
THE DEAD.

It may have been noticed, in reading our Common Version, that the New Testament writers, in alluding to the doctrine of the Resurrection, call it sometimes the resurrection of the dead, and sometimes the resurrection from the dead ; but it seems to have escaped notice that this distinction of language is founded on a corresponding distinction in the original, and is of real significance. To point out this distinction, to estimate its value, and to show its connection with the commonly received doctrine of the Resurrection, is the object of this article.

Whenever allusion is made in scripture to the resurrection of all men, without any reference to character, it is called simply the resurrection, or, the resurrection of the dead. Thus when Paul preached at Athens, the Epicurean and Stoic philosophers said, "He seemeth to be a setter forth of strange gods : because he preached unto them Jesus and the resurrection." Acts xvii. 18. See also verse 32, and xxiii. 6, 8, and Heb. vi. 2. The Greek word here translated resurrection is *ἀνάστασις*.

But whenever the resurrection of Christ and of his saints is expressly referred to, an additional word, a preposition, is employed. It is not simply *ἀνάστασις*, or, *ἀνάστασις νεκρῶν*, but *ἀνάστασις ἐκ τῶν νεκρῶν*, and in one case, Phil. iii. 11, *ἐξανάστασις τῶν νεκρῶν* ; and in all cases, excepting the last, is rendered, very properly, the resurrection from the dead. In this case the translators seem to have overlooked the force of the preposition in composition. The same particle is employed also in quite a number of passages in connection with the verb ; as when it is said, 1 Cor. xv. 20, "But now is Christ risen from the dead," &c. The *ἐκ* evidently denotes, not merely the future separation of the righteous and the wicked, which, as we suppose all evangelical Christians believe, will begin at the second coming of Christ and the resurrection ; but it denotes also that the resurrection of Christ, and of his followers, differs *in kind* from that of the wicked.

This expression, "resurrection from the dead," has a deep moral significance, exactly corresponding with a passage in Galatians vi. 7, 8, "For whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption : but he that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting." The resurrection of the wicked is a resurrection of the dead in the moral sense of that word — the dead in trespasses and sins ; a resurrection in corruption and of corruption ; of which the only fit emblem on earth can be found in the putridity of the charnel house. It is an eternal triumph of the loathsomeness of death, as well as of its agony.

But the resurrection of the righteous is a resurrection from among the dead ; the completion of that moral separation from the ungodly which was begun in regeneration ; the seal of the divine approbation by which God marks them as his own and reserves them for himself — as the resurrection of the wicked is the seal of their reprobation. The former is a resurrection of life, the latter of damnation. In either case there is something in the composition and condition of the resurrection-body which marks the destination of its owner to the world of purity and glory, or to the world of shame and despair.

That the distinction pointed out is no mere fancy, may be learned from the answer of Christ to the Sadducees, Luke xx. 35 : "But they that shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry," &c. No one will allege that the resurrection, of itself, is something which must be "obtained." Multitudes who have never so much as heard of it will share in it. The resurrection from the dead is then something more than the resurrection of the dead. But the words of Paul, in a passage already quoted, exhibit most forcibly the necessity of this distinction : "If by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead," *ἐξανάστασιν τῶν νεκρῶν*, which should have been rendered — *from the dead*. Paul's anxiety was, not in regard simply to the resurrection which he knew would be universal, but in regard to his own condition in it, whether he should be raised in corruption or in incorruption, with a body like unto Christ's glorious body. He says : "I count all things but loss for the

excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord, . . . that I may know him, and the *power* of his resurrection," &c. His fear was lest God should gather his soul with the wicked ; his desire, that he might be found at the right hand of the judge, in the congregation of the righteous.

It may be thought that the allusions to the resurrection in 1 Cor. xv. form an exception to this use of language, inasmuch as it is manifest that the apostle is there treating only of the resurrection of the saints ; but the exception is only apparent. The wicked are out of sight and out of mind, and therefore there is no occasion for the language of contrast. In verse 20, he affirms that Christ is raised *from* the dead, and calls him the first fruits of them that slept ; thus suggesting the inference that all who die and sleep in Him will, as the fulness of the harvest, participate in His resurrection. Verse 21 evidently implies something more than a mere reconstruction of the body ; in truth it intimates a moral resurrection, of which the reconstruction of the body in the likeness of Christ is the fitting consummation.

This interpretation involves a speculative question which we have never seen discussed ; that is, whether, without a Saviour, there would have been any resurrection. If, as seems necessary, it be answered affirmatively, there can then be no doubt that verse 21 must be understood in a restricted sense as applying to believers only, and is an intimation that they will participate in the resurrection of Christ from the dead. Sinners shall not "be made alive," that is, raised "in Christ." Verse 22. That the case of the righteous only is under consideration is evident from verse 23 : "But every man in his own order : Christ the first fruits ; afterward they that are Christ's at his coming." The justice of this view will be more plainly manifest if we pass along to verse 42 : "So also is the resurrection of the dead ;" *i. e.*, of the bodies of the dead ; "It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption," &c. But these things cannot be affirmed of the unrighteous.

It may be contended that the expression, "Christ is risen from the dead," suggests merely that he alone of the dead was raised ; but even so the *ἐκ* intimates a separation ; and much more does it convey such an intimation when, in speaking of a certain class, the saints, which shall participate in the general

resurrection, it affirms of them that they shall rise from the dead.

If it be thought that it simply indicates the priority of their resurrection, this is of itself a separation, and presupposes difference of moral character, as the very reason for the separation. Let us turn it as we please, and it exactly tallies with the doctrine that the product of the resurrection in the case of the righteous differs wholly from its product in the case of the wicked. And thus it is one of many infallible indications in the language of inspiration, of a future and *eternal* separation between the friends and the enemies of God.

It is worthy of a passing remark, how the view upon which we have been insisting corresponds with the language of Scripture in alluding to departed saints. They are not dead, but asleep. When they are called the dead, 1 Cor. xv., it is in allusion to the body only. But that is accounted dead even before its dissolution: "If Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin." Rom. viii. 10. According to the view herein presented, with how much force can it be said of every saint, "He is not dead, but sleepeth."

It may be worth while to notice also that the law of cause and effect holds good in the moral as much as in the material world. Men are preparing their bodies, either for purity and glory, or for pollution and shame. The harvest of the resurrection will be according to the seed sown here; there is nothing arbitrary in the appointment of future happiness and misery. "The wicked shall eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices." The vices of men, their abuses of their own bodies, will be perpetuated in the resurrection. Every member, function, and appetite will tell the tale of its own perversion. Sin and vice contribute to make the mould into which the bodies of the wicked will be cast.

If it be asked how the righteous can be prepared for the resurrection of glory, inasmuch as they are beset with sinful imperfections; the answer is, that it is by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. "But if the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his Spirit that dwelleth in you;" or, as it is in the margin, "because of his

Spirit that dwelleth in you." Rom. viii. 11. "We are the temple of God," are to be "clothed upon with our house from heaven," and "he that hath *wrought* us for the self same thing is God, who also hath given unto us the earnest of the Spirit." If the body is kept for the Lord, the Lord will be for the body, and will raise us in his own likeness. Any one with a Concordance and Greek Testament can easily satisfy himself of the justice of the distinction herein set forth.

ARTICLE V.

OUR INDIAN TRIBES.

No race has ever presented a greater variety in its character and condition than the present Indian population of the United States. They furnish examples of almost every grade of wealth and want, of intelligence and degradation; from the rich and cultivated Cherokee* to the filthy Digger eating the vermin from his own person, and with apparently little but the form of man to distinguish him from the brute. There is a wide diversity of opinion as to their capabilities and wants, modified as men's views must be by contact, cupidity and prejudice, on the one hand; and enthusiasm, benevolence and remoteness, on the other. Published statements relating both to their early and present condition are not always trustworthy, and are sometimes contradictory, so that it is difficult to come to a definite opinion; or, having formed one, to feel sure that it is based upon reliable data.

It seems desirable to remove, at the outset, some wrong impressions, the tendency of which is to discourage benevolent efforts in behalf of the Indian race.

* Many Cherokees in Texas and California, as well as in the Indian Territory, are men of wealth; and this is also true of the Choctaws and Chickasaws, and of Indians in New York and Kansas. A number of Indians from different tribes are now receiving a liberal education in the United States, and some are graduates of some of our best colleges.

It is generally supposed that the number now included in the various tribes represents but a small fraction of the original population. This idea has arisen from exaggerated estimates of their former numbers, and from the generalization of facts peculiar to particular tribes. Catlin estimates the original Indian population of this country at 14,000,000.* A writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* sets their number at one fourth of a million. Mr. Schoolcraft says it is not probable that at the beginning of the sixteenth century the number of souls upon Indian territory bore any very considerable ratio to the number of square miles of country which they occupied in the way of villages and hunting grounds. He elsewhere reckons the Indians who occupied the present area of the United States at the time of its discovery, at not far from one million, and thinks that they do not fall short of half that number now.† This reduction, though large, is not so great as is generally supposed; nor is it a strong indication, when compared with the influences that have combined to produce it, that the mere contact of civilization must be fatal to the race.

"We are convinced," says a writer already quoted, "that the Indian is a man of the woods; and that, like the animals he lives upon, he is destined to disappear before the advancing tide of civilization which falls upon him like a blight, because it supplies new food to nourish his vices, while it demands intelligent and moral faculties, in which he is deficient, and renders useless those traits which are prominent in his character." The

* The mode of subsistence, the manner of warfare, and the political and social condition of these tribes at that time, are evidence enough to disprove such estimates as this. They were divided into small tribes perpetually at war with each other, and these wars originating mostly in blood feuds were wars of extermination and not of conquest. Thus "two young warriors," says Bancroft, "from the heart of the Five Nations, would cross the glades of Pennsylvania and the valleys of Western Virginia, and steal within the mountain fastnesses of the Cherokees, where, hiding in the clefts of the rocks, and changing their places of concealment till provided with scalps enough to astonish their village, they would bound over the ledges and hurry home." Maize was almost their only agricultural product, and this was raised in very limited quantities; extensive corn-fields would have been derogatory to the skill and prowess of the tribe. The area needed to supply a family subsisting upon game could not have been a narrow one; but, according to Catlin, it could not have exceeded seven hundred acres, supposing the whole country to have been permanently occupied, which was not the case.

† There were by actual census in 1830, 129,366 Indians within the chartered limits of the United States. This estimate includes only about 18,000 of the Indians then west of the Mississippi.

fact that the Indian thus "disappears" is beyond dispute, but that this is due to a radical incompatibility between his character and the claims of civilization remains to be proved.

A truly Christian civilization, wherever it has been brought to bear upon the Indian race, has produced the opposite result. The Cherokees, who are perhaps the most favorable instance, were estimated at 12,000 two hundred years ago; they now number 20,000, after having been almost decimated by their forced removal from their homes in 1839. They sustain a regularly organized government, with a supreme and circuit courts, and a well regulated system of public schools. The same is true of the Choctaws and several other tribes. One eighth of the Choctaw population are members of evangelical churches. Gen. Wady Thompson, on visiting the Cherokees some years ago, remarked: "When I remember what the Cherokees were thirty years ago, and see what they are now — then a rude, barbarous and profligate people, now educated, courteous and thoroughly civilized — it seems as though some power more than human had accomplished these wonders." Such are the facts concerning large Indian communities of different origins; and the names of Katherine and David Brown, Elias Boudinot, and many others, bear precious testimony to the power of religious truth to develop, even in the "man of the woods," the rarest qualities of mind and heart.

Another erroneous impression is, that the diminution of the Indian tribes has been caused by reducing their means of subsistence. This has been true in some cases, but is not the general fact. The Pawnees have suffered severely in this way since the opening of Californian emigration. The Indians are naturally migratory, and the mere act of retiring before the American settlers involved no real injury unless it should lead to collision with other tribes. But we are assured that large portions of the present territory of the United States had then but a small aboriginal population. "Vermont, the northwest part of Massachusetts, and a portion of New Hampshire, were solitudes. Ohio, Indiana, and much of Michigan, were open to Indian emigration; and from the portage between the Fox and the Wisconsin to the Des Moines, Marquette saw neither the face nor the footprint of man, and in all the region between the

Mississippi and the Atlantic, from the mouth of the Ohio northward, there were scarcely 100,000 Indians." * It was not the purpose of the early settlers, at least in New England, to destroy the people among whom they had found a home. "On the seal of the Massachusetts colony stood an Indian sending forth the Macedonian cry, 'Come over and help us.' In 1675 there were fourteen settlements of 'praying Indians,' with twenty-four congregations. Twenty years later, and after the bloody wars of Philip, there were thirty churches, some of them under the care of native pastors."

The fur-trade, which arose with the colonies, and increased with their growth, caused the Indian to retire more rapidly into the wilderness, by affording a strong stimulus and better facilities for the chase. With care and prudence on the part of the Indians this trade might have become the source of a comfortable and somewhat permanent support, and proved a stepping-stone toward civilization and wealth. It was, however, a means of degradation rather than advancement. The fur-trade was followed by the payment of annuities in exchange for lands. More than eighty millions of dollars have thus been paid from the United States treasury.

Among the more prominent obstacles in the way of the elevation of the Indians may be mentioned; (a) the "Medicine-men," or priests, who, while the tribe remains in a savage state, possess unbounded influence. These men are shrewd enough to see that with the coming of enlightenment their power and their gain are gone, and therefore they oppose to the uttermost whatever has a tendency in that direction. It is probably to this that we are mainly to ascribe the comparative ill-success of the Mayhews, and Eliots, and Brainerds of an earlier day; and, though shorn of its strength, it is a serious embarrassment to the missionary now.

(b) A second obstacle is found in their characteristic improvidence and indolence. These traits are manifested at every stage of their history, even among those who have become fully civilized. They may be seen in their heedless destruction of game so soon as the fur-trade afforded them the means of

* Bancroft, quoted in Reports of American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, 1868.

squandering the avails of their pelts. The same spirit leads the Cherokees now to destroy their fish by poisoning the streams for the sake of the few which can be secured as they float to the surface ; and to burn up miles of valuable forage and mast by setting fire to the woods at unseasonable times, for the sake of a few wild turkeys or a deer. The progress of all the civilized tribes has been retarded by their preference of stock raising to agriculture. Their cattle thrive, with but little care, upon the wild grass, until, by trampling and feeding, they cause it to give place to bushes, and compel their owners to abandon their homes and seek a more favorable locality. Large tracts of fine pasturage have thus been turned into thickets. Some of the New York tribes were injured in a similar way, by the possession of pine lands, the timber of which was eagerly bought by their white neighbors, the proceeds proving a temptation to idleness rather than a spur to enterprise. But it is in the disposal of their annuities that these and kindred traits are most glaringly exhibited. Out of eighty millions of dollars only two millions have been retained and invested in public funds. The remainder has been, for the most part, worse than wasted. This brings us to the third, and, at the present time, the greatest obstacle to the salvation of the Indian race.

(c) The corrupting influence of unprincipled white men. Measures have been taken from time to time to secure to the tribes the real benefits of their annual payments, but without success. These streams from the treasury have been systematically sucked up by a set of vampires who disgrace the name of man, and who, by means of their superior knowledge of the language and habits of the tribe, aided by bribery and corruption, can thwart the best efforts of the government.* There is no time to enter at large into this part of the subject. The per capita

* The United States government has wisely secured the Indians from similar depredations upon their land, by making the reservations ipalienable beyond the families of the tribe. The Cherokees, Choctaws, and Creeks hold their lands in common; each citizen having a right to all he can improve, provided he does not encroach upon his neighbor, and provided, also, he continues to occupy it. An "improvement," if deserted for two years, belongs to any citizen who may choose to take possession. A movement was made by the department under the last administration to set aside this provision, and to have the land run off into sections, to be held by the Indian government, and by individual citizens, like the public lands of the United States. No step could be more ruinous to the interests of those tribes.

payments are for the most part pledged to traders before they leave the treasury ; and the Indians are not only plundered by these men, but grossly demoralized. "During the last thirty years," says a United States report, "there has been a great falling off in the integrity, industry and hospitality of the Indians, owing to the facility with which they obtain the means of intoxication." Change of location, too, has had a disastrous effect upon several tribes who were advancing in civilization. The three principal tribes of the Indian territory are far short of the position they would probably have attained could they have been left in undisturbed possession of their original homes. But great as were the evils of their removal in the destruction of life and property, and in crushing the spirit of enterprise, the moral evils were far greater and more permanent. To what has been said of "traders" there are honorable exceptions ; but, as a class, they are worthy successors of the Indian prophets. To either may be addressed, with entire truthfulness, the words of the apostle to Elymas, "O full of all subtilty and all mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness." Yet the example of the tribes who in the face of this subtle and pervading resistance have risen, almost within a single generation from barbarism to Christianity, and the fact that the adversities of two hundred and fifty years have reduced the race to no less than half its original number, enforce upon us the belief, that there is in the Indian a vigorous life, and that he, as well as the Saxon or the Gaul, is susceptible of civilization and enlightenment.

The Indians are rapidly approaching the most momentous crisis in their history. They are now separated into two classes, based upon their adoption or rejection of labor and letters. The former are colonized, and are at various stages of progress. The latter, if they cling to their old customs, are destined to speedy extinction. It is believed that the next ten or fifteen years must be their longest lease of life. Our western wilderness is already a public highway. It can support but little longer a race of hunters ; and these wandering tribes will be driven, by starvation, to prey upon the flocks and herds of their brethren and of the whites. They will be changed from hunters into bandits, and this will sweep them to swift destruction. Their

only choice is civilization or extinction, and this must be made at once. A pastoral life, somewhat nomadic for a time, but tending towards an agricultural one, has seemed to us the most congenial and feasible means of bringing them upon a footing with their more prosperous brethren.

We have sought to show that the extinction of the Indian race is not, from the nature of things, an inevitable necessity. It can be preserved. It has proved itself worthy of a faithful and liberal culture. We have alluded to the principal obstacles to be encountered: a natural love of barbarism, the influence of their priesthood, and their coadjutors the whiskey-selling whites, and their characteristic indolence and thriftlessness; all of which evils have been aggravated in several instances by ill-advised removals after the colonizing process had been successfully begun.

Is there a remedy for these evils? Attempts to civilize by mere intellectual and physical culture have always failed. "The Mohawks of Upper Canada enjoyed the means for mental improvement for forty years, but showed no disposition to abandon their heathenish practices; and their heathen neighbors, in view of the results, refused to receive the means of education from the whites." Merely intellectual education gives them a greater power and susceptibility to evil. There is only one remedy, and that is sufficient. It is the knowledge of "Jesus Christ and him crucified." To the Christian church has this work been most plainly commended by the providence of God. No power but that of vital Christianity can cast out the lying spirit of the Indian priesthood. No other influence can break up that indolence and apathy which for ages have been the natural reaction from the scenes of intense excitement of which they are so passionately fond, or restrain the latter tendency which is the secret and the source of their universal love of intoxicating drinks. Only religious teachers can successfully foil the wickedness of those who cherish all the Indian's native vices, and engraft as many more as a means of increasing their accursed gains.

The missionary is armed with the same weapons which the speculator wields against the investigations of the government. He knows the language and habits of the tribe, and obtains,

by Christian love, an influence which all the shrewdness of selfishness can never attain. He, and he alone, can induce the Indians to exchange the temporary convenience of a per capita payment for the enduring advantages of invested funds, and thus, instead of wasting their means in whiskey and trinkets, make these a permanent fountain of light and knowledge. Could the church have obtained the control of the annuities some thirty years ago, not literally, but through her influence upon those they were designed to benefit, how different would be the present prospects of the Indian race. A great opportunity has been irrecoverably lost, or, rather, has been thrown into the scale of evil. These eighty millions which might have been made streams of life, have been turned into the channels of death. But it is not yet entirely too late; there is room for abundant and glorious results.

We have said little of the wrongs which the Indians have suffered at our hands. An entire article would afford but narrow limits for that portion of the subject. Is it not argument enough if we can show that good may be accomplished? Have not these tribes, as the descendants of the original owners of our soil, as by birth and ancestry the dwellers at our doors, a claim which cannot be lightly forgotten or ignored?

Two objections are to be met. Why perpetuate an inferior race? Can they form a profitable element in Anglo-American civilization? This, though seldom stated in words, we believe to be the most formidable objection that is to be encountered. Does it need an answer? "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish, but have everlasting life." But it may be said, ought not the church to aim at extensive and permanent results, and have not such fields as Turkey, China and India, stronger claims than these scattered tribes whose places will soon be filled by an enterprising Christian community? The command is, preach the gospel to every creature. The means of the red man's elevation are in the hands of the American churches. The opportunity is theirs and the responsibility is theirs. There is not a tribe, however advanced, that does not need their fostering care. There is not a remnant, however degraded, but is worthy of their most earnest efforts. The

American Board, in the work which it has recently completed in three different tribes, the Choctaws, Cherokees and the Tuscaroras, has expended less than the present expenses of our nation for a single day. "Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thine hand to do it."

ARTICLE VI.

THE ENGLISH WOMAN AT HOME.

IF you want to see the English woman you must go to England. A lion in his native forest is a very different affair from a lion travelling in foreign lands, or sojourning at the Regent's Park, or the Aquarial Gardens. A star would not look well anywhere but in the firmament, and a cloud taken out of heaven is a cloud no longer. No man has seen the heavens who has not seen the clouds and stars, and you may travel England through, rejoicing every day in its green fields, and magnificent trees, and sweetest singing-birds singing almost all the year round, and massive architecture, and beautiful ruins, and all the manifold indications of a high civilization and great social refinement; but you do not know the England of history, and romance, and poetry, and song, till you have been introduced to its happy homes, and been made glad by the sweet, quiet, soothing presence of its noble-hearted women.

We offer to our readers a sketch, from drawings made on the spot, of the English woman at home, her personal attributes, social relations, and peculiar influence. It will be our aim to present the accidental in our subject, preserving at the same time what is universal — woman as she is in England to-day, the daughter, the wife, the mother, still exhibiting in strong relief, woman as she is everywhere. When Raffaele (as the legend hath it) saw in the streets of Florence the wife of a peasant whose surprising beauty seemed to him the realization of his own ideal of the Madonna, and, in his eager haste to

secure a face he had never seen before, sketched it on the spot upon the head of a cask, he produced a picture which has been universally admired ever since, not because he painted an Italian woman, but because he painted *woman* — put upon his rude panel the radiant image of that which is everywhere the joy of man's heart and the light of his home. Yet the Italian is there, not a Jewess, nor a Greek ; and our portraiture will be expected to exhibit the peculiar lineaments of an English woman, not so much wherein she resembles, as wherein she differs from woman elsewhere, and especially from our own fair countrywomen.

We shall not deny that the fame which England has had from time immemorial for the beauty of its women is fully deserved. Yet we are not at all surprised that the stranger in England is usually disappointed at the comparatively small number of beautiful women that he sees, a proportion decidedly smaller than is found in our own country. The Juliets and Desdemonas are doubtless there, but their number is not large. In the delightful suburbs of London, where so many of her merchants, and tradesmen, and professional gentlemen reside, such as Islington, Clapham or Camberwell, you will meet every day, when it does not rain, throngs of stately dames, with their blooming daughters, and the younger children, led, or carried, or drawn in their tiny carriages by servant-maids, taking their usual morning walk. You will not fail to note that many of them are what are called in England fine women — that is to say, of handsome form, broad shoulders, deep, full chest, good bust, and remarkably healthy countenance, dressed in the severest taste, and of easy, graceful carriage ; but you will see very few that are beautiful, while some will seem to you distressingly plain. So also in Hyde Park, on a fine summer afternoon, when the glittering and almost interminable procession of nobility and gentry is rolling by, you may see, every day, creatures as transcendent in their personal charms as any whose form and features have been immortalized by the pencil of Sir Joshua Reynolds or Sir Peter Lely ; but their comparative number is very small. An hour's survey of the gay passers-by in that brilliant cavalcade will be productive far less of admiration than of disappointment — disappointment, not more

of previous expectations than of expectations which will be excited on the spot. As you catch a glimpse of some half a score of ladies on horseback approaching at a distance, each attended by gallant knight, so finely developed are their forms, so graceful and becoming their full flowing habits and plumed riding-caps, and so admirable their horsemanship as they dash fearlessly along upon their mettlesome steeds, presenting altogether a very splendid and stirring picture, that you will be expecting to find the fair equestrians, as they come near enough to be seen, all as enchanting as Juno or Psyche. Instead of this, with here and there a truly magnificent exception, you will see faces which will make it exceeding plain to you that personal beauty is not one of the things monopolized by the British aristocracy.

If Raffaele had to seek his ideal Madonna among the English women of the nineteenth century, we by no means affirm that she would be found to be either the wife or the daughter of a peasant. We quite as little believe that she would prove to be a countess or a duchess. It will have to be conceded, we think, that a larger proportion of well-developed forms and handsome faces is found among those who rank not only below the aristocracy and gentry, but below the middle class — mechanics, artisans, and laboring people. It is no mere conceit of the artist that some of the most exquisite things displayed in the windows of London print-sellers and in the annual exhibitions of paintings are peasant girls. The rustic maiden, in her loose, easy attire, presents a picture of unchecked, harmonious development much more nearly resembling the approved models of Roman and Grecian sculpture than the proud beauties seen in the Regent Street or Hyde Park.

We remember a handsome young lord, who frequented one of the most charming watering-places in England, accompanied by his exceedingly beautiful wife. He had first seen her behind the counter of a Berlin-wool shop, and was so enamored of her charms of form and feature that he made love to her — not as “the Lord Burleigh” courted “the village maiden,” but in his own proper character — took her away from the shop, had her educated, and then made her his wife and a noble lady. Among the fashionable crowd who congregated at that delight-

ful watering-place, quite as much for vanity and mutual admiration as anything else, she was the acknowledged queen of beauty, the cynosure of every eye. Whether she was the daughter of a peasant or a mechanic, we did not chance to hear, but her position in the shop where her husband first saw her was only a single remove from that of a servant. It was a position to which an intelligent servant might easily transfer herself. Neither is it by any means impossible or unlikely that some of her sisters may have been ladies' maids or upper nurses in gentlemen's families.

The prevailing differences in personal appearance between the English woman and the Anglo-American might furnish an interesting subject of inquiry for the ethnologist. The robust frame, and rounder form, and larger features, and ruddier complexion of the Anglo-Saxon are not more conspicuous than her fairer hair, and brow so slightly marked, and soft blue eyes. Black hair and eyes, and strongly-marked brows, are seldom seen. Her hair is not so luxuriant, nor her complexion so delicate, as we see every day at home. As a girl, she is less beautiful than ours, and instances of beauty of countenance are far less numerous than with us.

The dress of the English woman has a character of its own. Whether in town or country, in the fashionable promenades of London, or in the Sabbath congregation of a fashionable London church, you are struck with the more quiet and sober character of female attire as compared with New York or Boston. There is, in particular, much less of brilliant colors. London gives law to the country in this matter, as in most things conventional, and the fogs, and smoke, and dreariness of the Great Metropolis have doubtless some considerable influence in forming the prevailing taste in a case of so much importance. But this is not the only thing. The predominant idea of an Englishman, in all matters whatsoever, as all the world knows, is his own dear comfort. There are few things which exhibit this national temper in stronger relief, or with more good sense and gracefulness, than the attire of their women. We believe that everybody who has visited England will agree with us that this contributes greatly to the good appearance of English women. A woman uncomfortably dressed is not as attractive as she

might be. For a whole nation of women to have learned that taste and elegance in dress may be combined with luxurious comfort, is surely something in its bearing on various human interests of paramount importance. We would like to say to all our fair countrywomen that the women of England have done this, and are demonstrating it. The thing with which we remember to have been impressed from the commencement of our acquaintance with English women, was a beautiful adaptation in their dress to climate, weather, circumstances. Abroad, as they are, on the cold, damp, chilling days of which England has so many, there is nothing in their appearance to awaken your apprehensions, whether for their comfort or their health — no thin shoes, or gossamer dresses, or pitiful apologies for cloaks, making you think of shivering limbs, and cold, damp feet, and coughs, and consumption. It is impossible to doubt that the habits of the women of England in the matter of dress have very much to do with the appearance of full joyous health which they everywhere exhibit — in the city hardly less than in the country. You would think it expressly contrived to be a defence against chills and damps and discomfort; and to keep up the cheerful glow of the heart and the warm, sunny smile of the countenance. How many of our beautiful and accomplished girls have gone to their graves too soon, and how many more will go, from a disregard, as foolish as it is wicked, of the laws of health in dress, it is sad to remember. The sacrifices offered on the altar of the goddess of fashion in every *civilized and enlightened* age and country have been very many and precious, and the future will be substantially as the past in this respect. We are glad, however, to make a note of certain signs of improvement among ourselves. Thick boots for a duchess is an old fashion in London and Paris; but having observed, now for some time past, that there is no more elegant ladies' boot at Moseley's, in Summer Street, than that which has a sole as thick as the Boston Review, and especially having observed that the ladies of Beacon Street purchase those boots and wear them as no inappropriate part of an elegant outfit in their promenades on the Common, we venture to prophesy that the number of young women who will lose their bloom and go to

an early grave during the next fifty years in New England, will be far less than it has been in the half century past.

The morning dress of an English woman is a thing quite by itself, being peculiarly plain and simple, both in fabric and style. This is by no means laid aside, if she has occasion to appear early abroad. She *dresses* for dinner. Hence the same lady appears in the streets or parks of London at five or six o'clock in quite another costume than that which she wore when you saw her at ten to twelve. Moreover, she never appears in full dress in the street, or at church. That is reserved in all well-bred society for the drawing-room. You never see a *lady* in the streets of London, or at church, in white kid gloves, unless it is a bride or one of a bridal party. It cannot be denied that such reserve is in harmony with a severe taste. If a blacksmith chooses to exhibit a white lawn pocket-handkerchief at church, he has a perfect right to do so, for a blacksmith in the house of God is as good as a duke; but when an English lord, addressing a popular audience in Exeter Hall, exhibits a colored silk, as we remember to have seen, it is out of no lack of respect for his democratic auditors, but simply his sense of propriety, with no more thought about it than a blacksmith has when he puts on his leather apron to shoe a horse. We think it will be no sign that civilization is going backward in our Christian country, when there shall be a little more of discrimination and reserve in the matter of dress. We fear that such exhibitions of rich and expensive clothing and heaped-up finery as are so common in all places and in all circumstances among ourselves — on Sabbath-days and week-days, at church and in the streets and parks, at fashionable watering-places and on fashionable mountains — can hardly escape the verdict of vulgarity.

We must speak of the marvels accomplished by the English woman at home in daily out-door exercise. The thing is done mainly by walking, a habit of universal prevalence among all classes, from the Queen herself — who, till overtaken by that great bereavement and calamity, was accustomed to walk many miles in the course of the year — down to those who are too poor to keep a servant. The wives of mechanics and peasants even, influenced by the general example, or, more likely, by their own love of the open air and the song of the lark, will

frequently manage to take all their children, and, locking up their cottages, will ramble through green lanes, and return home with the children all laden with wild flowers. With all above this class the daily walk for fresh air and exercise is almost as regular as breakfast and dinner. Domestic arrangements are favorable to such a habit. No Englishwoman thinks of keeping house without one servant at least, if her own condition before marriage was above that of a servant. England is not quite the paradise which our sorely-afflicted housewives dream of in relation to servants. Yet no one would be considered worthy the name of servant who could not prepare dinner in passable shape, leaving her mistress at liberty for other avocations.

We will hope in time to have good servants, but the women of England are blessed with one preëminent advantage as regards exercise out of doors which to us must be always wanting, and that is the character of their climate. Say as much as you will against the English climate, it could hardly be better for walking, and that is something, all must admit. There is nothing comparatively of summer heat or winter cold. Eighty in the shade is reckoned a very warm day, in ordinary seasons. You will remember such a day a good while. The nights are few in which a blanket is not required for comfort. As to winter, England can hardly lay claim to anything to which we should accord the name. Snow is a rarity, and seldom remains on the ground for two days together. The ice in the London parks is so thin at best, that the skaters are constantly breaking through and being taken out half dead. Gardening operations are suspended only for a very short time, if at all. Cabbages are left in the garden through the winter, and taken as they are wanted. The crocus and anemone, ranunculus and polyanthus, are out in all their beauty in January, and peas are up and potatoes planted by the middle of February. Mud is but little known, because there are excellent gravel sidewalks all over England. What is there to prevent the women of England from walking, then, if they want to, on almost any day from New Year's to Christmas? It is true they have gloomy clouds, and damp chilly winds, and rain in abundance, but these are hardly allowed to stand in the way. Equipped from head to

foot according to the weather they sally forth in almost all weathers, and in *almost all circumstances*. The young wife never shuts herself up at home, or stays away from church as long as she is well enough to go abroad.

A deeply interesting illustration of the good health of English women is the fact that deaths among young wives and mothers are comparatively very infrequent. Such cases are far more numerous among ourselves. We remember to have seen an English lady amazed and appalled in wandering over a New England cemetery and reading on the head-stones the many inscriptions which tell this exceedingly sad and mournful tale. To her it seemed as if some fatal pestilence must have visited that particular locality. Yet it was simply the tale which all our places of burial tell, and to which no one among us takes heed. An Englishman who should have committed his third wife to the grave at forty years of age, would be regarded with feelings approaching to superstition, and another woman would hesitate to assume the thrice vacant place. We knew one such case, and only one, in a period of fourteen years.

An English woman is a pedestrian almost from her birth, being taken out for an airing when she is scarcely a week old, passing several hours of every fine day out of doors during the first year of her existence, and walking thousands of miles before she has numbered her teens. Would it not be strange if she had not a full form, and a rosy cheek, and a merry, laughing eye? An English girl who would not rejoice in a walk of four or five miles would be thought a poor feeble thing.

There are some other things, however, which have not a little to do with the proverbially ruddy complexion and fine health of the English girl. One of these is the air she breathes during the winter months, or the months in which fire is necessary—being of a temperature at least ten degrees lower than is usual with us. The temperature directed by the English physician for a child sick with the measles is sixty degrees. Some of our readers will remember the surprise they felt when visiting at the house of an English family, on happening to be the first to come down in the morning after the servant had put the sitting-room in order, to find a fine blazing fire in the grate and the door set wide open with a weight of metal, covered with

cloth, placed against it to keep it open, for ventilation, and very likely an open window as well. Englishmen have great faith in pure cool air, and their faith saves their children.

The subject of diet is far better understood generally in England than with us, and much more carefully attended to. Children are not fed on pastry, and rich cake, and confectionery, nor yet on soda biscuits or new bread in any shape, nor on pork and veal and salted meats. The utmost care is exercised to prevent their eating unripe fruits. There are very few intelligent English mothers who do not know that all these things are particularly injurious to a scrofulous child. Fresh mutton and beef, stale bread, milk, plain pudding, and ripe fruits, make up the bill of fare of English children, without tea or coffee or pickles or condiments. Moreover they give no fashionable parties, go to bed early, and are not supposed to know more than their fathers and mothers. All these rules are most strictly observed among the more cultivated and higher classes, and perhaps nowhere else so strictly as in the houses of the nobility.

The education of English girls is conducted entirely apart from that of the boys. This is in accordance with the English sense of propriety and expediency, a feeling as deep as it is universal. Even in the charity schools for the children of the poorest of the people, you almost never find boys and girls associated in the same school-room. Although most of them are under twelve years of age a master is employed for the boys and a mistress for the girls, in school-rooms entirely distinct, and with separate play-grounds — that is to say, grounds separated by a brick wall eight or ten feet high. Such a mingling of the sexes as is seen in our New England academies and high schools would be regarded in England with utter dismay. No prudent father and mother would send their daughters to such a school. Is it absolutely certain that we have demonstrated our method to be best on the whole? We think some of our readers will agree with us that this question is worth considering, to say the least. We incline to the opinion that the time is not very far off when it will have to be considered. So decided and strong is the English feeling in relation to this matter, that a pastor finds it necessary to have two distinct Bible classes on different evenings of the week for the young people of his

congregation. In the Sabbath-school they are associated, where, for once, boys and girls are taught together. The arrangements and regulations of the high schools for young ladies are all in strictest accordance with the same sentiment. They could hardly be more so in a nunnery. The young misses are under the constant watch and supervision of their teachers. They never walk out without them, and a call from a young gentleman would not be permitted under any circumstances. There is a severer standard of manners as you go farther south, as there is more of refinement and polish. There is almost as much difference in the manners and social habits of Yorkshire, or Lancashire and Devonshire, as there is in their dialect. What the north lacks in softness of manners it makes up in rough strength and enterprise.

The course of studies for English girls is less extended than with us, and less severe. How is it possible to be otherwise when most young ladies "finish" their education at about sixteen, and many as early as fourteen? Mental philosophy, mathematics, and Latin, are seldom included in the completed course; while music, drawing, and modern languages receive a large share of attention, and are frequently cultivated at home for several years after a young lady has left school, under the direction of masters who come to the house. Of course it will sometimes happen that a confiding and foolish miss runs away with her music master, or her teacher in French or Italian, in spite of Mamma's utmost vigilance, or, quite as likely, for the lack of it. London is very famous for its ladies' boarding-schools, the terms in many instances being as high as a thousand dollars a year, exclusive of extras. Kensington has been called the "female Oxford," from the large number of its ladies' schools of a high order. There is one thing in these girls' schools which does not impress you pleasantly. They have no playgrounds where the girls can enjoy full, romping exercise, and they strive to make up for this by a stately march at the same hour each day, two abreast, headed by their teachers, like a walking funeral. Still it may be easily seen that their health is preserved unimpaired. None of them look pale and sickly, and you will search in vain for a young lady whose nervous system has been ruined by the too severe tasking of her powers at

school. The English have a notion that any amount of mental accomplishments is purchased at far too dear a price for their girls if at the expense of health.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that because an English girl leaves school at an early age there is any undue haste in making a woman of her. The exact contrary of this is very strikingly true, and it is a circumstance which adds not a little to her interesting appearance. Just as long as she is a girl, she is dressed like a girl, and treated like a girl, and taught to think herself a girl, and to be a girl in manners. This habit is strongly marked and universal among all classes. The daughters of noblemen are entirely secluded from company, remaining with the governess when strangers are at the house, till they are eighteen years of age.

One of the best qualities in the character of an intelligent and accomplished English woman has appeared to us to be traceable to this circumstance, and that is her transparent simplicity and truthfulness of manners. She seems what she is. There is no straining after individuality, or smartness. You will rather have the impression of strength not put forth, just as, in the habitually soft and quiet tones of her voice there is an indication, many times, of a suppressed energy which lends a peculiar charm to her conversation. Yet it would be a hasty conclusion from the prevailing softness and repose of manners which characterize the English woman, to imagine that she is particularly lacking in individuality. The very lowest form of this attribute is that which shows itself in startling peculiarities of tone and manner; while that which alone is worthy of the name—individuality of thought, taste, and feeling—will not be easily suppressed by any act of uniformity as regards the degree of vocal strength which a woman shall put forth in ordinary conversation. We remember, when in College, that our professor of elocution was wont to propound as one of the canons of good conversation, always to speak as loud as the rules of politeness will permit. In England, the universally received canon is to use as low a tone as is consistent with being easily heard. This is the style of conversation which the well-bred English woman cultivates, and with admirable success. Her voice is never loud, harsh, nor ringing; but soft, clear, and

rich. You will be struck with something very like the same quality in the prevailing character of English oratory. An English orator is not a noisy speaker. He has evidently cultivated the deeper, richer tones of his voice. He has fulness and strength without harshness. O'Connell had this quality in preëminent degree, and charmed his audience like a minstrel. Brougham has it, and astonishes you by the display of vocal powers, of which it is not easy to decide whether they are more remarkable for their vast compass, or their musical sweetness.

Assuredly it is no disparagement of an English woman to say that she appears in her highest glory as the presiding genius of a happy, joyous home. We will not affirm, for we should be most unwilling to admit, that to her above all others belongs the distinction of having demonstrated how much of deep and holy meaning that little word home can be made to comprise. It is not to be doubted, however, that it is the wife and mother whose image and superscription the homes of every country mainly bear. It will not be expected that we should dwell on so familiar a topic as the peculiar charms of an English home, or attempt the minute description of that whose peculiar attractions no description can reveal to a stranger, any more than a traveller can bring back with him the fragrance of an orange grove, or the song of the nightingale. The traveller talks about orange groves and singing birds nevertheless, and we can have but a very imperfect idea of the true social position and influence of woman in England, until we have caught some glimpses of her at her own fireside.

It is a marked feature of social life in England, and certainly one of its especial charms, that mothers and daughters are so uniformly seen together at their own home. Not only is the mother the first lady to whom you are introduced at the house where you visit, but mistress of the ceremonies throughout; not only does she preside at the dinner-table, but in the evening party she sits as queen. Whatever may be your first impressions of such an arrangement, if it happens that your sympathies are with the younger ladies, you will very soon come to think that the mother's absence would be sincerely regretted by the daughters. As a picture, all must admit the arrangement to be perfect. The portly form and matronly dignity of the mother

are an exquisite foil to the youthful beauty and maiden coyness of the daughters. And you will find nothing to mar, but everything to enhance the interest of the picture. The mother's presence never seems to operate as an unwelcome restraint. Between her and the daughters you will not fail to mark the most joyous, playful, loving freedom, without the sacrifice of a tittle of parental dignity and authority on the one hand, or of sweet and graceful filial duty on the other. It may be said of English families generally that these two things are eminently characteristic, to wit, uniform parental authority, and the most charming freedom of intercourse between parents and their children.

You cannot visit an English family in a familiar way without discovering what will possibly surprise you, that a deep dislike of ceremony and state is a very marked characteristic of an English woman. This feeling is strongest among those highest in rank, and has been a marked feature in the character of the Queen herself from her very girlhood. Now that she is a lone widow so prematurely, and her children are growing to the stature of manhood and womanhood, and leaving their home forever, how delightful to recall the sweet pictures of her early married life, when she so much loved to saunter, with her noble and good husband, over the beach near their beautiful house in the Isle of Wight, and to watch those then little children as they amused themselves with trying to find two pebbles of the same shape, or dug wells in the sand with their tiny wooden spades. Was she not a great deal happier amid those sweet domestic scenes than when surrounded by glittering nobility on grand state occasions?

This simplicity of taste is a characteristic of the English woman. Although ceremony is one of the most cherished of her household gods, she escapes from his authority to the utmost possible extent consistent with retaining him at all. Every family must have its state occasions, but she is evidently a great deal happier in the social intercourse which has more of the quiet every-day character in it. On no account must a day pass without her appearing richly dressed; but she will not dress till dinner, which is usually when the day is considerably more than half gone. And all the ordinary arrange-

ments of her household manifest a predominating regard for simplicity and not for state, for comfort rather than for show. The house in which she lives may be very antique, with the old and curiously carved timbers which bear up the not very lofty ceiling fully exposed ; but it will have every conceivable convenience, even to luxury, with a delightful flower-garden in the rear. The furniture may have been in use for more than half a century ; it is all the better for that. Every article has to her the face of a tried and trusty friend. She would not exchange that cumbrous old arm-chair in which her grandfather used to sit — whose portrait hangs on the wall — for the most elegant modern chair which London could produce.

Can it be necessary to add to what we have said that the English woman dearly loves her home ? It is the goodly heritage of which she dreamed in her happy girlhood, the crown of her hopes, the realm where she reigns, the citadel of her pride, the paradise of her joys, the resting-place of her heart. For every one of its peculiar responsibilities and duties all her previous training has tended to prepare her, and there is no one of them from which her brave and loving woman's heart seeks release. To fill it with substantial comforts is the patient labor of her daily thought ; to make it a serene and quiet harbor from a world of restlessness and storms is her holy ambition ; while her hand never grows weary in ministering to the satisfaction of those who sit by its hearthstone, or contriving some new and sweet embellishment for its pleasant chambers.

Of the butterfly tribe — the gay, selfish, heartless devotees of fashion, lovers of pleasure, oblivious of all woman's noblest prerogatives — we shall not speak ; nor yet of the Jezabels and Xantippes, though they are all there. Our picture, however, when finished (and for this we must ask the patience of our readers) will exhibit, with still other soft and pleasant lights, some deep shades.

ARTICLE VII.]

THE SCIENCE OF LANGUAGE.

Lectures on the Science of Language, delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, in April, May, and June, 1861.
By MAX MÜLLER, M. A., Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford: Corresponding Member of the Imperial Institute of France. From the Second London Edition, revised. New York: Charles Scribner, 124 Grand Street. 1862. pp. 416. 12mo.

It is well known that efforts were made for centuries to ascertain the language spoken by our first parents.

Many supposed, and labored hard to prove, that the fragments of that language are scattered among the different nations and tribes of the earth, and that these fragments need only to be culled out and united to constitute anew the pure vernacular of Adam and Eve. Others went so far as to claim this honor for a particular language, and could we suppose that that ancient couple used all the languages proved on them they must have been great linguists indeed. According to some, they spoke the Celtic, others urged the Chinese, and yet others the Biscayan, while Goropius Becanus was sure that our erring mother was accustomed to address her husband in the dulcet tones of Low Dutch. But the Hebrew had the most numerous and zealous defenders as the language of Paradise.

The efforts to ascertain this original speech of the human family were made as early as the days of Josephus, and continued till the opening of the present century, and the question was honored by the labors of some of the best scholars of Europe.

Of the futility of all such efforts the partisans of the Hebrew, the most popular candidate, furnished, at length, full proof. Their philological labors showed that all the words common to the great classes of languages in Europe and Asia must have had a common origin, while a comparison of these words showed

that the origin lay far back of the migration to Egypt of those seventy souls, the germ of the Hebrew nation.

Like so many other questions of the schoolmen, this is now an abandoned one, but the labors to solve it were of vast importance, as being among the first in the study of philology. They were ill-directed, and for a foolish end, and yet of immense service to those who afterward took up the study of comparative philology for some rational purpose. As the alchemists, who followed those dreamy visions of the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life, furnished much crude, yet useful material for scientific chemists who followed them, so those early philological dreamers accumulated large and valuable stores of material for the discriminating minds of their scientific successors. Leibnitz, the Adelungs, Vater, Humboldt, Klaproth, Malte Brun, Pritchard, the Schlegels, and others, reduced to order the confused masses, and from them deduced important principles and truths.

Those later laborers in the field of language were divided into two schools, distinct in their principles, and somewhat antagonistic. The comparisons and results of one school were based on similarity of sound and meaning between words of different languages. The other school depended principally on a rigid analysis of the grammatical structure of different languages. The former, which might be called the lexical school, had, as its prominent advocates, Klaproth, Balbi, Abel-Rémusat, Whiter, Vans Kennedy, the younger Adelung, and Frederick Schlegel. The other, or grammatical school, was confined mostly to Germany, and among its leaders, W. A. Schlegel and Humboldt were conspicuous.

The principles on which the lexical school pursued its investigations exposed them to results irrational and sometimes absurd. For they assumed that it was only necessary to find words of similar sound and meaning in different languages to ascribe them to a common origin. Thus Becanus, taking the word *sack*, which indeed is found with similar sound and meaning in eighteen languages, infers proof for his favorite Dutch, as the only language of man before the confusion at Babel, on this wise: The word *sack* is Dutch, the language, it is assumed, that was spoken before the confusion of tongues. In that terri-

ble time no one of course could forget, in the dispersion, to take with him his sack or wallet of provisions and utensils, nor could he, having it constantly with him, forget the name of so common an article. Hence the word *sack* was preserved from the Low Dutch of the plains of Shinar, and carried out into the eighteen new languages of the world.

Catharine Second of Russia engaged warmly in these lexical labors. Taking one hundred Russian words, she made comparative tables from other languages, and Dr. Zimmerman assisted her in this enterprise, till his own work on "Solitude" called him to more congenial studies.

The work of the Empress was published in 1787, and presented many striking affinities of languages. At that early day, when missionary labor had done but little in reducing heathen languages to writing, or making translations into them, the researches of the lexical school were much restricted for want of material. For a long time the difficulty was met mainly by using translations of the Lord's Prayer, which missionaries had furnished. The deficiencies in such material will be obvious at a thought. The nature of that prayer is such that it could find but a most imperfect and constrained utterance in the language of pagans and heathen, to whom a part of its ideas are wholly foreign. In such a poverty of specimens Bagster's "Bible of Every Land" would have been more highly prized by the enthusiastic Empress than many versts of her wild domain.

In 1828 Vans Kennedy published comparative tables of nine hundred words common to the principal European and Asiatic languages. Many of these words were the most simple and common of a language, indispensable to any people, and the least likely to be borrowed. Where these were found in different languages the presumption was strong that they had farther back a common parentage. Thus the Hebrew word *bārâ*, to create, arrange, prepare, &c., was traced by similar sound and meaning through the Syriac, Samaritan, Arabic, Persian, and Chaldean. We find the same in the Latin *parô*, Italian *parare*, Spanish *parar*, Portuguese *parar*, French *parer*, Armorican *para*, and Welsh *par* — all pointing to a Hebrew original.

This comparison of words to prove a common parentage for

two or more languages was subjected to a curious mathematical calculation by Dr. Young. In giving his results, he leaves it to be inferred that the similarity of two words in meaning and sound, found in two languages, furnishes no proof that the two had a common original. But if three such be found, the presumption is ten to one in favor of a common parentage for the three languages; if six, it is seventeen hundred to one; if eight, it is one hundred thousand to one. In illustration he takes five words identical in the ancient Egyptian and in the Biscayan, and from the similarity he avers that the probabilities are as a thousand to one that an Egyptian colony settled in this part of Spain.

These lexical comparisons and studies occupied the leading philologists of Europe for centuries, but, while they failed in their aims, their labors made it possible for such men as Müller to succeed.

It was about the year 1816 that the grammatical school became powerful enough to change somewhat the principles and aims of philological studies. This school sought for the affinity and classification and genealogy of languages in the manner in which words are derived, compounded, and inflected. This was a philosophical approach to the study of language after the method of Müller. Under the leaders of this school the masses of material that had been so many years accumulating, went through a crude digestion preparatory to the scientific analysis and synthesis of such scholars as our author. Instead of reproaching them for any wild aims, fallacious principles and failures, we should rather commend them for doing so much, and for making so much more possible by the next generation of scholars.

Many pursued this study of philology with the hope of proving from it the Mosaic account of the origin of the human race, and of the dispersion at Babel. For a long time the study seemed rather to increase than diminish the objections to this account. Infidelity exulted. But never have its narrow views and hasty conclusions proved more illogical, partial, and futile. The study thus far, it is true, had appeared to make against revelation, but, like the spear of Achilles, it healed the wounds it had made. The material for a most triumphant argument

had been gathered, and it needed only an understanding mind to arrange them. In due time this was done. Affinities began to show themselves between languages previously supposed to be radically different. The smaller islands began to unite and form larger ones, and these again united and formed continents. So at length there appeared but five or six great clusters of language, and these, like the five continents of the globe, showing strong and indubitable evidence of a real unison in one grand whole, with waters between only too deep for the present means of sounding.

Had we the limits we should like to bound these divisions as there marked off, and point out the kingdoms, states, counties, and towns, in each, or the families, tribes, and dialects of each language.

On the unity of origin the learned Humboldt has these remarks: "However insulated certain languages may at first appear, however singular their caprices and their idioms, all have an analogy among them, and their numerous relations will be more perceived in proportion as the philosophical history of nations and the study of languages shall be brought to perfection." J. Klaproth and Herder, both disbelievers in the Bible, arrived at the same conclusion on purely philological principles and investigations. They admitted that all languages must have had one common origin, and Herder went so far as to say, that while he regarded the history of the dispersion at Babel as an Oriental fancy woven into historic form, languages do show that the different nations speaking them were rudely and suddenly separated from each other. This, indeed, is strong confirmation by a scholarly sceptic of the Mosaic account of the confusion of tongues.

So, for the last quarter of a century and more, this subject of comparative philology has been adjusting itself with old issues, and becoming prepared for a new treatment under new aims. The time has at length arrived when language itself, and aside from its families and affiliations, should receive a scientific analysis and presentation. An outline of such labors is furnished in the volume whose title stands at the head of this paper.

"The Science of Language," this is a rich theme, nearly new, and very well handled. Mr. Müller has wrought up his

subject with a varied and accurate scholarship and with much enthusiasm. The topic has only recently claimed and obtained a place in the circle of sciences, but, in its breadth, vigor, and importance, it commands respect. The lectures are not a discussion of languages, but of language. Of the more than nine hundred known languages the author avails himself of what material he will to unfold the science and illustrate and establish his points. In this, the jargon and chatter of the lowest pagan serve as good a purpose as the best periods of Addison, Homer, or David. One of the most interesting features in this volume is the tracing of the genealogy of languages and the pedigree of words. It has been with no little fascination to us that our author has run the backward track on our language and ancestors, *pari passu*, through Saxon England and the Norse country, and beyond the Hellespont, far into Central and Southern Asia, and the younger days of the world. The small number of roots constituting a language is a matter of surprise. The Hebrew and Sanskrit have only about five hundred each. Chinese, that from its nature would require more than any other, is satisfied with about four hundred and fifty. With these, varied by accents, tones, and combinations, the Chinese have managed to produce forty or fifty thousand words. The number of words actually used by speakers and authors is very small, compared with the whole vocabulary of a language. For illustration: an Englishman with a university education seldom uses more than three or four thousand words, while close-thinkers employ more, and an eloquent speaker, like Choate, might rise to the command of ten thousand. Shakespeare employed about fifteen thousand. Milton, eight thousand. While the Old Testament Scriptures contain only five thousand six hundred and forty-two, Worcester's Dictionary rejoices in one hundred and four thousand.

As to the changes in the forms of words, Müller lays it down as a principle, that "words can be modified by words only." "We may well lay it down as a rule that all formal elements of language were originally substantial." "What we now call terminations were originally independent words. After coalescing with the words which they were intended to modify, they were gradually reduced to mere syllables and letters, unmeaning in themselves, yet manifesting their former power and

independence by the modification which they continue to produce in the meaning of the words to which they are appended." Thus, the letter *d* in *loved*, marking a past tense, is but the remnant of the modifying word *did*, originally appended to *love*, to indicate its past action.

To flow into different forms, and so constantly change, is a law of language. It has an inherent vitality, and as soon as it becomes fixed and changeless, it is a dead language. Thus our author. "Literary dialects, or what are commonly called classical languages, pay for their temporary greatness by inevitable decay. They are like stagnant lakes at the side of great rivers. They form reservoirs of what was once living and running speech, but they are no longer carried on by the main current." When a language assumes to be so choice, elegant, and finished, that it cannot be careless, and so add, subtract, or vary, to suit new wants in new times, that language dies, and a dialect of it or several dialects spring into prominence in its place. So the Romance languages, that is, Italian, Wallachian, Provençal, French, Spanish, and Portuguese, came up in the place of the *finished* and aristocratic Latin of Cicero. It retired to the library, while the democratic Romance was made by, and became the expression of, the popular will. English yields to this flow or law of change, and so is bidding high for the popular vote of the world. It is dropping and adding more than most suppose. Take the Bible in illustration. Since 1611, the date of its publication; three hundred and eighty-eight of its words or meanings of words have become obsolete. At the same time we mark that each rival edition of Webster and Worcester shows its new words by thousands. As we now read Latimer and Chaucer with a glossary, so the seventh generation from us may spell out the orations of Webster and Everett. Yet of this change our author says, "it is not in the power of man either to produce or to prevent it," an inherent and inexorable law of language controls this.

The number of dialects is almost incredible. The Italian has about twenty reduced to writing. French has fourteen. Modern Greek as many as seventy. Pliny says that in Colchis there were more than three hundred, and that the Romans

were obliged to employ a hundred and thirty interpreters to carry on intercourse with these different tribes.

Where there are no books, a new dialect springs up easily. Hence missionaries in Central America found that their new dictionaries became obsolete in ten years. And Moffat informs us that in Southern Africa, where the wandering tribes are sometimes obliged to leave the little children for many months with the aged, the growing infants and older children form a language of their own, "and in the course of one generation the entire character of the language is changed." We recall a case from personal knowledge in Bristol County, Massachusetts, where a singular impediment in a child's speech made his language unintelligible except to his older brothers and sisters, with whom his wakeful hours were mostly spent. In accommodation and constant playful intercourse they adopted, when with him, his language, and so it came about that a dialect sprung up in that family, which the parents even could not understand, and so used the older children as interpreters. In the same way a dialect may die out, as lately the Cornish has died with the last old woman who spoke it, and who is to have a monument for her singularity.

These dialects are the antecedents and sources of a language. They arise first, and the language is of their outgrowth and combination, just as the state is made up of preëxisting towns. English, so called, is a mixture and growth on a similar principle, though it takes a broader sweep for its material, reminding us of that decree of Cæsar Augustus, "that all the world should be taxed." For our language is made up of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Celtic, Saxon, Danish, French, Spanish, Italian, German, Norwegian, Hindustani, Malay and Chinese, not to mention many more. But speaking more strictly, English sprung from the several dialects spoken in Great Britain, and was modified by Latin, Danish, Norman, French, &c. It is, however, Teutonic, and nothing else, in its ultimate analysis. The articles, pronouns, prepositions, and auxiliary verbs in English are Saxon.

One of the interesting incidentals connected with this science of language, as unfolded by Müller, is the origin of nations. Without attempting it, and indeed without admitting it, he

gives us a fair system of ethnography, and we are gratified in being able easily to mark the pedigree of any considerable people far back and almost to the flood. The exceptions to this statement are few.

As to the origin of language, he discusses somewhat the three theories, that it is a human art, that it is the direct gift of God, that it is natural. The theory of human invention is disposed of by the absurd supposition of a convention and agreement on adopting it, while yet men had no language to express preference or dissent on the invention. Müller says the first fact is yet to be offered in support of this theory. Of the theory of language as a direct divine gift, the author makes as effectual a disposition, though not as summary. The theory, then, is adopted that language is natural to man. He is endowed with the *faculty of speech*, as the distinctive characteristic of mankind. In the natural exercise of this original endowment, man comes into the use of language. Certain conditions being supplied, he will speak, and as certainly and as naturally as a bird will fly in certain conditions.

The constituent elements of all languages are roots, and so the main question that remains is this: "What inward mental phase is it that corresponds to these roots, as the germs of human speech?" It is conceded that some words in every language are imitations of sounds, onomatopoeic, but these constitute so small a part of every vocabulary that their origin will not explain the origin of a language. Others, as Condillac, have urged that man would give expression by sounds to his different feelings as excited by different objects, and that these cries or interjections would constitute the natural and real beginnings of human speech. To this theory Müller replies as before, that the interjectional part of a language is too small a portion for a theoretic basis for the origin of the whole. Our author next approaches his conclusion in these words: "Language and thought are inseparable, words without thought are dead sounds; thoughts without words are nothing. To think is to speak low; to speak is to think aloud. The word is the thought incarnate." The roots are found to be the first words in the foundation and use of a language, and are expressive of only general ideas. The mind receiving these

ideas, by the conditions of its being, it incarnates in root-words.

A final question arises: "How did roots become the signs of general ideas? How was the abstract idea, for example, of giving, expressed by the root-word *dd*? Muller answers: "The four hundred or five hundred roots which remain as the constituent elements in different families of language are not interjections, nor are they imitations. They are *phonetic types* produced by a power inherent in human nature. They exist, as Plato would say, by nature; though with Plato we would add that, when we say by nature, we mean by the hand of God. . . . Man in his primitive and perfect state . . . possessed the faculty of giving articulate expression to the rational conceptions of his mind. That faculty was not of his own making. It was an instinct of the mind as irresistible as any other instinct." "All that is formal in language is the result of rational combination; all that is material, the result of a mental instinct."

Of the unity of origin for the human race it is comforting to hear a profound scholar thus speak: "This idea is so natural, so consistent with all human laws of reasoning, that, as far as I know, there has been no nation on the earth which, if it possessed any traditions on the origin of mankind, did not derive the human race from one pair, if not from one person."

And the author quite confidently asserts the possibility of a common origin of language, though he regards this as a question totally distinct from the unity of the origin of mankind, and one that should be kept open for discussion and settlement as long as possible.

Comparing the principles and theories set forth in this volume with those popular twenty and thirty years ago, we leave a wide margin on this able volume for the inquiry, how many of its positions will be held by a second Müller at the end of another score of years? Still be its fate what it may, this volume will do a noble work in filling the chasm between the known and the unknown in the Science of Language.

ARTICLE VIII.

JESUS, TAKE MY SINS AWAY.

I.

HOLY ONE ! whose heavenly splendor
Faith doth shadow forth in visions,
Through the homage angels render,
Hearken to my poor petitions !
Night and day,
Hear me crying, hear me crying,
"Jesus, take my sins away !"

II.

All the story Love hath written
In Thy blood for Earth to ponder,
I have read, and read, till smitten
With belief too rapt for wonder.
Night and day,
Hear me crying, hear me crying,
"Jesus, take my sins away !"

III.

Bruised and bleeding 'neath the burden
Of my manifold transgressions ;
Clinging to Thy Cross for pardon
While I stammer my confessions ;
Night and day,
Hear me crying, hear me crying,
"Jesus, take my sins away !"

ARTICLE IX.

SHORT SERMONS.

"Hear, ye deaf; and look, ye blind, that ye may see." — *Isaiah* xlii. 18.

A BLIND man must *look* in order that the physician may restore him to sight. The act of *seeing* must be the blind man's. If the deaf man have no confidence in his restorer, and no genuine desire to be restored, he will never hearken. The ear long unaccustomed to hear is torpid, and effort is necessary.

The Old Testament harmonizes with the New in making a willing and obedient faith essential to the spiritual life of the utterly helpless and powerless. It may have been for the purpose of illustrating this fundamental Gospel principle of both Testaments, that our Saviour required those whom he miraculously healed to put forth the exercise which was appropriate to the restored state. He said to the man who had the withered hand, "Stretch forth thy hand." How could he? It was withered, palsied, helpless! But this is the requirement of Jesus. And until he obeys he will not be healed.

Do you say, we cannot regenerate and renew our own hearts; we have no feeling, no interest; our hearts are hard and dead; we do not perceive spiritual things; we are not moved at the warnings of God any more than the deaf and the blind? Admit it; but says God, (ver. 7 and 16,) I have sent my Son "to open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the prison, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison-house. And I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them and not forsake them." Do you plead that you cannot comprehend all my deep councils and mysterious doctrines? But the best Christians cannot do that, and yet they serve, obey, and love me acceptably. How little, even, my prophet knows. "Who is blind but my servant? Or deaf as my messenger that I sent? who is blind as he that is perfect, and blind as the Lord's servant?" (Ver. 19.)

Do you say that the dawning light is so faint, and your strength so small, that you fear to enter the narrow way, lest you should not hold out to the end? But God would take the last excuse from you. He has committed your rescue to a condescending, sympathizing Re-

deemer, who will be ever with you, mighty to save. "A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench." (Ver. 8.)

"Though thou shouldst bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him."—*Proverbs* xxvii. 22.

A FOOL is unteachable. You may by pounding and rubbing wheat in a mortar divest it of its husk or hull, but no amount of chastisement will impart wisdom to a person who is destitute of common sense.

The text is probably intended to represent the stubbornness of men in clinging to error and sin. The wicked are in the Bible compared to fools, and are often called such, because they act so unreasonably in their relation to God and their spiritual interests. Men are proud and selfish in their opinions. We often come in contact with persons who have adopted false theories either in politics, science, or religion. They have started upon false premises, and founded their belief upon uncertain evidence, and, having established their conclusions, no arguments, and no amount of evidence will avail to convince them of their error. Some men will cling to the wrong, even, when they see and know the right. Through bigotry, or pride of opinion, they will not embrace the truth; so their folly will not depart from them.

Then there are men who have very ill tempers and deep-seated prejudices, and if they get their tempers roused toward others through some fancied wrong or real ill-usage, their minds ever afterwards continue turbulent toward the offenders. The spirit of forgiveness does not control them.

All men are sinners, and are naturally stubborn in their rebellion against God, and if they permit sin to work out its legitimate results in a confirmed and consolidated sinful character, repentance becomes morally impossible. Consider how few, in comparison with the great mass of men, ever turn from their sins unto God; while the great majority of those who do repent are converted early in life, and a sinful character is yet in a measure unconfirmed. Not more than one in a thousand of those who neglect to secure the salvation of their souls in youth, is converted in old age.

Again: consider the great strength of the motives and instrumentalities which are brought to bear upon sinners to lead them to repentance, and which are resisted by them. The glories of heaven and the fires of hell are set before them; the love of God as manifested in

the atonement, the influences of the Holy Spirit, the church, and ordinances of God's house, all seem to have no effect upon them. God's providential dealings with them, also, fail to lead them to bow to Him. They are brayed among the wheat in the mortar of God's afflicting providence, but while the righteous are sanctified the wicked are hardened. Their foolishness will not depart from them. "Sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death;" and so when the confirmed sinner goes into eternity, the fires of hell will have no tendency to purify him. He will be stubborn still, growing harder and more awfully wicked as his misery increases.

There is, then, a fearful risk in delaying the work of repentance, even for a day; for as persons advance from childhood to age, the power of sin over the character increases, so that, "his own iniquities shall take the wicked himself, and he shall be holden with the cords of his sins."

ARTICLE X.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The City of the Saints, and Across the Rocky Mountains to California, &c., &c. By RICHARD F. BURTON. New York: Harpers. 8vo. pp. 574. 1862.

FROM Mecca to Mormondom is certainly not the most unnatural of transitions: and we can hardly say that our lively and enterprising traveller has produced a less entertaining book out of the material of his explorations among western imposture, than he gave us a few years ago, from amidst the memorials of the great prophet of Islam. Mr. Burton is a thorough cosmopolite. He catches the profile of things about him with a ready eye; takes the wear and tear of travel with an unaffected nonchalance; makes the most of his situations, sometimes (we fancy) painting his sketches a little beyond the real life; is rather given to the bad habit of an ostentatious indifference to questions of moral and religious weight; in a word, possesses most of the good, with not a few of the decidedly evil, traits of a continual wanderer up and down in the earth. In this book, the last-named feature of his mind comes out strongly. He is very lenient to the "peculiar institution" of the Latter Day Saints. He does not, of

course, defend it. But then, it seems not particularly to disturb any conscientiousness in the Captain's bosom that a man should have a half dozen wives, more or less. It is merely a matter of taste to be settled on the "nil disputandum" dictum. Doubtless in part it is; but something beyond this, also, as a Christian man and woman might reasonably think. Our Englishman, however, appears to have no special regard for New Testament views. He repudiates fanaticism; and this with him is to regard any one system of religious opinions and practices as substantially better than another. He undoubtedly found himself very comfortable among the easy ways of Deseret, albeit that is the stronghold of a fanaticism which more mercilessly consigns the outside Gentiles to perdition than either of its old-world hierarchical cousins.

This volume is replete with valuable information. With other easily accessible works on the subject, it presents the singular community of which it treats as gradually growing into a large, and as we must think, a formidable excrescence, upon our body politic. Of the 200,000 Mormons, or, possibly, 250,000, scattered over the world, some 100,000, in round numbers, may be set down to the territory which they have selected for their chosen land. It is difficult to get at the exact census, as they are given to multiplying unduly in this matter of population. The Great Salt Lake city is the representative and exponent of their civil and spiritual polity. It is built between the Utah Lake, whose waters are sweet and wholesome, and the Great Salt Lake to the south. Curiously enough, these sheets of water are connected by a river about as long as the Jordan, thus giving a close geographical counterpart of the physical features of central Palestine, from the Sea of Galilee to the Dead Sea. The Salt Lake of Deseret is like that which flows above Sodom in the quality of its lifeless and dense contents; but this has islands, while that of the older history has none. To the north, also, of the Mormon Gennesaret, as in the other vicinity, warm springs bring the comparison yet nearer in its salient points. Here, then, the sacred city of the Saints has found its local habitation. Its topography is apocalyptic — its length, and breadth, and sides, are equal. Inside the outer limits, smaller squares of forty rods, or ten acres, are divided by streets eight rods wide, with twenty feet sidewalks. These spaces are princely. So, too, every dwelling must leave twenty feet of front ground between it and the sidewalk. House-lots are an acre and a fourth in size, or double this if the purchaser pleases. Public parks occur at intervals. The Jordan which flows down from the upper lake supplies the city with abundance of good water, and carries its sewerage off into the Salt

Sea, twelve miles below. All this external roominess and cleanliness is most commendable. Pity that it should contrast so violently with the type of civilization to which it supplies a home.

The whole of their territory is not far from six hundred miles in length by three hundred in breadth. It is dotted over with nominal towns and cities, but can scarcely be called settled beyond its main centre. The soil and climate are not desirable. It is a land of mountains and high valleys, with no large streams, but many lakes that are of little use. The weather is hot in summer and cold in winter. It is subject to drought, snow, dust, lightning, locusts, grasshoppers and early frosts. Forty-nine fiftieths of the land is unfit for tillage. Minerals of the coarser sort abound, but wood, of the harder kinds, is very scarce. A sportsman would find game enough, clean and unclean, on land and water. It is a country for cattle. Perhaps its owners like it well enough to stay; but since reading these pages we have not so much wondered at the recent hints of a Sandwich Island migration of this not as yet very stationary people.

The morals of Mormondom is as vexed a question as ever. Our traveller saw little to justify the statements of flagrant viciousness so often charged to its account, always excepting the legalized sensuality of the realm. Brigham Young is portrayed as abstemious in his habits, temperate, even to tobacco, and generally self-controlled. The police regulations are stringent against unchastity, gambling, and their concomitants; yet illegitimate offspring have equal rights of inheritance with others, a convenient arrangement for a large number of prospective expectants, if our national laws shall ever be enforced over that population. Slavery is tolerated, but restricted. The slave-woman obtains her freedom if used as a mistress. The actual number of slaves in Utah is scarcely a half hundred. Mormonism evidently does not want them much in this world, and in its heaven it has no place for them at all. It seems to think the soul of the negro as black as his body.

This mongrel ecclesiasticism does not encourage nor suppress education. It has but a limited literature, revolving in a narrow circle around its religious oracle; maintains a couple of newspapers under an easy censorship; and is trying to put the science of orthography into phonetics. A half dozen large sounding Institutes for the teaching of universal knowledge have an existence on paper, but other foundation than this they have not yet secured.

Is Mormonism a permanent addition to the so-called religious systems of the world? It certainly has not yet begun to show symptoms of disintegration and dissolution. Why should it not live as long as its

older corrupt kindred? We note a few of its leading views as of interest in this relation. They give us a Supreme God embodied as a man, in spirit only everywhere present; but of subordinate gods there is literally no end, because the souls of their believers all have an eventual deification. Matter is eternal, for God is material, and absolute creation is impossible. Revelations have extended from Abraham to Joseph Smith — embracing topics ranging all the way from the highest spiritual and ethical doctrines to the prohibition of hot drinks and tobacco. Something like the biblical views of sin and redemption are preserved, but with essential perversions. The ordering of church forms and officials is minutely detailed, and is a mixture of Levitical and Pagan precedents, thoroughly conservative of prelatic power, be the name as it may. So, too, its "last things" are a jumble of strangely assorted ideas — partly in the line of the catholic interpretation of gospel-predictions, partly pre-millennial, and wholly in the interests, as might be expected, of the members of this new church. Whatever of truth it appears to indorse from the Bible it fatally falsifies by its presumptuous admixtures. Its theology is as grossly at fault as is its central conception of social morality.

Mormonism is the great riddle of this century. Its birth and growth are an entire retrogression from all our theories of the progress of civilization. It has taken, and it holds thus far successfully, a position which historically belongs to a much earlier period of the world. It is just now making an immense effort to cover, with a fair outside suit of mild and seemly manners, a mass of deep and festering corruption which, if experience can teach anything reliably, must, sooner or later, convert that seat of its power into another Sodom and Gomorrah, if it be not this already. We have not yet a thoroughly consistent and exhaustive treatment of the subject in any of the works which have essayed its discussion. Some are too partial; some, too belligerent. The topic is worthy another De Tocqueville, if such there were, to handle it. It will have to be studied more carefully than it has been; and it bids fair to demand something more than a study, when other more pressing problems have been settled.

America before Europe. Principles and Interests. By Count AGÉNOR DE GASPARI. Translated from the advance sheets, by MARY L. BOOTH. New York: Charles Scribner. 12mo. pp. 419.

WE have a high respect for Count Gasparin, as a man of genius, of learning, of religious principles, of independent thought, and a man

who not unfrequently gets a better understanding of American ideas, institutions, and affairs, than is common among European writers. Because he is such a man, his works cannot be taken as proof of the prevailing sentiment of Europe, or even of enlightened evangelical men in Europe, concerning us and our matters. His views are the result of his own studies, and not of the common talk of any class of men in Europe. Indeed, he does not attempt to disguise the fact, that he writes, not to express European public sentiment, but to guide it, and because, in his judgment, it needs guiding.

A year ago, he published his "Uprising of a Great People"; decidedly sustaining the government of the United States in its contest with the rebels of the South and their friends and favorers in Europe. The work contained many things very well said, and worthy of serious study on both sides of the Atlantic. The intelligent American reader, however, would discover instances, in which he had taken the misrepresentations of political partisans for facts, especially if they had come to him through religious channels. Such of these views as rested on these facts, were of course incorrect.

His present work is a great advance on the former; though not entirely free from similar inaccuracies. It boldly grapples with the sophisms by which European, and especially English statesmen, have defended their practical sympathy with the "Southern Confederacy." On the acknowledgment of the "Confederacy" as "belligerents," the right of the South to secede, the "Trent Affair," and other similar topics, he writes what is not only gratifying to our national wishes, but adapted to instruct some of our own statesmen. The result is, that though the book cannot, in all things, be taken as a guide, it is one of very great value, and is well worth careful study. It deserves a formal review.

The translating is, in the main, well done, though there has been occasionally a failure to catch the exact force of a French idiom. In that particular, the translator needs to perfect herself. We have noticed similar defects in her former translations.

Defence of the Rev. Rowland Williams, D. D., in the Arches Court of Canterbury. By JAMES FITZ-JAMES STEPHEN, M. A., of the Inner Temple, &c., &c. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 12mo. pp. 383. 1862.

THIS learned lawyer maintains the entire right of the defendant, or of any clergyman of the English Church, to utter by mouth or pen the sentiments which make up the sixteen specifications of dangerous

error for which Dr. Williams has lately sustained an ecclesiastical trial. That the advocate has exhausted the apologetic resources of his cause is undeniable; no one can do more in that direction. Canonically judged, he may have shown that his client has not passed beyond the limits of the laws laid down by the received authorities for the control of the teaching of the clergy. If this be so, (which we still gravely doubt,) then that Church is the veriest conceivable playground of the widest and the wildest latitudinarianism. We fancy the pleading has proved too much; for this cannot be if the Christian Church be, in any intelligible sense, "the pillar and ground of the truth." Mr. Stephen admits no dereliction of official duty in the case. The defence is bold, and almost defiant in its demands. In a word, English clergymen are under no doctrinal restrictions whatever, if this argument is sound.

But when the advocate attempts to bolster such free thinking as this Essayist puts forth, by citations from the treatises of such men as Hooker, Taylor, Chillingworth, Warburton, Watson, a word must be said as to the *animus* of the respective writers. Whatever such persons may have held in the way of criticism and stricture in religious science, they never did it in a manner and in connections which carried aid and comfort to the enemies of the Christian faith, always on the look-out for contributions of this sort. This is significant. Men quickly show what they enjoy. Why have these "Essays and Reviews" been so positively relished by the rankest infidelity of the day, while the volumes of those other divines which, according to this "Defence," are as reprehensible as this heretical dissertation, are the least of attractions to the seekers of sceptical sympathy? Those authors may have expressed unwise and untrue opinions; they are not infallible. But they were the farthest removed from the questionable position of these later gentlemen; and none know it better than the infidels of these times, as did their predecessors equally. Their judgment is decisive. We must still use this old word, although fashionably speaking, there are no "infidels" now.

The same remark applies to the similar statement, in a recent article of a near neighbor of ours, upon the "Replies to Essays and Reviews" and the "Aids to Faith" — that these works might be made to furnish just about as much objectionable matter as the book which they endeavor to refute, if anybody would take the trouble to get up a set of parallel columns to this effect. The answer is obvious and sufficient. Whatever resemblances might thus be verified, the relations of such passages to the argument in hand, their connection with other modifying and explanatory positions, and the whole drift of the au-

thors, take these concessions completely out of the use and gratification of the impugnors of Christianity. We wonder that acute critics should not see the lameness of this argumentation.

We object as decidedly to the tone of extenuation volunteered for the clerical school of ultra rationalism, on each side the water — that it is only providing for the demands of advancing knowledge, scientific and linguistic, for which, it is assumed, there is otherwise no place among students of theology and the Bible. The insinuation is, that modern research in these directions has no friends except these looser constructionists of Christian ideas and standards; that it cannot find room to accommodate all the genuine truth it discovers inside the fair interpretation of the older church-creeds and symbols. That is — all others than the Liberals, who pursue these investigations, are incapable, by their position, of accepting the advance of legitimate inquiry, and are perforce the pledged antagonists of progress in thorough scholarship. We should not need go as far as the “Westminster” to illustrate what we thus condemn. Of course, men who write so, know that such opinions are foolishly untenable. It is only the stale fling loosely thrown out again: “Who but we, the advocates of an easy toleration, have the great poets, orators, scholars?” The Universalists have taken up, just now, the blunted shaft, and fitted it to their bow. They, at length, have the immortal literature in their special charge. Nothing is destined any more to live but that which is inspired by their central dogma. It is quite time to hush such self-conceit. Room enough can be had for science and good letters indefinitely, without removing the word of God out of its place.

Considerations on Representative Government. By JOHN STUART MILL, &c., &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 365. 1862.

THE logical mind of this publicist has here a congenial topic. His sympathies, also, are strongly attracted to the theme of his searching analysis and sturdy argumentation. The ability of the discussion is unquestionable, while differences of judgment, on some debated points, will very likely be found among its readers. We can only indicate a few of the weighty and very practical points which come in for consideration in these pages. The executive administration of a nation should not be put into the hands of its representatives, although ultimately it lodges there. Government must have a veto power, which, according to Mr. Mill, is less arbitrarily used in Great Britain than among ourselves. He contends that the whole body of representatives should

not be intrusted with the business of legislation, for which they have not enough knowledge, but that this should be done by commissioners preparing measures for the action of the assembly, which, however, must have the ratifying or rejecting power. This would save much confusion and contradiction in the statute-book. The main function of a congress or parliament is *to talk*, that is, to discuss, or (as we are getting to say) to ventilate all matters of public interest — thus furnishing a safety-valve to the State. We should almost have thought the writer shooting a quiver-full of quiet irony at us, just here, had he not gone into so grave a defence of this position :

“ Such ‘ talking ’ would never be looked upon with disparagement, if it were not allowed to stop ‘ doing ; ’ which it never would, if assemblies knew and acknowledged that talking and discussion are their proper business, while *doing*, as the result of discussion, is the task, not of a miscellaneous body, but of individuals specially trained to it ; that the fit office of an assembly is to see that those individuals are honestly and intelligently chosen, and to interfere no further with them, except by unlimited latitude of suggestion and criticism — and by applying or withholding the final seal of national assent.” — p. 117.

But as long as everybody thinks himself a little wiser than his neighbor, we fear that these committees or commissions would have as much folly as wisdom in their composition. Still we like the conservative temper of the suggestion, and in fact generally of the work. The author is just in his exposure of the dangers of class-legislation which capital has so many methods of securing. He is very sensible upon the rights of minorities ; comes out boldly in behalf of the voting of women ; denies that representatives should be instructed by their constituents ; but holds that these should select men to act for them whom they can trust — good men and honest, even if not precisely of their partisan platform — and then confide in their decisions. He earnestly maintains that judges should not be made by popular election, in which we as heartily concur. His remarks on this head are worthy the closest attention. So, too, are those which point to the perils of place-hunting — “ the multiplication of public employments ” to give more people room for promotion — persons everywhere too numerous, —

“ who would rather pay higher taxes than diminish, by the smallest fraction, their individual chances of a place for themselves or their relatives ; and among whom a cry for retrenchment never means abolition of offices, but the reduction of the salaries of those which are too considerable for the ordinary citizen to have any chance of being appointed to them.” — p. 96.

This work is wholesome, in the main ; but it pictures rather an ideal commonwealth, than anything which we have yet seen actualized. It

suggests a question as painful as it is pertinent ;— is there a people on the face of the earth morally and intellectually fit for such a government as is here portrayed ?

Commentary on the Epistles to the Seven Churches in Asia. Revelation II., III. By RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D.D., Dean of Westminster. New York : Charles Scribner. 12mo. pp. 312. 1862.

BESIDE the ripe learning, the doctrinal sobriety, and the devout spirit of this writer, we greatly admire his good, masculine common-sense. An intimate acquaintance with modern hermeneutical science, as cultivated in the German schools, has not spoiled him as a biblical guide. His fondness for word-criticism finds a rich opportunity to indulge itself, in the peculiar phraseology of these chapters of the Apocalypse, but we do not think him fanciful in his opinions, in most instances. His remarks upon Greek and Hebrew symbolism, (64–67,) and his application of them to the interpretation of the “white stone” and the “new name,” as referring to the Urim and Thummin of the high priest, (170–181,) are worthy of consideration. We should wish to suspend judgment on the explanation of the meaning of the number “seven”—that it is made up of the mystic number of Deity, which is *three*, and of that of the world, which is *four*. The illustration is ingenious and curious as here given, but we distrust the logic of coincidences. Still, there is a reason, of course, for the use of the biblical “seven,” and this *may* be it. We are much more sure that the angels of the churches were *not* Episcopal bishops, though we agree with Trench against Alford, that they were Christian ministers instead of heavenly spirits. Our author regards the Nicolaitanes and Balaamites as identical, and as denoting not a sect of doctrinal errorists, so much as a class of people who “sought to introduce a false freedom, the freedom of the flesh, into the church of God,” like that early “anti-Moses” thus developed into an Antichrist. He maintains that Polycarp was the angel of the church of Smyrna to whom this epistle was addressed, and suggests that Archippus presided over the Laodicean church, to whom Paul, in the epistle to the Colossians, sent a reprimand for pastoral unfaithfulness. The tone of this volume is eminently serious and edifying. It closes with a dissertation on the “Historico-prophetical interpretation” of these seven epistles. While considering them as representative of the various conditions of the people of Christ, Dean Trench repudiates the idea that they are to be taken as typical of the course of church-history in the subsequent

periods of the world, as Mede, and after him, Cocceius proposed. The observation is striking, that the two of these churches which are most severely condemned (Sardis and Laodicea) are the only ones which had no conflicts with either external or internal enemies: hence, we are reminded, that uninterrupted social prosperity is an immeasurably worse lot than even persecution for truth and righteousness. The book is replete with similar instruction. We join with its author in wonder and regret that these seven letters to *our* churches, as well as to those ancient brotherhoods, have no place in the rubrical readings of the English Church, while other portions of the "Revelation" are admitted, and (as we are told) selections also even from the Apocrypha. Surely the solemn refrain — "He that hath an ear let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches" — should be heard in those temples of our faith, as well as in others less careful of an ancient name.

Permanent Documents of the Society for the Promotion of Collegiate and Theological Education at the West. Vols. I., II., III. New York: John F. Trow.

It is quite a common and hurtful mistake that the reports of our benevolent societies and the discourses which their anniversaries call forth have merely a transient value, and hardly enough of even this to justify the expense of their publication. We suspect it to be a general feeling that such publication is mostly a thing of prescriptive and personal compliment; at least this would be a natural inference from the way these documents go a-begging for readers in our churches and among our ministers. It would be well if the collection of papers above-named might dispel that error, as it certainly must, if carefully examined. These volumes comprise an amount and quality of educational discussion which is as varied as it is weighty and permanently valuable. Their contents are the harvesting of well-ripened fruit. The ablest minds among us are contributors to these treasures. The Secretary of the Society has made the subject his life-study, on a circle of broad and generous survey. His reports have always struck us as of a very superior degree of excellence. We are glad that they have not been merely "flying words," but here have found an enduring embodiment. With the accompanying sermons and addresses, they will enrich any library, and should find their way into many. We are surprised that, upon the same general topic, running through so many years of investigation, there should not be more of sameness in the views presented and the style of handling. But Christian edu-

cation, in its higher circuits, is a many-sided theme; and under the treatment of the men whose names bestud these goodly volumes, it could not fall into staleness and monotony.

The work which this society has done and here recorded is the direct outgrowth of the principles of mental and moral order which planted our Puritan commonwealth, and our free republic. These volumes are a noble vindication of those primordial ideas of our Christian civilization. Several quite extended treatises are republished in these pages which were produced under the patronage of this association, and have already had a wide circulation; as, Prof. Porter's able essay on the "Educational Systems of the Jesuits and the Puritans," and Prof. Tyler's essay on "Prayer for Colleges," and others of scarcely less excellence. We trust the time is coming when our reading public will resume their taste for something besides the details of battles. "Peace hath her victories as well as war;" and none of these are more honorable than the planting and fostering of seminaries of learning in new and feeble communities. The "College Society" (as it is usually called) has done a great service to the State and to the Church, by saving not a few of these institutions, which must have died out but for its assistance. These volumes contain invaluable materials for the future use of the historians of the development of our western growth to empire.

Introduction to the Study of the Gospels; with Historical and Explanatory Notes. By BROCKE FOSS WESTCOTT, M.A., formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; author of a "History of the New Testament Canon," &c. With an Introduction by HORATIO B. HACKETT, D.D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 59 Washington Street. pp. 476. 1862.

THIS critical and learned work ranks deservedly among the very first and most valuable modern contributions to the cause of sacred learning. Probably nothing has been written which so fully meets the objections which such sceptics as Porphyry, Strauss, and Parker have raised against the Gospels on the ground of variations which they affirm to be contradictory, and hence subversive of the historical credibility of the Evangelists. The method here adopted for meeting these objections, is the embodying of a calm, careful, and full examination of the Gospels, resulting in a mass of evidence in favor of the peculiar character of these narratives, and settling the principles which distinguish them from other writings. The peculiar traits, training, habits, and aims of the several writers, are made to stand out promi-

nently; thus not only justifying their apparent contrariety, but also causing their essential oneness with each other to appear all the more marked and real. We have thus far seen only one thing in the volume which is unsatisfactory, and that is in regard to the nature of Inspiration. Inspiration as a fact is fully maintained. But there are sentences which look like defining Inspiration to consist in the enlarging or informing the human faculties, the supernatural strengthening of the human powers.

We have no hesitation, however, in saying, that the whole volume deserves, and will richly repay, the careful study of all ministers of the Gospel, and all students and seekers after correct knowledge of the Holy Scriptures.

Discourses and Essays. By WILLIAM G. T. SHEDD. Andover : Warren F. Draper. Boston : Gould & Lincoln. pp. 324. 1862.

THIS is a new edition with some corrections, and the addition of a profound and valuable essay on the doctrine of Atonement. The original volume has been highly valued by earnest scholars, and has contributed not a little to the spread of just views in philosophy and theology. The additional essay fills a wide gap in modern discussion, and fills it in the most ample and satisfactory manner. Against the low and superficial notion that, in the reconciliation of man with God, the change of feeling and relationship is solely upon the side of man, it presents an impregnable buttress of scripture argument on the side of the apostle in his position that "a mediator is not a mediator of one," there must be two persons between whom to mediate; that there is in the Godhead that which requires a judicial satisfaction for sin, and which, when satisfied, produces the specific sense of propitiation in the Deity; that God, and not man, being the party offended by sin, it is *his* nature which requires the sacrifice and satisfaction. This position established, how naturally and beautifully it follows that the atonement is no arbitrary requirement on the part of God; and that the atonement is complete and ample, satisfying both the Divine and human natures. Christ came to *fulfil*, not destroy the law. The oblation is complete. "Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died."

Heath: its Friends and its Foes. By R. D. MUSSEY, M. D., L.L. D., &c., &c., &c. Boston : Gould & Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 368. 1862.

So many pages as these, from the pen of so scientific and sagacious an observer of men and things, must contain a large amount of solid

information and valuable advice. The Doctor does not ride a hobby in the dogged fashion of some of these dietetical gentlemen. For this he has our thanks, as well as for the many excellencies of his volume. But these books and journals of health must be used with discrimination, and not in a spirit of servile compliance. Health has not come to the present writer, after years of its loss, through their rules and prescriptions; but by taking time, amidst multifarious and increasing engagements, for a plenty of free, out-door exercise. An hour or two a day in the saddle, cantering breezily over the hills, and among the pines, with a rubber suit, *cap-a-pie*, to defy the storms, will give one a more hilarious deliverance from the fears of indigestion, and its host of concomitant ills, than any painstaking sanitary regime that we have ever heard of. We fancy that too much care about "what shall we eat and what shall we drink," has made as many valetudinarians as it has cured. We distrust this self-experimenting, with a nervous aversion. There is a deal of philosophy in the "asking no questions" doctrine of the apostle. Charles Lamb tells of a friend who gloried in the profoundest scepticism as to whether he had a stomach, and who used to rally his splenetic acquaintances by declaring that, without any liver, so far as he knew, he should be the longest liver of them all. We commend the learned professor's volume as richly freighted with important principles and facts which every intelligent person should understand. We have no idea of disparaging its counsels, while we confess a passion for the "*cornipedum pulsu*" — or, as a facetious clerical neighbor of ours puts it; — 'the outside of a horse is good for the inside of a man.'

North America. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE; Author of "The West Indies and the Spanish Main," &c., &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 623. 1862.

CERTAINLY it is not a very high commendation, but such as it is we give it — that this is the best book of travels in our country, from a foreigner, which has appeared for some years past. The name of the author reminds us of a foolish enough fit of vexation which another similarly announced production inflicted on us some thirty years ago. We are wiser now; and quite enjoy a good castigation. This gentleman would be too dull for our endurance, were he at all less sharp in his strictures. Many of them are just, and echo the muttered monosyllables which have often struggled at our lips, in railway cars, both steam and horse, in hotels, lecture-halls, and elsewhere — particularly since the recent crinoline dispensation has almost unsexed a

large part of our population — see pp. 188 *et seq.* The remark is severe but true, that the majority of women among us demand the courtesies of chivalry without returning any acknowledgment, whereby they vacate all right to such attentions. The tourist gives us lively descriptions of scenery and society — sufficient to keep up the reader's interest ; with here and there a more studied attempt to analyze our peculiarities, and to play the philosopher among us. He makes mistakes, (we have not space to specify them,) yet fewer than most of his class ; is kindly disposed towards us, and appreciates our real strength and capabilities. We almost wonder that a countryman of Dr. "Times" Russell should devote a chapter and more to a defence of our side of the War. Mr. Trollope makes a fair case for us, but by no means exhausts its conclusive points. He shows his friendliness, however, and that is something in these days. On the whole, we think that the son has atoned for the mother's petulance, and very well redeemed the family name.

There is some careless writing in this volume, as "speciality" for specialty ; "central" for central ; "strategie" instead of strategic or strategical ; "Augustine age" instead of Augustan age ; and other similar slips ; but a much greater faultiness lies in the Bacchic proclivities of the traveller, of which he appears, however, to be most complacently unconscious. In the wine and beer and toddy direction, he seems disposed to let his *moderation* be known unto all men.

The Way to Life. Sermons by THOMAS GUTHRIE, D. D. Author of "The Gospel in Ezekiel," &c., &c. 12mo. pp. 336. New York : R. Carter & Brothers. 1862.

NEITHER the written nor the spoken eloquence of Dr. Guthrie is much to our taste. His mind is sprightly and ingenious : he paints with a free pencil, and without a very careful mixing of his colors. He is too illustrative for the best power of the pulpit — dashes off after too many alluring fancies, makes Christian truth more pretty than subduing. We miss, not evangelical sentiments, and what seems like genuine unction, but a strong enough grasp upon the great pillars of the eternal temple. He does not grapple with the elements of the gospel-system as did Chalmers, as does Candlish. He ornaments and embellishes profusely. We like a simpler taste, a purer style of decoration. But he pleases the popular mind, and is successful both as preacher and author. Doubtless he has done many people much good who would be quite inaccessible to a chaster method of Christian instruction.

ARTICLE XI.

THE ROUND TABLE.

DOG-DAYS CRITICISM. — It has usually been thought best, in efforts to reclaim the sinner, to begin by bestowing commendation on the offender, if there was anything to commend. So did Paul in his epistles, and wise men have followed in his steps. But a writer in the "Congregationalist," of August 8, reverses this, in a notice of our article on Sabbath-school Literature. He first comes down upon us with such sweeping charges as that the writer of our article "singles out the books of one publisher only" for criticism, because he has "a virulent and unchristian" spirit to gratify, and "a spite against somebody," and moreover, because he "thought it would not be safe" to examine the publications of the "Massachusetts S. S. Society, the American S. S. Union, the Baptist Publication Society, or the Methodist Book Concern;" and that the Boston Review is just the place for such a spirit and such a criticism. Now since the writer of our article did not single out the books of one publisher only, but did the very thing which this witness says would have been "fair criticism," what does our friend GAIL HAMILTON think a pagan would call the so positive statement we have quoted? And since the thing charged was not done at all, how could it be done in a virulent unchristian spirit, and to gratify a spite? And once more, what shall be thought of this man's fitness to pronounce judgment on another man's spirit?

But having completed his fulmination against ourselves, this writer proceeds to give us *his* views of our Sabbath-school Literature, after a fashion which seems to us so much like a commendation of our article, that, but for the whirlwind at the outset, we should have accepted it as such without a minute's hesitation, with some slight exceptions. Thus he says, that "all our Sabbath-school Societies turn off from the press a considerable amount of trash;" that the committees of publication are "very loose in their examination of manuscripts;" that the writers are "entirely incompetent;" that "it used to be said of Taunton water (a libel on the place) that it was too weak to run down hill; and it may be said of many of our Sunday-school books, that they are so weak as to turn the stomach even of the young reader."

How large a proportion of all our Sunday-school books are of this sort this deponent saith not, but affirms of all our publishing societies

that they "are not willing to pay for first-class manuscripts;" that "the commonest writers, with few exceptions, furnish the books for them;" and, finally, that "some private publishing-houses issue a larger proportion of books, well written and well packed with thought for children — bad as some of them are — than our Sunday-school Depositories"!

The writer is evidently "smart," although "the mercury in the thermometer ranging too high," as he says, would seem to have muddled his wits or disturbed his temper at the commencement of his article; but if he will expand his views a little, and put them into a more finished shape, when the mercury ranges lower, and send them to us, we think he may furnish an admirable supplement to our article, causing our readers to exclaim in his own words, if not in his own spirit, "It is no wonder that the author sought the Boston Review as a medium for his thoughts."

ON MINDING YOUR OWN BUSINESS. — What a very happy thing it is to have a wise and faithful Mentor, who can see for us all our perils, correct our mistakes, rebuke our faults, and guide us in the true and safe path! Our nation is preëminently blessed in this respect, far beyond the Prince of Ithaca. He had one Mentor; we have many. Chief among these *princeps inter nobiles* is Dr. John Campbell, of the London "British Standard." From the very commencement of our great national troubles he has seen all things with an almost superhuman perspicacity, and has poured upon us his vaticinations with far more than Delphic assurance.

Let us congratulate ourselves that at length, and for once, he sees us in the right. In his issue of August 1, he says: "If ever men were in earnest, the President and the Congress are; they merit the confidence and the admiration of the whole civilized world. We feel such oneness with them that we make their cause our own." This is most cheering, certainly; but let us not felicitate ourselves too far. Has the astute Doctor come to the conclusion that the American Union is worth saving? Oh, not at all! "Unless as it related to slavery, we never felt much interest in the maintenance of the Union." This is frank and sincere, and we greatly admire it. The good Doctor speaks the honest sentiments of a great multitude of Englishmen. They never felt much interest in the maintenance of the Union, — never felt much interest in its *maintenance*! Very well, and what then? Why, nothing, we say. We don't care whether they did or not. It is not of the very smallest consequence, though England is good and great above all European nations, and her people are good

and wise, and Dr. Campbell is eminent among her wise and good men. The American Union, will not stand a single day longer for their good opinion, or fall an hour sooner without it.

We are doing to-day the very same thing which we began to do in the spring of 1861, — fighting for the “maintenance of the Union.” This is the thing which we shall continue to do, and to do in our own way. We shall crush whatever opposes our progress; not only slavery wherever it exists, but, if need be, the constitution of every slave State, reducing all to the condition of territories. In the mean time and thereafter we shall hope to maintain pleasant relations with England and all other foreign States, based on the principles which usually operate in such cases, — not a large amount of disinterested benevolence, or magnanimity, or special affection, but a wise self-interest, commercial necessity, and comprehensive State policy, in the spirit of mutual independence, and self-respect, and international comity.

A STRONG desire has lately been expressed that the new Professor in Andover shall be a Simon-pure Congregationalist, and that of the old John Robinson stamp. It is well enough to “make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter.” But is not the theology within the cup of some value? Shall only the men who guard the latter be called contentious? “These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone.” It is a bad sign to pay tithe of mint, and anise, and cummin, while the weightier matters of the law are omitted. We like, too, this exhortation to return to the old paths, the purer John Robinson ways. But let not those who make changes in Congregationalism call their corruptions “improvements,” and the results of the “more light” which was to break out from the Scriptures in coming days.

It may perhaps be worth while to correct a slight error in a former number, and to say, that more knowledge of the recent celebrity who wrote “*The Recreations of a Country Parson*,” than was current among us when our review of that work was published, makes him a minister of the Established Church of Scotland instead of the “Anglican Church,” as there intimated.

BOSTON REVIEW.

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ARTICLE I.

PERSEVERANCE IN GRACE.

WE once listened with no small surprise to the statement, from the incumbent of a city pulpit who was not a novice — that a person may be an impenitent sinner to-day ; may be regenerated to-morrow ; may then become perfectly sanctified ; next, apostatize from holiness ; then die in his sins, and perish in hell forever. This is putting the dogma of “falling from grace” in a more startling way than is common. But, admitting the fact of such a fall, there is a logical consistency in the terms of this category. We rather, on the whole, like its bluntness, on the same principle that an open field engagement is more pleasant than a skirmish through thick woods. We take issue with both premise and conclusion. The “indefectibility of grace,” as the fathers confessed it, which is dropping out of the faith of not a few of our modern orthodox Christians, is a part of our creed. We shall begin our discussion by clearing the path of some misconceptions.

This doctrine is not, that every one who supposes himself to be a Christian, or is thus esteemed by others, will ultimately be saved. It is not, that all who seem to furnish good evidence of piety will reach the state of glory. This would deny the possibility of false judgments concerning our spiritual condition. It is not, that all who belong to Christ’s visible church will be

finally folded with his sheep. This would assert the error that the lines of the true church are accurately drawn on earth, as they will be between the right hand and left of the Judge. It is not, again, that a sincerely good man, a child of God, may not slide away from duty, from the consciousness of present communion and acceptance with God. Nor are we to argue this often raised point — whether, *if* a Christian should die in unforgiven sin, he would be lost. Our position is — that such a supposition is not admissible; that regeneration is an imperishable act, an irrevocable change; that a soul renewed by the Holy Spirit will remain in that kingdom of God to which it is thus introduced. Or negatively, the truth affirmed denies, that it has ever occurred, or will occur, that a sinner, born again in the image of Christ, has lost or shall lose that image, so as to perish in ungodliness.

Nor does our argument require us to show that Christians are perfect; that they are not counselled and warned to avoid ruin; that their complete redemption is not conditioned by their endurance unto the end. The very question is — do they thus endure, by virtue of the provisions of the love of God ordained for this specific purpose?

The affirmative is maintained. On what ground, then, is the certainty based that all true believers in God will continue in grace forever? We must deal a moment longer in negatives.

This certainty does not stand in the power of any Christian to preserve himself from apostasy. He can no more do this than he could originally bring himself out of moral death into the new life.

Nor is his safety dependent on the absence of spiritual and Satanic assaults, tempting him to disobedience. Contrary to this, his perseverance is one long victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil.

Nor can this assurance lie in the nature itself of regeneration. There seems to be no absolute impossibility for holiness, in any finite being, to abdicate its throne to its antagonist; for a renewed heart to rebel even unto perdition against God. Holy principle and life are the same essentially in all their subjects. And sinless angels have fallen. So did Adam apostatize from his primal perfection. This fearful step downward has

more than once been taken. This, then, cannot be a righteous man's defence — that the elements themselves of a holy character preclude its loss. Such a revolution backwards has been : and where obedience rests in a covenant of legal deservings, where righteousness is of works, that direful change may be again, for aught we know, as among yet unsinning angels, or the unfallen of other worlds, if such there be. The great and the sure foundation, upon which our doctrine reposes is — the promise of God to this distinct fact, as embodied in the covenant of grace and redemption.

This is the point where the Calvinistic and the Armenian interpretations of Scripture divide : — the watershed which throws the theological streams east and west. The rejection of the perseverance of the regenerate, in holiness, is only a corollary from the denial of the personal election of believers to salvation. This explains the otherwise singular zeal of some good people in contending apparently against the probabilities of their own final well-being. / It is impossible to separate these doctrines. They stand or fall together. / One philosophy maintains them ; another discards them. But it is not merely or mainly a philosophical difference. It is a biblical issue. Hence, we do not lay stress, in this debate, upon general reasonings concerning the attributes and government of God. Satisfactory as these views are to those who receive the truth here affirmed, we prefer, with an eye to others, to give our space largely to the simple, positive, conclusive testimony of Revelation.

The fifty-third chapter of the prophecy of Isaiah lays down the plan of Christ's mediation between God and man, with this distinct pledge :

“ And Jehovah was pleased to crush him, he put him to grief : when his soul shall make an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of Jehovah in his hand shall prosper. From the labor of his soul (or life) he shall see, he shall be satisfied ; by his knowledge (the knowledge of him) shall my servant as a righteous one give righteousness to many, and their iniquities he will bear. Therefore will I divide to him among the many, and with the strong shall he divide the spoil, in lieu of this that he bared unto death his soul, and with the transgressors was numbered,

and he himself bare the sin of many, and for the transgressors he shall make intercession."*

So in David it is promised to the Messiah; "a seed shall serve him." Ps. xxii. 30. This arrangement guaranteed that Christ should be victorious over moral rebellion, in the person of man, to a certain extent, through the knowledge of him by sinners; "and this is determined by the whole connection to mean practical, experimental knowledge, involving faith, and a self-appropriation of the Messiah's righteousness": † that, while he offered life to all freely who had "gone astray", (ver. 6,) this offer should not hopelessly and indiscriminately be rejected by all: that divine compassion, forbearing to execute speedy justice on the rebellious, and divine influences moving their souls, should effect the surrender of some of Adam's race to God: that thus Christ should possess a spiritual offspring of sons and daughters over whom to reign as king in Zion forever. This is the doctrine of Election: not that Christ died for only a part of mankind — the one "all" in the sixth verse of this Messianic chapter measures the other: not that the offer of redemption is made to a part only: not that the Holy Spirit is sent to strive with here and there a sinner: but *this* — God has covenanted to see to it that all shall not finally persist in refusing provided grace. How many and who these shall be is fixed by his selecting decree. And with this new-born seed — the travail of his life and death — Christ shall be satisfied.

In accordance with this, Christians are commonly spoken of in the evangelical Scriptures as 'given to Christ by the Father'; as 'chosen of God'; the 'elect'. So in Revelation; 'they that are with him are called, and chosen, and faithful'; xvii. 14. So in Peter: 'a chosen generation'; 1, ii. 9. And Paul: 'According as He hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world' — of course, *then*, if ever, since God is immutable — 'that we should be holy . . . having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will'; Eph. i. 4, 5. Now, we repeat, the eternal covenant, in view of our Lord's redemptive mission, was — that the salvation, purchased amply and freely

* J. A. Alexander's Translation.

† Same, on Isaiah liii.

for all, should be accepted by some of a lost race : that when all joined alike in a rejection of Christ, when all should resist the Spirit, still, so far as consistent with God's wisdom, the boundary-lines of which territory are known only to him, that Spirit should influence guilty rejecters of grace to an actual repentance as God's foreordination should appoint ; that thus Christ's crown should not be without its jewels ; that thus he should possess a people of renewed hearts to the praise of his suffering love and living power, and for the enlargement of his righteous kingdom.

The doctrine therefore which we defend denies that a soul chosen of God in Christ from before the birth of time, to become holy, may after all fall from that holiness and remain an impenitent rebel forever. For if *one*, then *all* so given to Christ, may perish. Then Christ, after all his pains and expiation, may have no seed, no posterity. That is, in direct contradiction of his own declaration, some power may arise, and, by the position adversely held, frequently does arise, which wrests from the fellowship of Jesus those whom the Father has given him under the provisions of his redemption. Let him, the "Faithful and True Witness," be heard in rebutting evidence: "My sheep hear my voice and I know them and they follow me: and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." What part of this number shall never perish? "By me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved"; that is, *he* shall not perish. The fair, unforced, unanswerable testimony of Christ is this; if a human soul is admitted into his kingdom of salvation, is numbered among his real friends, that soul shall never be lost: "neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." Then they shall remain in his hand, his protecting, saving, care. "My Father who gave them me is greater than all, and none is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand." John x. Therefore, until some power arises mightier than the united energies of Jehovah and his Almighty Son, the saints will not be carried captive into perdition.

"Verily, verily I say unto you, he that heareth my word and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death

unto life." John v. 24. Here, under a formal and solemn asseveration, and in a purely didactic style, Christ teaches the truth, that belief in his commission, rightly exercised, is inseparable from the enjoyment of spiritual and endless life — a restored harmony with God and holiness. Will he lose it, and thus go back to the dominion of moral death? No: he *hath* everlasting life, dating from the hour of the second birth. He "shall not come into condemnation" because he "is passed" — once and forever out of it. Consequently, he shall not fall from grace, for this would remand him again into condemnation, which Christ declares shall never be. Cf. Romans viii. 1.

In his conversation with the Samaritan woman, the same thought is thus expressed: "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." John iv. 14. Thirst is here the emblem of unregeneracy, corresponding to condemnation in the foregoing. It shall never thus return. So, under another form: "I am the living bread that came down from heaven; if any man eat of this bread he shall live forever." John vi. 51. The promise is without limitation or qualification to every one who has eaten of that bread of life.

Now, to say to all this evidence of our Lord in person — that it only means that a man shall not perish of spiritual hunger or thirst so long as he eats the heavenly bread and drinks the living water, that he shall not be under condemnation so long as he believes, is alike to beg the exact point in debate, and to misconstrue the record. Will he ever cease to believe — is the inquiry. Christ could hardly have talked so inconsequentially as the other side would have him — as thus: 'He that believeth on me hath everlasting life, and he shall have everlasting life so long as he has everlasting life, that is, so long as he believes on me.' 'He that drinketh of this water shall never thirst, and he shall never thirst so long as he never thirsts, that is, so long as he drinks of this water.' 'He that eateth of this bread shall live forever, and he shall live forever so long as he lives forever, that is, so long as he eateth of this bread.' This is to go a great way round to say what, when said, would hardly repay the trouble in the amount of information gained.

It is reversing the biblical order of cause and effect to contend that the promised heritage of joy and honor is merely pledged to the Christian, provided he continues a Christian. This is not that of which Paul was "persuaded" in the closing up of the magnificent eighth of Romans. "If children, then heirs." "Whom he justified, them he also glorified." The assurance is, that being in the former, he shall go on unto the latter, state. "Being confident of this very thing, that he who has begun a good work in you, will perform it until the day of Christ"; Phil. i. 6: *ἐπιτελέσει* — a significatio pregnans, says Bloomfield, the full sense being; "will go on with it unto, and finish it at," the day or coming of Christ, the day of death. Justification once pronounced is never revoked: regeneration once wrought is never repeated: so we read the Scriptures. This is the covenant from everlasting to everlasting.

But the same covenant which assures the salvation of the regenerate, secures also the means of this result; that is, *their* perseverance in grace. This is an essential feature of the whole transaction. It is the utter perversion of our doctrine to say that it throws upon God the entire concern of our preservation in holiness without intermediate agencies. On the contrary, our position is, that God will keep from spiritual ruin the renewed in heart, by motives addressing our moral consciousness, by providential and gracious influences adapted to this end, and to our constitutional endowments. His method with them is, that he does not wholly take his Holy Spirit from them. "He restoreth my soul." "If they break my statutes and keep not my commandments, then will I visit their transgressions with the rod, and their iniquities with stripes. Nevertheless, my loving kindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail. My covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of my lips. Once have I sworn by my holiness, that I will not lie unto David." Ps. lxxxix. 31-35.¹

The ground of certainty, then, in the permanency of the principle of holiness in a Christian's soul, is the covenant of Jehovah assuring this result of Christ's expiation. That cov-

¹ "By far the larger part of this Psalm is occupied in amplifying and expounding the great Messianic promise, vs. 1-37." *J. A. Alexander on the Psalms.*

enant secures the *end*— eternal life : and the *means* — faithfulness unto death. “ He that endureth unto the end shall be saved.” Every Christian will be enabled to endure unto the end. Grace will be sufficient for this victory. “ Because I live (saith Christ) ye shall live also.” If, professing to be his disciple, a person shall fail of final salvation, we are persuaded that he has deceived himself and others ; we deny that he could ever have been a regenerate man. We know not how to admit that there is in hell, or on the road thither, one spirit which has been renewed by the power of God ; that a name once enrolled on the book of life has been expunged ; that this book is full of blots and erasures, as was recently affirmed in a New England pulpit ; that an adopted child of God and co-heir with Jesus Christ, for whom he has prayed, “ Father I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory,” shall sink forever beneath the wrath of God and the Lamb. Is it asked — why cannot we thus believe ? The answer has been given. It contradicts God’s published decree of redemption, and denies the declarations of his Son, as spread in fulness upon our pages. So, of the consigned to “ everlasting punishment,” in the judgment-day, the sentence will be ; “ I *never knew* you.” Then they were *never* his followers — not one of them. Let those who refuse our conclusions save these and a multitude of similarly explicit texts of Holy Writ, as best they may, from the charge of falseness to the truth.

Our argument might rest with this array of positive evidence to its soundness. But justice to a doctrine so pertinaciously defamed demands a consideration of its experimental tendencies, and of some of the more current objections which it encounters. Christian perseverance has been commonly represented by opponents in a form in which no intelligent advocate maintains it ; in which the creeds of Calvinistic churches do not affirm it. And so misrepresented, we do not say designedly, but actually, its obnoxious features and alleged mischievous consequences are held forth to triumphant reprobation. Thus, it is charged that this doctrine, and its logical and scriptural antecedent, election, teaches that the saved are necessarily and infallibly saved, live as they may ; while the lost are as

mechanically and helplessly lost, do what they can to avoid it. This is the popular way of stating the thing. The idea at the bottom of it is, that the position held by us does and must destroy free agency.

We reply ; that might be so, if there were no difference between a result morally certain and one physically unavoidable. To illustrate : sitting quietly at home, a messenger rushes in upon you with the tidings that your shop or your barn is on fire. Now, it is quite sure that you would throw down your newspaper and instantly go to see if it were thus ; though beyond dispute you could stay and finish your reading. If, however, ten men should seize you and carry you off from your house, you would of course soon find yourself on the move. In the one case, the change of situation would probably be no more sure than in the other. But would there be no essential unlikeness in the manner of that change ? The first method would call decisively into use your own will, and the consequence would be the moral certainty of your doing promptly the specified act. The second method would call into play the muscles of your neighbors, and the consequence would be a physical necessity of a speedy shifting of your location. The contrast is obvious and elementary. Thus here ; if God compelled Christians to persevere in grace to the end, by ictic impulses, the objection would be valid that freedom would be infringed. But if he so employs moral influences with their rational and sensitive natures, so administers over them a government of law and motive and spiritual agency, as to secure their cheerful preference and determination to remain his faithful servants, who has broken down or touched their liberty of will ? Ask the Christian who is daily struggling against sin, if his free agency is hampered. No. But who maintains him in this purpose of warfare unto death ? Who, but God ? Does God, then, destroy that very exercise of right choice which, save for God's aid, every true Christian of every name confesses, would be overborne by temptation ? Cannot God, then, preserve all his people steadfast forever without impairing their liberty ? Are the saints in glory the compelled servants of God, or not rather his voluntary subjects ? Surely the latter. God's redemptive promise is their safeguard there, as it was

here. It will uphold them in their free choice to be holy forever and ever. Consequently, it is entirely unphilosophical to say, that a result is, in this sense, necessary, because it is sure.

It is further objected, that this doctrine promotes spiritual presumption and sloth, and thus induces sin. It cannot do this, if it is true, and is truthfully held. But the objection blinds itself to the fact, that the promise of enduring grace is inseparable from the means pledged in that promise to fulfil it. This has been stated and shown. Hence, all the cautions, warnings, encouragements, addressed to the believer. They recognize his responsibility. They summon him to labor, pray, fight, watch, because thus and not otherwise, God designs to complete his redemption. He releases no man from personal obligations. If man release himself therefrom, saying in his heart, 'I am a Christian and am safe — no matter for the rest'; he demonstrates at once that he has no sympathy with Christ, no grace in his soul. The sheep of Christ follow him, and by following him will reach the heavenly fold. Let a man say, 'I am satisfied I have been born again, and that is as good a hope as I want, without troubling myself about present evidences of grace'; and an intelligent piety could no more allow his religious pretensions than if he denied God's existence and made a jest of the cross of Christ. Whatever wonderful experience he might recall, in connection with his supposed conversion, must go for absolutely nothing, in a human judgment of the case. He who is overcoming sin, fighting the good fight of faith, laying hold of eternal life, has the only reliable, scriptural testimony to a regenerate nature. So Paul: "I therefore so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air. But I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection" — *ὑποπιᾶζω* — I smite my head with blows; *καὶ δουλαγωγῶ* — and I enslave myself, my body to my soul, and both to God — "lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway"; 1 Cor. ix. 26, 27. To such the covenant is sure; and just as sure it is, that the Giver of that covenant will keep alive this anxiety in every renewed soul, to a degree which shall issue in its final triumph over all adversaries.

The whole tendency of this doctrine, therefore, when rightly

stated, is precisely the reverse of this exception taken to it. It puts no one to sleep on a couch of presumption. So in the second of Peter i. 3-10; called by the divine power to glory and virtue, exceeding great and precious promises are given to those escaping the corruption of this world — that they may add to faith virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, charity; and thus make “their calling and election sure: for if ye do these things ye shall never fall.” Hence, among those who hold our doctrine, very little account is made of that special sort of “the witness of the Spirit” which consists in frames of unusual, excited feeling, in dreams, and the like visionary and uncertain experiences. This doctrine demands something more tangible. It destroys alike the hope of the spiritual dreamer and the spiritual sluggard. It leads to no Antinomian license. Nor does it whisper most faintly even the suggestion, that, under peculiar pressures of temptation, a disciple of Jesus may, for a brief period, “fall from grace,” which grace he may again recover without much difficulty, when the next revival shall come about.

The biblical objections to the perseverance of the regenerate are not of a nature to unsettle the direct averments of its truth. The *warnings* of inspired men are always largely relied on to disprove our conclusions. Concerning these, it is to be said, that they are invariably hypothetical, or supposed, cases. Not one of them asserts that an apostasy from a state of salvation ever did occur. This is their formula; “*if* the righteous shall turn from his righteousness, he shall die”; Ezk. xviii. 24: “*if*, after they have escaped the pollutions of the world, they are entangled again therein and overcome, the latter end is worse with them than the beginning”; 2 Pet. ii. 20, 21. Now, it is allowable, in a fair interpretation of language, to regard these and like passages as employed by way of motive to the exercise of that salutary carefulness, that individual, untiring firmness, which is the human means of final endurance, as a part of God’s method of keeping his children from the power of Satan. This takes as granted that the persons thus specified are born again. But that may be somewhat questionable in both of the last references. For not all who are called “righteous” in the Bible are evangelically thus; and of those who are, it is dis-

tinctly declared, "the righteous shall hold on his way." The citation, too, from Peter, may describe nothing deeper than a reform from heathenism to a decent, outside Christian life. Besides, another of these minatory texts most relied on (Hebrews iv. 4-8) proves too much, if, which is by no means certain, even it refers to inward piety at all: for it unequivocally states that they who fall away, as it intends, can never be recovered to repentance. Our argument does not require of us an exegesis of this passage. This much it evidently conveys — a fearful caution to men enjoying unusual means of grace and the special strivings of the converting Spirit, that, if they resist and fall back into a careless life, their hearts will grow hard beyond all further agencies of renewal; a thing not altogether unknown among ourselves. But if the apostle does refer to persons in a state of salvation, then we maintain it to be another instance of hypothetical admonition put in the most forcible terms. And if it be replied, that, to suppose a case which never will occur is beneath the dignity and wisdom of God's revelation, we answer; not so, if the prevention of that occurrence hinges morally and voluntarily on the restraining power, among other spiritual forces, of just such cautions as these. We answer again, not so; for the Bible does adduce supposed cases which are equally unsupposable as the loss of a regenerate soul. Here is one: "But though . . . an angel from heaven preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed"; Gal. i. 8; — a supposition, to say the least, as violent as any which we find in these threatenings concerning a Christian's apostasy from holiness.

The expression in Galatians — "ye are fallen from grace" — has done as much as any one thing to popularise the dogma which we oppose: but it has no connection whatever with the subject, as the slightest glance at the context (ch. v. 1-4) determines. The reasoning of the apostle is this: — if, abandoning Christianity as a system of salvation, ye will be justified by a legal obedience, thus going back for your ground of hope from Christ to Moses, from Calvary to Sinai, ye, by that act of repudiation, exclude yourselves from Gospel mercy and redemption; ye are sons of Abraham according to the flesh, not according to the election of grace.

But Judas was given to Christ, and Judas was lost. He was an apostle, having freely accepted this responsible station. He was not given to Christ as a friend, for from the outset Christ knew that he was a son of perdition, a devil. John xvii. 12 and vi. 70-1. He was not given to Christ as were the other disciples, for they had kept Christ's word, (xvii. 6,) and of them he said to his Father, "they are thine," (ver. 9.) Judas had not done, and was not, this. His connection with our Lord was that of a nominal follower; and from this official station, and not from a state of grace, he fell; Acts i. 17, *sq.* "For he was numbered with us" — how? by having "part of this ministry." "His bishoprick let another take." Another must be chosen to "take part of this ministry and apostleship, from which Judas by transgression (by official delinquency) fell, that he might go to his own place."

The severance of the fruitless branch from the vine has been supposed to militate against the doctrine of perseverance in holiness; John xv. But could Christ intend to represent a regenerate soul as absolutely without fruit, when he himself has laid down the Christian law, "by their fruits ye shall know them." Is there, by Christ's own test, such a person as a wholly fruitless Christian, that is, one in a condition exactly parallel to this dead branch? Dean Alford gives the true meaning of this similitude: "The vine is *the visible Church here*, of which Christ is the *inclusive* Head: the vine *contains* the branches: hence, the unfruitful, as well as the fruitful, are *ἐν χριστῷ*." This visible Church is made up of the renewed and the unrenewed, thus professedly in Christ. We accordingly utterly resist, on this commentator's own concession, his handling of the sixth verse of this chapter: "If a man abide not in me he is cast forth as a branch and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned:" upon which he writes: — "This verse is a most important testimony against supra-lapsarian error, showing us that *falling from grace is possible*, and pointing out the steps of the fall. Observe this is *not said of the unfruitful branch*, which the Father takes away (in judgment): but of one who *will not abide* in Christ, becomes separate from Him," etc.. We observe nothing of the kind, but only that the learned biblicist

has just here allowed his theological proclivities to crop out, though generally accepting the orthodox confessions. The attempted distinction between the fruitful branch and abiding in Christ is without foundation: they are equivalent states. There is no more of judgment, in taking away the unfruitful branch, in verse 2, than in casting forth the soul who does not abide in Christ, in verse 6. This last is cast out of the vine (the visible church) just as is the other, and for the same reason. There is no transition from a nominal to a real alliance with the Head of that Church in the ones so excised from him in these respective verses, as if, while the first was a merely professed disciple, the latter has been, but is not, a regenerate man. The warning of the commentator against “supra-lapsarian error” is gratuitous by his own rule of interpretation in this place. That excluded one is not, then, a true member of Christ, but a merely superficial adherent, through the recognized church. Yet if we should concede the vital connection of one so characterized with Christ, what has just been said of the supposed cases by way of warning for spiritual restraint, will amply save our doctrine of grace from falling. We do not, however, yield the point. The entire address was to a church just organized who, for the first time, had partaken of the eucharistic supper, where one, at least, had been who was only just such an ally. The words were most timely; that he whose life conforms not to Christian virtue proves himself to be simply a disciple in name, and, sooner or later, he shall be severed from the visible body of Jesus with which alone he had any connection. His case shall add another to the number of those described by the apostle John; “They went out from us, but they were not of us; for, if they had been of us, they would *no doubt* have continued with us: but they went out, that they might be made manifest that they were not all of us.” 1, ii. 19. The cause of their going out was evidently that they never had entered far enough in.

We have treated this subject controversially because of the hard, and as we think ill, usage it has encountered from its opponents. But practically and experimentally it is one of the choicest clusters of the vineyard which our Lord has planted, for the refreshment of Zion’s pilgrims. We never recite, with-

out emotions of peculiar tenderness and joy, this brief article of our church-confession of faith: "We believe, that all whom God renews by his Spirit, he will influence to persevere in holiness to the end of life." Should any one ask us our reason of personally expecting immortal glory, the answer would find its solid ground in this — that eternal love has purposed to secure to Jesus Christ an inheritance of regenerate souls, without which unalterable covenant, neither we nor any of our fellow-men could have assurance of life everlasting. It is much, it is everything, in a world so imperilled by spiritual adversaries as is this, to know that the final redemption of some, yea, of a multitude whom no man can number, is made certain by God's solemn pledge, and by the impossibility that he should lie. We love, as well, to think, that from the beginning, "the Lord knoweth them that are his;" that, "we love him because he first loved us;" and that He, who loves his own that are in the world, will love them unto the end. They who charge a selfish spirit upon this habit of mind, as if, being itself in the life-boat, it cares nothing for the drowning swimmers in the deep waters, have yet their first lesson to learn in the school of Christ.

ARTICLE II.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Currents and Counter-Currents in Medical Science. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1862.

THERE is scarcely an American writer of note who takes so little pains to conceal his personality, his *persönlichkeit*, to use the expressive German word, or who in concealing his personality, would be more shorn of his strength than Dr. Holmes. Whenever he retires behind the shelter of the style of writing in common use among the scholars of our time and language, his genius no longer appears; there is nothing that raises him


above, or sinks him beneath the honored place to which industry combined with average talents can raise any man. Let him stand upon the common vantage-ground of thought, divest him of what is unique in his expression, and American literature would be deprived of one of its best known names. There is in him an unusual combination of qualities which gives to almost everything which he writes a color of its own; but in the single quality of thought, we do not think that he goes before scores of other men who are not known in their own country so well as he is throughout the land.

It is an ungracious task to criticize in an evangelical journal a man who has taken the position which Dr. Holmes has assumed of late years: the fairest judgment here will be considered by him and his partisans as the flings of theological bitterness, as the index of unconscious narrowness. And we would not dare to take up our pen and sit down to compute his elements of weakness and of strength, were we not believers to some extent in certain of his views which have been sharply assailed. We go with him so far, that we regret to see one who has spoken so much that is true, laying himself open to the eye which, so indulgent now, will ere many years, find much to seriously regret and blame. We are very far from presuming that we can convince Dr. Holmes, at the height of his popularity, of his weaknesses and failings, but we do feel certain, that in the hour of his apparent triumph, he needs a wise, stern censor to sit in supervision on his words and strike out those which a mature common sense would find unworthy of the man. Dr. Holmes is strong in the public approbation in consequence of certain weak points of character — points which are made to look bright and attractive when glanced at, but which will not bear being seen too long at once and are repulsive when viewed out of the atmosphere of books. The "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" would not be tolerated in real life: we would not board where such a conceited pedant, however witty and full of new fancies and quaint bits of learning and ideas not yet adjusted to the common thought of the age, tyrannized over us common mortals. We would not bear for three days that cynical smile, that assumed omniscience, that patronizing condescension. Much as we should pity

our poor widowed landlady, we should have to give her over to the tender mercies of the "Autocrat," until he should consent to leave the house or to adopt the manners of a gentleman. And yet we do not see it in that light, when we read his talk on that tinted paper and in that fair type. So it is also in the lectures which Dr. Holmes published last year, whose title we place at the head of this article. Unquestionably true as they are in their very heresies, they yet reveal a personality in the author which is most unlovely—a personality which, divested of wit, knowledge, and the quick, intuitive perception of truths, would leave a most ungracious character as the residuum. We regret that in the blind admiration of this brilliant writer's knowledge, sarcasm, and wisdom not shared by the age, and in many respects in advance of it, almost all are unconscious of the hard heart, the intense conceit, and the unrivalled egotism of the man. These qualities are not hid: they are really as patent as the brilliancy of his style: but they pass unmarked and unchallenged. Mr. De Quincey domineered over his readers in a manner which was almost insufferable: he was not vain, but he was proud as hardly any other has been: his arrogance in Greek scholarship, in metaphysics, and in literary criticism was all but boundless: but there was that power in the man, that unquestioned ability to sustain his own pretensions, and that grim grandeur in his movement, that his readers were spell-bound, and none arose who dared to speak of elements of weakness in his strength. But Holmes is so frisky, so fond of going dishabille, so full rather of petty conceits than of ponderous thoughts, that we are not afraid to draw near and look upon his face and see that it is the face of a man. Even the physique is in him an almost perfect index of his character. We suppose it is a perfect index in all cases; but in many it is illegible to our imperfect vision. But in Holmes it is written over in a handwriting as large as Saint Paul's. The eye feline, but full of lambent humor; the mouth tense, but cynicism and scorn written in the smile always playing around its corners; the step soft and plausible, ready for a pounce or an alert spring out of the way; the face not open and frank and fair; the frame thin and wiry, as that of a person who does not lead a happy, even life, but feverish and spasmodic. How dif-

ferent a face from that of the whole-hearted, genial "Country Parson!" And yet, as in confirmation of what we have written above, that honest and wholesome friend of us all speaks somewhere of his delight in the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table;" not the book as a book, but the author as a man. If he honors our American cynic with a fourth or a fiftieth perusal, we think he will see that he has pledged himself to what he would like to retract, for the "Country Parson" will hardly relish champagne when it has stood for hours in the glass.

And yet conceited as our Doctor is, as he flourishes his baton over the heads of staid country practitioners, and hollow as are many of his shows of learning, evincing the knowledge of 'multa sed non multum,' a kind of running and pleasant criticism of the titles and spirit rather than the real contents of books, yet he is a wise man; he is in sympathy with and gives popular expression to a wisdom in advance of the age. In his lyrics and his touching little songs, he seems to have become so consummate a master in the art of simulating pathos and real sentiment, that none is more skilful than he to touch the bubbles of shams and show their falseness. None keener to scent any delusion than he. So while a radical in some things, he is soundly conservative in others, and holds by all established scientific truths. But with a woman's intuition, he discerns other truths, and with the nicest judgment he weighs the thoughts of our recondite thinkers, and when he finds them good, he gives them expression, and then they get myriads of readers. The salient feature of the "Currents and Counter-Currents," the opening lecture, revealed no new truth, but gave an old one popular expression. We are not deeply read in medical works, but in our incidental reading we had met again and again the notion that disease is to be overcome by vital power alone; and that the function of medicine is to direct the reactive forces of nature rather than to new-create health: in the "Life of Sir Astley Cooper;" in Dr. Bigelow's "Nature in Disease," in the same author's "Practical Hints;" in Dr. Forbes's various writings, and especially his "Nature and Art in the Cure of Disease;" in Dr. Gould's "Lecture on Nature's Secrets;" in Dr. Worthington Hooker's "Lecture on Rational Therapeutics;" and in one or two treatises on the "Water Cure." It is by



no means a new idea ; and the fact that the medical profession was startled by it, as it was said to be, only showed how little acquaintance the profession had with the history of reaction, from extreme to extreme, in its alternate reliance on nature and art ; and it also showed to those of us who have sovereign faith in Nature, how vast a work has yet to be done before the results of Dr. Cullen's life and labors shall have passed away.

We confess ourselves admirers of much in the writings of John Stuart Mill and Mr. Buckle. The great work of the latter is indeed vitiated by the cardinal error of confounding mere knowledge with moral power ; and there are numerous passages in bad taste, to say the least. But we do admire their recognition of a divine law pervading all things ; and we willingly give to them the credit of thinking on many things profoundly and well. But who can read "*Elsie Venner*," after perusing them, and not recognize a feebler echo of the great voices he has heard before ? Comte, living obscurely in his chamber at Paris, few knowing his face or hearing his words, gets utterance in the pages of a Boston book ; and an American wit, the son of a Calvinistic minister, reaffirms the fundamental doctrine of traditional sinfulness and of foreordained character.

We willingly leave to any who may care enough for the Doctor's venom as exhibited against the Trinitarian clergy, to scoff or sneer in return. Let his bitterness remain unanswered. When the paralysis which Sir James Mackintosh spoke of as resting upon medical science is quickened into life, when old doctrines, like the leading one in "*Currents and Counter Currents*," new dressed, no longer startle the profession, then there will be less opportunity than at present for a brilliant follower of Jonathan Edwards to turn the beneficent class of men, of which Dr. Holmes is senior neither in age nor in wisdom, to laughing-stocks for the hasty readers of a popular magazine. We know full well, that the minds of many clergymen move in an old, worn, and rather narrow channel ; we know that Howe, and Baxter, and the old divines of New England, have bequeathed to them a rather antique and technical set of words to frame their sermons in ; we know that there is a good deal of the seventeenth century air about them ; but tell us honestly,

good Dr. Holmes, is there more deference to unquestioned traditions, is there more intolerance of opposition, is there more general ignorance with them than there is in your own profession? We are not afraid that your answer will go against us. We know by what hard words you would designate such a treatment of one religious sect by another, as your treatment of the believers in Hahnemann's doctrines. We know how your lip curls when you see ignorance or pretence in your own ranks, but are you quite fair when you raise your finger and only let it fall upon men who, if narrow and deceived, are unquestionably sincere and in earnest?

We have heard how it was that our author was soured in his youth against orthodoxy, for the secret is whispered from mouth to mouth. We shall not tell it here; but we only vaguely refer to it as an indication of what we have often marked in the history of ideas, that before you know the value of any, you must know the whole inner development of the man who projected them. Who can understand the philosophy of Fichte till he has studied the whole evolution of that splendid career, most splendid in its last enforced obscurity? Every man evolves his system of life from his own experiences, and then commits the grand mistake of thinking that he alone has attained to universal truth. And if the rumor referred to is correct, our American cynic has not ripened by a gradual process of growth from the precepts and influences imposed on his childhood, but was turned by a sad experience in the plastic days of youth, and since then has gone obliquely to his old direction. We do not wonder that this was so, his character being what it was; nor do we wonder that a later French education, and that shrewd insight of his into the real spirit of the age, together with the almost certain tendencies of medical science in an epoch so materialistic as ours, have converted the Professor of Anatomy into as great a sceptic as Pilate was, sneeringly insinuating to Jesus his suspicion that there is not in this world any such thing as truth.

We do not see how Dr. Holmes is to supply the most marked deficiencies of his character unless he become more truly a Christian. We speak not now in reference to Christian doctrine, but to a Christian spirit. If there were more of that

temper within him, we should never be tempted to think that his gall-bladder had, by some strange defect in his organization, occupied the place of his heart ; we should not hear him call a man a fool who shed some natural tears and heaved some natural sighs on being told that he had tubercles on his lungs, and must die in a few weeks ; we should not see the unblushing egotism, which always reminds us of a college classmate who used to be most irreverently called God Almighty ; we should not have to think that Dr. Holmes can simulate pathos and sentiment, and then laugh at the world for supposing him in earnest ; that wit of his would often soften into the most winning humor ; that graceful style, and most felicitous use of words, would be the legitimate channel of true feeling, and that versatile character would be completed by the possession of one quality, now signally wanting — the charity of our Divine Master.

ARTICLE III.

SKELTONIA ;

OR SOME ACCOUNT OF AN ELOQUENT, LEARNED AND ECCENTRIC IRISH RECTOR.

*“ Qui bene fecerunt, illi sua facta sequenter ;
Qui male fecerunt, facta sequenter eos.”*

It is well known that the late James G. Percival, poet, geologist, had a rare and valuable library. When alive he guarded it with a vigilance amounting to fierceness. He much regretted to die, for he had a presentiment that so soon as he, purchaser, student, custodian, should step out of the flesh, all those books which did so ‘arride and solace’ him, would be scattered like a storm-struck fleet, and fall into the hands of the uninitiated.

He had been wont “to inhale learning, walking amid their foliage ; and the odour of their old moth-scented coverings was fragrant as the first bloom of those scintial apples which grew amid the happy orchard.”

When the dispersal came, and the harpy traffickers in time-worn books circled round the collection, it was the good fortune of the writer of this paper, to rescue from the silence and dust of the stall, a rare set of volumes, six in number, upon the fly-leaf of each one of which is the autograph of Percival.

The writer of this ventures to say, that the works of Rev. Philip Skelton, Rector of Fintona, county of Tyrone, Ireland, are known to but few. He does not remember to have seen, in any literature with which he is familiar, any citation (with a single exception*) from his learned controversial works, from his elegant Latin hexameters, or from his fearless pulpit discourses, which often rise to a strain of eloquence worthy of Bossuet.

Profoundly skilled in the classics, and in patristic divinity, gifted with brilliant wit, of a splendid stature, and with an eloquent voice declaiming against sin and hypocrisy of every kind with an energy titanic, he yet seems to have remained in comparative obscurity. His contemporaries, many of them, slighted — his bishop, certainly, envied his ability. Many recoiling, possibly, from his oddities so truly Irish, were unwilling to look beneath his exterior, and concede his striking humility, his undying devotion to the souls of his charge, and his almost romantic self-denial towards the poor.

One cannot rise from reading the very able and amusing, but indiscreet account of his life, by Samuel Burdy, A. B., who, with Skelton, was scholar in Trinity College, Dublin, 1780, without a feeling of indignant sorrow, at the selfishness and envy which so often hurry members of the clerical profession into courses of cruel and oppressive conduct toward each other. It almost justifies the remark of the eminent minister who declared, that he had more trouble with his brother clergymen than with all the world beside.

The volumes before us, and which we cherish as replete, not only with a sound theology, but with a robust and simple faith, flashing into great eloquence, are edited by Rev. Robert Lynam,

* The phrase "*Sic transit gloria mundi*" may be original* with Skelton. One of his hexameters reads as follows: "*Nubis ad exemplum — sic transit gloria mundi.*"

A. M., and dedicated to John Plumptre, D. D., Dean of Gloucester.*

We do not purpose to review the works of Skelton, or to estimate critically his scholarship or theology. We shall be content with merely introducing our readers to a great and good man, often brusque, but always truthful and sympathizing to the last degree.

We shall exhibit him in a variety of lights. We shall boswellize his sayings, retail some of his oddities, perhaps cite from his poetry and discourses brief passages, to illustrate his genius and his uncompromising fidelity to truth, to honor, and to God.

If some of the anecdotes are suggestive of the shillalah, of broken heads, and of bloody noses, we beg the reader to remember that our Skelton was every inch an Irishman, dealing with the most unkempt and wildest of Irishmen, and in parishes as wild as St. Helena or the Orkneys. Prelatical jealousy sent him to fields — especially that of Pettigo — where nothing could have induced a man of his genius to remain but the most ardent piety, and a Pauline contempt of outward circumstances.

No complete portraiture of Skelton's character can be given without the insertion of his eccentricities. He labored among men who seemed to have hardly emerged from the age of the Druids, and who needed often to be soundly cudgelled as a preparation for the gospel.

While the scholar admires Skelton's learning, and the orator his eloquence, the graduates of Rugby may dilate over his pluck.

Skelton's character at first bewilders one. The most opposite qualities unite in him. You are at times half vexed at his disregard of dignities and his self-reliance, and then you have tears for his generous patience with his detractors, and his willingness to surrender all hopes of honorable promotion to devote himself to the poor and humble. He could to-day give battle on some question from Aristotle, some quotation from Lucian,

* Complete Works of the late Rev. Philip Skelton, Rector of Fintona, &c., &c.; to which is prefixed "Burdy's Life of the Author," edited by Rev. Robert Lynam, Assistant Chaplain to the Magdalen Hospital. In Six Volumes. London: Richard Baynes, Paternoster Row. 1824.

Statius, or Horace, and to-morrow sell his library for a song, and live on herbs, to keep his starving parishioners in heart until relief should reach them.

You are reminded at one moment of Dr. Johnson, at another of Thomas Carlyle, and then of the apostle John. Your perplexity increases till you turn from his biography and read his thoughts, and then you are roused in every fibre by his holy zeal, and his splendid periods. You are borne away by his irresistible and fearless eloquence, and you do not wonder that, when the Irish Skelton preached in London the houses were crowded, and people wondered that he was so little known.

Philip Skelton first saw the light in the parish of Derriaghy, near Lisburn, in February, 1706-7. His father, Richard, rented a considerable estate from Lord Conway. The father of Richard was sent from England, as an engineer, by Charles I., to inspect the Irish fortifications. When the rebellion broke out, deprived of office, he settled in the county of Armagh.

Richard Skelton was a man of stern sagacity. His fierce common-sense caused him at times to treat Philip somewhat as the Prussian Frederick was treated by his royal father. Philip had constitutional objections to grammar. His father, whose habit was non cogitare sed facere, shook him up at the hour of prime, put a pair of coarse brogues on his feet, and sent him to the fields to work. Philip chuckled. To work with the muscles was better than to work with the brain. He was made to wheel stones, to keep an 'awfu' distance' from breakfast, to eat the coarsest food in the open field, like an unkempt gypsy. At night he was put in the servants' quarters. Philip broke and relented under this hard usage. His father, in a boisterous way, ended the affair: "Sir, whether do you choose — to toil and drudge all your life, as you have these few days past, living on coarse food, clad in frieze clothes, and with brogues on your feet, or to apply to your books, and eat and drink and be dressed like your brothers here?" pointing to his brothers, decked in Dublin finery, and just home from the University. Philip was studious ever after.

Philip's father, with all his roughness, stood high with the gentry. His knowledge of architecture, his powers of conver-

sation, made him an agreeable companion for the Lord Bishop Smith. Philip, in his "*Servilia*," calls him his "wise and good father."

Philip entered Dublin University in June, 1724, and had Dr. Delany for his tutor. It may be said in passing, that, at this time, he showed great skill in boxing and using the small sword. His Celtic propensities manifested themselves on the occasion of Donybrook Fair. A hat was offered as prize for skill in using the cudgel (*hibernicè*, *shillalah*). Young Skelton pushed to the centre, seized the weapon, and with a courtly bow to the ladies — or some Lady Rowena among them — met the young Hercules who confronted him. Our student soon won the victory, again saluted the ladies, generously resigning the hat, with the declaration that he "had only fought to please them." Cudgels are vulgar; but the steed and lance have often been used with a less knightly spirit.

Skelton offended Dr. Baldwin, the provost, who was a perfect Cæsar in temper and haughtiness. He accused Skelton of being a Jacobite. Baldwin was a virulent Whig, and in spite of Skelton's assertion that he was true to the house of Hanover, menaced him with, "Child, I'll ruin you forever!" "What, my soul, Sir?" "No," said he, "but I'll ruin you in the college here." "Oh, Sir," said Skelton, "that is but a short forever." Here came out Skelton's sense of religion, and he rose above the resentment of man. Baldwin, true to his word, strove to exclude Skelton from a scholarship, but failed.

About this time Skelton manifested a high and inflexible sense of honor, prophetic of his subsequent career. Baldwin endeavored to prejudice the election of member of parliament for the University. While other students bent beneath the sway of the provost, Skelton stood erect, 'every inch a king,' despising bribery or dictation, and animadverting in positive terms upon Baldwin's conduct. Baldwin badgered him throughout his course, and it is an evidence of the already established magnanimity of Skelton, that he speaks of him as, "on the whole, an excellent provost"; as "having a kind of solemn gravity fit for his station"; and as being as "brave as a lion."

Skelton was whimsical perhaps in supposing that the omis-

sion of morning devotions was the cause of a serious accident which befell him at the age of twenty-one. A companion hurled a three-pound ball, which, ricochetting, struck him above the left eye and flattened the skull, from which a splinter of bone extruded itself. He gave the lady who stitched the wound a present of a web of linen, desiring her to keep it for her burial shroud. Possibly the hypochondria of his later days was due to this accident.

Skelton took a curacy from Dr. Madden, and was ordained deacon, in 1729, by Dr. Sterne, Bishop of Clogher, successor to the famous Dean Swift. He entered upon this with fasting and prayer. The noble charity of Skelton began to show itself. He gave away half his scanty salary. Returning from church on the Sabbath, he came to a smouldering cabin where three children had been burnt to death. To dress the wounds of a fourth, he took off his garments and stripped his linen to pieces.

While with Dr. Madden, he published a pamphlet recommending Dr. Madden's scheme for premiums in Trinity College. It appeared, was sent to the Doctor, who showed it to Skelton with the joyful declaration, that he had one of the finest pamphlets ever written, and must find out the author. He wrote a very complimentary letter to the unknown author, requesting his name. A correspondence was maintained for some time through the publisher — the unknown resisting the politest and most pressing invitations to reveal himself. *Sed stat nominis umbra*. The Doctor was corresponding with his own humble curate. His position under Madden was very uncomfortable, however, and he soon left his cure.

The Skelton brothers were remarkable for their splendid stature and personal beauty. A daughter of Mr. Lucas, a gentleman of fortune, of Castle Shane, Monaghan county, fell in love with his brother Thomas, who married her from a sense of honor; as Philip said he would have been a bad man if he had not.

Thomas Skelton's second wife was aunt to the Lord Bishop of Down. His third wife was the mother of Sir Guy Carleton, afterwards Lord Dorchester. Philip Skelton was very intimate with that general so distinguished for "valor, conduct, and humanity."

Skelton was never married. He was thrice engaged ; the first time to a lady who became too curious in her inquiries into his financial prospects ; the second disgusted him with her attempts to awe him with an account of her grand connections and ancestry. The third was so unfortunate as to receive the calls of a gay young man, a kind of Irish Beau Brummel. Skelton, in a massive way, laid hands upon him, bore him with the greatest ease to the landing-place of the stairs, and dropped him like a puppy down a flight, and took his final leave of the lady. But he was no misogynist. He ever spoke highly of the sex, and treated them with a cavalier's respect. In his works we find two very able and godly discourses upon marriage, and albeit the *title* of one is slightly sarcastic, namely, "How to be happy *though* married," yet, throughout the sermon itself, there is no trace of irreverence, nor a tinge of the cynical ; on the contrary, it is earnest, eloquent, and full of the "meekness and gentleness of Christ."

Apropos of *titles*. The following are some of the quaint mottoes prefixed to his eloquent, and often classical, sermons : "The Scorner Scorned" ; "God will Measure to you in your own Bushel" ; "The Thinker shall be Saved" ; "The True Christian is both Dead and Alive" ; "None but the Child of God hears God" ; "The Good Few require but a Narrow Road" ; "A Crowd must have a Broad Road" ; "Rob him not of the Seventh who gave you Six" ; "The Church of Christ can have but one Mind" ; "He only Saves, who wisely Gives Away" ; "Infidelity is of the Heart," &c., &c. These terse titles are keys to unlock the discourses subjoined to them, and display no little power of compressing thought. His title is, "The Angel in the Marble" ; and every sentence of the sermon is a stroke to set it free. It would be well for all who are desultory in their style of preaching to compress their discourses into some single, nervous statement, like Skelton's, and then cast out all irrelevant matter.

Skelton opened a new chapter of his life in the cure of Monaghan. He was all ablaze with zeal. He catechised the children, visited the people, of all sects, from house to house, and, on a certain evening, invited them all to his house to instruct them. He now began to display an eloquence almost

Chalmerian. His giant size, his flexible voice, modulated by the instinct of genius, his clear diction, his eloquent features, his sincerity of heart, which was felt like a breeze from the sea, diffused and bracing, these combined made him impressive, irresistible.

His life was parallel with his preaching. It was "decorated with piety, chastity, humility, and charity." He set off in haste to Dublin to save a convict sentenced to be hung in five days, known by him to be innocent. He explored his way to the privy council, startled them with eloquence, and returned with an acquittal.

He reformed a notorious sinner, a perfect Gibraltar of iniquity, whom no bombardment of truth had ever silenced or taken. At first, Skelton was forced to fly bounding from his presence, for "he took a spit and ran at him to stick him." But he invested him again, and by divine aid, by thunderous lectures, made a good Christian of him.

He studied medicine, and cured diseases of his people. He cured a lunatic, by humoring her whims. She was haunted with a phantom. She declared that it was first here, then there; sometimes on the bedpost, sometimes on the cupboard, and then in the window. Skelton made a Celtic demonstration with the broomstick, not sparing the crockery or sash-lights, until the phantom was routed forever, and the woman was restored.

He was brave as a knight-errant in the service of God. Disgusted, at an inn, with the profanity of an officer glittering with scarlet, he requested him to desist from his swearing. The officer insulted him, styling him a "scoundrel curate." Skelton gave him a deliberate and effectual drubbing, and extorted from him an apology, and a promise of more reverence in future.

In the meantime Skelton's fame as a preacher and writer was extending. His conspicuous charity, his eloquence, and his treatise ridiculing Infidelity, concentrated upon him the attention of many. This composition was anonymous, and styled "Some Proposals for the Revival of Christianity"; and was taken to Dean Swift, with the inquiry, whether he was the author or not. Swift would give no positive denial; thus indicating his sense of the ability of the writer.

And now Dr. Delany secured for Skelton the cure of St. Werburghs, Dublin. Then commenced the jealous duplicity of Sterne, bishop of Clogher. He feared to let a man of such shining ability leave his diocese for want of countenance, and go to Dublin. He had been content to suffer him to languish in obscurity, and to toil in a sphere too contracted for the exercise of his powers.

The bishop made golden promises, and expostulated him from his purpose. But he was guilty of the coolest perfidy. He was at this very time exchanging signals with his nephew, and promising him Skelton's place if he left, otherwise the first preferment. Skelton gave up Dublin, and then for years saw young and inferior men promoted over his head. But he was noble—his "notions of honor were just and pure;" and, though his temper was warm, he never failed in deference to his bishop. Despairing of anything at the hands of Clogher, he became tutor to the Earl of Charlemont. Bishop Sterne at length died, and the see of Clogher fell to Dr. Clayton, who was an Arian in his proclivities. Skelton early determined to be a champion of the Orthodox faith. When he and the bishop met, sparks flew from their broadswords.

On one occasion Skelton tracked him, in the Socratic style, from point to point, until the bishop found his position reduced to an absurdity. If Skelton had been more artful, or had recalled the fate of poor Gil Blas, he would have been more careful than to beard thus his bishop. While Skelton's society was cultivated, while his conversation dazzled, and his publications challenged the respect of Clayton, the livings were given to others.

Skelton often dined with Lord Orrery at Caledon Castle. Just before he went to London to publish his "Deism Revealed" Lord Orrery went to Monaghan and dined with him by way of reciprocating the compliment.

"Deism Revealed" is a remarkable work. It deals in true shillalah style with the Bolingbokes and Humes of the day. It is a curious circumstance, which Skelton related with much gusto, that Hume himself one day took the manuscript into a room near the shop, read for an hour—then returned and said to the publisher, "print." Skelton made two hundred pounds by "Deism Revealed."

This first introduced him to the churches of London, whom he startled with his eloquence. After many years of repression — the humble curate was to rise. The celebrated Dr. Sherlock of London asked the Bishop of Clogher if he knew the author of "Deism Revealed." "O yes," said he, coldly; "he has been a curate of mine for twenty years." "More shame for your Lordship," replied Sherlock, "to let a man of his merit remain obscure so long."

A year after Dr. Delany and another bishop called upon the Bishop of Clogher. They assured the bishop that such studied neglect would be brooked no longer. He must give Mr. Skelton a living now, after so many delays, or be removed himself from his diocese. But prelatical meanness now reached its climax. He made a number of changes — and his industrious jealousy sent poor Skelton to the town of Pettigo, "a savage place among mountains, rocks and heath." The people themselves were as rough and hirsute as the hills. They seemed to have sprung from the rocks of the wild and primitive formation — as if the deluge had just withdrawn, and some Deucalion and Pyrrha had cast stones over their heads to repeople the country.

He could not collect from his parish two hundred pounds a year. His people were almost as fierce as the subjects of Hengist and Horsa.

He was really afraid of being killed by them. He took with him from Monaghan, "Jonas Good, a great boxer," to defend him. "I hire you to fight," said he, "at which I am told you are very clever." Good confessed he had a knack at pugilism. "Well, Sir, you must fight bravely; when you see me laying down my hands, be sure to do the same, then strike stoutly, and when I stop then stop you." He equipped him with pistols and holsters and a horse. They sallied out together — like some knight-errant and his squire. The squire went forward and received most of the salutes, for many mistook him for his lord.

Like a true evangelist, he adapted himself to this wild race. He laid aside his learning, and the ornaments of rhetoric. He visited them from house to house, and told them of the Saviour Jesus, whose name was as new to many of them as that of

Plato or Leibnitz. He lured them to the church, and then locked the door — talking to them in a plain style, with a wild and impressive oratory to fix religious truth in their minds. He “worked upon their shame,” and plied them in every manner till he led many of these wild Hibernians to believe in the God who made, and the Saviour who redeemed them. He preached monthly at Sir James Caldwell’s house to the peasantry, and it is a proof of their abject and stark ignorance, that on one occasion, one of them assured him there were two Gods, and another, that there were three.

Many of the poor Catholics lived among “barren rocks and heath” in great poverty. Skelton practised medicine, and healed their diseases, like the Great Physician. Burdy, his biographer, says that “his wonderful acts of goodness will be remembered for ages in that remote corner of the north, and be transmitted from father to son for successive generations.”

Skelton’s genius was “cribbed, cabined, and confined” at Pettigo, while his charity was ever increasing. He called it Siberia, and declared he had to ride seven miles to find a person of common sense to converse with. He escaped from time to time from his St. Helena — fled the barbarous language that grated upon his ears, and sought an occasional nox ambrosiana in the society of Sir James Caldwell, Rev. Dr. McDonnell, Dr. Scott, Rev. Mr. Wallace, and others.

The effect of such an isolated, solitary life was soon apparent. He became subject to fits of hypochondria. He passed often suddenly from the abyss of despair to the crest of joy. In the middle of the night he awoke, was seized with a wild despondency, and called up the host and declared he was a lost sinner, and solicited intercession. The poor man, his host, tried to rally him, telling him, he “was a pious, charitable clergyman;” that “there were few or none as good as he;” and that he had no occasion for such scruples. Often when riding, he would exclaim, “Take me to the nearest house; I shall die; my life is over.” No one could explain this idiosyncrasy. Five minutes afterward he would be cheerful, and, what was strange, never refer to the sensation. He was cured in a novel way by Irish wit. During an attack, one of his people, Robert Johnston of Pettigo, said to him, “Make a day, Sir, and keep it, and do

not be disappointing us thus." Skelton was thrown into a violent fit of laughter, and ever after enjoyed immunity from the disorder.

Skelton was extremely fond of flowers. Side by side with giant abilities, nestled the most delicate taste.

In 1757 his parish was visited with famine. He shuddered at the prospect of his people starving. He sold his books, the great solace of the scholar—the friends of his solitude. Watson, bookseller, of Dublin, bought them for £80. Two ladies sent him a £50 bill, requesting him to secure his books and devote the money to his poor. He received the money, wrote Lady Barrymore that he had "dedicated the books to God, and he must sell them."

Skelton and his strong squire, Jonas, were obliged to convey their provisions from a distant town to Pettigo. Hunger made desperate the people of circumjacent parishes, and they defended with clubs their slow-moving commissariat.

Meanwhile the see of Clogher was again made vacant by death. Dr. Garnet succeeded Clayton, and at once paid Skelton that attention which so pious and learned a divine deserved. In 1766 he promoted him to the living of Fintona. Skelton had preferred no request. With the loftiness of true humility he sought not promotion from man, but waited for the movement of Providence.

Not long after, the Earl of Bristol, Bishop of Cloyne, invited him to preach his consecration sermon in Dublin. Skelton wrote the discourse, but was seized with indisposition, and sent his lordship the sermon. The bishop was astonished with its ability, but was piqued by his absence, and wrote him that he had broken the chain of friendship. Skelton replied with an independent but Christian spirit, and there the matter ended. Had it not been for this "contretemps," Skelton would have been promoted to a high position in the Church. Burdy says, "he had no ambitious motives." Fintona was the summit of his wishes. "In no human breast was there ever a more settled contempt for the vain pomp of all sublunary things." What a contrast does Skelton offer to that restless egotism of many of our modern clergy, who are nervous lest the world lose the benefit of their transcendent abilities, and who are no

sooner settled in one field than they are seized with the migratory impulse, and explore for another. But we must cut short these reminiscences.

The reader may desire to be introduced to his literary productions. They bear the decided marks of genius, although they are by no means above criticism.

He is very unequal. There are discourses sustained throughout in a strain of lofty eloquence, and unsurpassed for purity and elegance of style. In others, there are careless and almost ungrammatical phrases which indicate haste, or total neglect of revision. In many of his papers you are delighted with the classic structure of his sentences, and the chasteness of language which cannot fail to satisfy the most fastidious; and then, in others, you are startled by the rough and boisterous expressions that appear at right angles to his usual propriety.

We subjoin a few extracts from a reflective poem, "Vallis Longivada":

"Haud procul Ergaliis, quæ nunc cedere ruinis,
Atque ubi cum gregibus pastores pascua carpunt,
Qualia caprinis nunquam tribuere Pelasgi,
Qualia nec poterant Itali præbere suillis
Continui montes viridantia culmina tollunt,
Solis et antrorsum radiis Australibus ardent.

* * * * *

"Hic tibi meus, Genitor venerande, sibi que vacabit
Hinc atque hinc rigido lapidum circumdata vallo,
Blanditias toto prohibebit pectore sensus,
Teque, verende Parens, solum captura patebit.

* * * * *

"Dum fremit indignans, rauco resonatque fragore,
Indignantem fremens scopulus simul ore remugit,
Dum terit obstantes, tenditque refringere rupas,
Irritus illidit solidis et disjicit undas.

Attamen haud semper lapsu procumbit inulto;
Est ubi convellit prærupti fragmina secum
Montis, et impingens immania pondera sylvia,
Obruit umbrosas sonitu crepitante ruinas.

* * * * *

"O Pater omnipotens, solis sermonibus orta
Quanta tuis extant, et quot systemata rerum,

Sparsa per immensos spatii et radiantia campos !
Ex illis manant, et sustentantur ab illis.

* * * * *

"*Omnia quæ in cælis, terris, pontoque profundo,*
Hic, procul, et passim, nomen dispergite magnum.
Omne quod intus habet mea mens, et lingua, manusque,
Collaudete Deum, pariter magnumque, bonumque.
Parce Pater misero mihi, peccatumque remitte.
Christe, preces placeat geminatas fundere pro me.
Spiritus interna mentem virtute foveto.
Gloria in æternum, cælo, terraque, Triuni !"

In a sermon, "Habit the Source of Happiness or Misery," he says :

"There is greater difference than is generally imagined between not being covetous and being generous ; between not being lewd and being chaste ; between not being profane and being pious or religious ; and, in all other instances, between not being vicious and being virtuous. A mere negative virtue, consisting only in the absence of vice, is neither a sufficient principle for the service of God, nor foundation for the happiness of man ; nor can it possibly have any security of its own continuance. The mind cannot be long indifferent, or neuter, between vice, which *seems* to bid so high for the heart, and virtue that really does it. But, if it could, is indifference a foundation for happiness ? or will such neutrality satisfy that Master, that Creator, that Saviour, that Comforter, to whom we are so infinitely indebted ?"

In a discourse, styled "How the Scriptures are to be Read," he thus condemns the prejudice with which men approach the Scriptures to secure weapons for controversy or to sanction prior fancies of their own :

"In reading other books for information, we take their meaning by the words, as they lie. Why should we not deal in the same manner by the book of God ? Is he the only author who knew not how to express himself ? Or may we arbitrarily put what interpretation we please on his words ? . . . You that read the book of God to gratify an impertinent curiosity, or to pick out proofs for your own opinions, or with any tincture of reserve, or an appeal to your own previous judgment, know, that you are a poor, despicable mortal, equally ignorant and vain. You are blind, but you do not know it ; wicked, but you do not feel it. On both accounts, there are men of moderate capaci-

ties who are fit to be your teachers ; and yet you set up to be the teacher of God."

One of Skelton's best sermons, and written by request of the Bishop of Clogher, is entitled "The Dignity of the Christian Ministry." It has been declared "one of the best sermons of this nature extant in our language." Citations from his discourses fall short of their just effect. One must read the discourse through ; the impetuous current of thought, the earnestness which throws a glow over every sentence, and causes the reader to pass swiftly on, is much diminished by a fragmentary presentation. His power resides not so much in a *single* sentence of marvellous beauty or eloquence, as in the strength and ardor of the whole.

You do not scale Alps, but you are moving far above the level of the sea upon elevated table-lands, where the air is bracing and clear. There is a something — a 'je ne sais quoi' — that cannot be transferred away from the aggregate by fragmental parts. Skelton had in his delivery, as well as in his precipitate sentence, what Dr. John Brown calls the 'ἰσχυρὸν' or 'fiery particle' — 'vires acquirens eundo.' The best way, therefore, to supply the absence of his oratory is to read his discourse entire, and become saturated with his ardor. The resultant feeling is one of great fervor and elevation, the subtle test of a true Christian oratory. We give a single extract from his sermon "On the Dignity of the Christian Ministry":

"'Whosoever will be great among you, shall be your minister, and whosoever will be chiefest, shall be servant of all.' Here is plainly signified a certain dignity and preëminence of some, who are to be greater than others, and chief among their brethren ; and yet, at the same time, with this dignity is joined a proportionable humility, on which the very dignity is founded ; for in order to his future exaltation, the messenger of Christ must humble himself here ; must of himself take the lowest seat, before his Master will promote him to one that is higher ; must make himself little and inconsiderable in one respect, in order to be great and chief in another ; that is, the higher he is advanced in spiritual, the more regardless he ought to be of mere worldly preëminence ; for the same reason, perhaps, that a king thinks that precedency not worth his claiming, which the lowest of mankind yields to him, who is but one degree above him. Indeed, he who

hath ever tasted that internal grandeur which springs from the consciousness of real worth of *religious* honors, will have little relish for outward pomp and parade; his soul will soar above it to the dignity of Christian humility."

One or two more extracts, and we will relieve the patience of the reader. In a sermon, styled "Who are Idolaters?" he says:

"The dangers he faces, for that which he is in pursuit of, show to demonstration what is his god. He will stand the mark of all the musketry and cannon of a great army, for ten hours, to recommend himself to the favor of his deity. He will place himself on a plank, and let the winds and waves whirl him about like a straw, while death presents itself to his astonished heart in the most hideous forms; he will roast himself to a cinder in the furnace of a burning climate, and afterwards freeze himself to an icicle in a cold one, to get a little nearer to the object of all his wishes. . . .

"Do you make laborious journeys; do you take long voyages; do you fight dangerous battles for God? Recollect how often you, who have endured with patience the keenest severity of the weather, and faced outrageous storms in the pursuit of worldly things, have been kept back from the worship of God by a cold day or a slight shower, and you will then perceive whether it is God or the world that holds the first place in your heart. . . .

"When he (the devil) sets forward any of these tempting objects to ensnare us, let us consider, that it is only his image; that he lurks within it, and gives it by far the greater part of its bewitching allurements; kindles up the beauty of the lewd woman; teaches the wine to move itself aright in the glass, and exalts its spirits; gives the high seasoning of the luxurious dish, the proud splendor of the gay clothes, the tempting brightness to the gold, the pomp and grandeur to worldly power. These things have, in themselves, but feeble attractions for rational souls, before whose eyes religion hath placed the glories of heaven, and who, if they examine the best things this world can promise them, with but a small degree of care and fairness, can discover that they are all only outward show, all vanity and vexation, the furniture of an inn where we cannot stay, the ornaments of a country, through which we are forced, by an unhappy necessity of nature, to ride post."

Once more. In a sermon, "The Weak should be Watchful," on the passage, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall":

"There is no strength nor firmness in man, nor constancy in human affairs. All things, as well within as without us, are in motion. . . . It is, however, chiefly from within ourselves, from the fickleness of our own hearts and the violence of various passions, that all our giddy changes, our dangerous agitations and unhappy lapses, proceed. . . . Like children turning swiftly about, we imagine the whole world is running round, and so vainly endeavor to stop the supposed motion of the world, when we ought rather to fix ourselves. In this whirl, we turn ourselves so quickly from one object, desire, or pursuit, to another, that few enjoyments or designs are brought to perfection. All things seem to dance around us, to present themselves in a swift succession, and retire along the circle, till the megrim of life grows too strong for our heads, and *then ensues a fall into some folly, or crime, or affliction*, from whence we rise not again till the head recovers, and *repentance*, which is little else than turning the contrary way, resettles all our thoughts and passions."

We sigh, as we close, over the failure of these quotations to produce the effect of his entire discourse. Skelton is positively peculiar in this respect. We feel as a tourist might who should bring home with him a fragment of the Antinous, and with that rouse an inspiration in the breasts of friends who have no conception of the original. We have given our readers precious stones, but they do not sparkle or gleam away from their setting. The *attitude* of a thought is essential to its recognition and effect.

Skelton's controversial works, from which we have made no extracts whatever, are full of strength and argument. He was a voluminous writer. "Deism Revealed," "Appeal to Common Sense on the Subject of Christianity," "Juvenilia," "Senilia," or an Old Man's Miscellany, "Hylema," "Poems and Hymns," are proof of his intellectual wealth. He was thoroughly skilled in Plato and Aristotle. "Dialogue of the Gods" is written after the manner of Lucian. It is, on the whole, a failure.

Philip Skelton was a splendid specimen of the physical man; of "tall stature and majestic appearance." He was brave as Richard. He was a foe to everything cowardly and mean. He blew away from his indignant nostrils every sophistry. He was eloquent and practical. His heart was great, his feelings flowed in strong currents, and it was not possible for him in

his ardor, any more than for Dr. Chalmers, "to cordialize," as Alexander Knox says, "with a mere 'ens rationis.'"

His descriptive faculties were powerful. He made Dublin audiences shiver with excitement. His wit was not always successful, sometimes rough and destructive; but he had the sympathy of a woman.

Skelton is styled, in the "Philosophical Survey of Ireland," "the glory of the Irish Church." "His learning is almost universal, and his language uncommonly fluent and vigorous." "His flashes of wit keep the table in a roar."

Skelton says, in his "Hylema," — "It sometimes happens by mere accident, that a train of wit or humor, like a train of gunpowder, flies about and flashes in a company, consisting of persons who were before, and shall be after, as dull as so many aldermen." Skelton knew well how to start such trains of wit.

The writer of this article is grateful to Skelton for many a mood of fervor, and for high incitements to better living. If he can persuade others to seek his acquaintance, and drink from the well of his eloquent learning, he will be content.

NOTE. — In the motto of this article, in each line, read *sequentur*.

ARTICLE IV.

TRAGEDY OF ERRORS, AND SUCCESS.

Record of an Obscure Man. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861. pp. 216.

Tragedy of Errors. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1862. pp. 249. [Part I.]

Tragedy of Success. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1862. pp. 191. [Part II.]

THE tragedies written for the closet are of a high order. Browning, Helps, and Taylor have taken the lead of late years in producing these exquisite studies of character. They do not

appeal to a large class of readers. They are essentially refined, and hence cannot be widely read. They were not written for the stage, and perhaps would fail of creating a sensation if acted; but in the library, read to a few friends, they are a delightful recreation. They belong to the chaste and delectable in literature.

To the producers of these original and select works another is now to be added — the nameless author of the “*Tragedy of Errors*.” Her works (for we understand the writer to be a lady, and this her pen abundantly proves) are written in a very delicate and original vein. She has taken an unbeaten path, but she walks queen of the field in which she labors. She holds the pen of a consummate master, not only of prose, but of the more serious kinds of poetry. This is high praise; but we venture to say that these little books will be read when the author has gone to her rest in the quiet church-yard. They will find their way slowly into the company of standard authors. It is rare that books of a high literary character are written. There are enough full of energy and spirit, but they have not the touch of genius. They are thrown off too rapidly. The taste, the finish, the grace of an accomplished writer, are wanting. But here are all the elements to produce a fine work, and the genius to shape them into creations of living beauty. And the result is what we have said — a work which, taking up a thrilling section of actual life, treats of those qualities which are of permanent interest, having the simplicity, the repose, the truthfulness of conscious power. Now, grant that it will be read by few; yet it will be read for its real worth, for its profound interest and instructive moral, and for its power over the mind of a willing reader. And after all, this is very comforting to the writer. To strike the vein of our common nature, and to write what will be studied by a few year after year, is a rich harvest of renown. This, we believe, our author has done.

But we have kept our readers waiting quite long enough at the threshold of these works. What are these books about? What do the “*Record of an Obscure Man*,” the “*Tragedy of Errors*,” the “*Tragedy of Success*,” mean? They are strange titles for their subject. They mislead and confuse you, hence

are not good titles. Yet authors will always have their own way in naming their books; and provided there is something in a name or *behind* it, readers are not so very captious. You could never guess the subject of these works from their titles. What is it? Do not start with fright. Do not lay the books down in disgust. It is American Slavery; and American Slavery in its most horrible form. Breathe easy now, and read with us these volumes, and believe on our word that they are not a rehash of a worn-out topic, but a fresh, living portraiture of a great national wrong.

They take you to the South. The scene of the tragedy is a southern plantation. The object of the work is to show the influence of slavery upon the whites. But this is not done without picturing domestic and plantation life; beneath all this, you see how the morals of men, the happiness of women, the hopes of the enslaved are gradually taken away; and, in this sense, perhaps, the tragedy is as complete in its delineation of slavery as the more picturesque novels which of late have come from the press, while it impresses plantation-life upon you more distinctly and fervently because of its dramatic form. We decline to give the plot of the drama more than this: to show what is its general form. It is not interesting to read the skeleton of an imaginative work, since, in presenting the mere framework, you lose all that is imaginative except the conception. The plot does not go outside the plantation. Life is represented here among the whites and among the blacks. The interest of the play culminates when Dorcas, a slave, having given birth to a daughter at nearly the same time with the wife of the planter, (too nearly white to be mistaken,) and substituted her own for her mistress's child, at the death-bed of the planter makes known her deceit, and destroys the remaining comfort of a grief-stricken household. Then Helen, the beautiful child of Dorcas, now the accomplished and beloved wife of a neighboring planter, who has not the manhood to own her as his wife when her base birth is known, escapes with her child to the North. She is caught as a fugitive and lodged in jail. Grief and sorrow do their work upon her delicate nature. She is sought out and returned — no longer a slave, but a free spirit in a world where there are no slaves. Our author

depicts rather the troubles arising from the old princely spirit among slaves and from the accursed practice of mixing races and enslaving your own kinsmen in the flesh, than the features of slave-life commonly presented to us. She strikes deep and sure at the great curse of slavery ; and yet a woman's delicacy holds very much in reserve, while a woman's tact indicates the moral she does not say. In the play, there are the German refugee as tutor, the relations at the North, the Cuban slaveholder, the negro preachers, the leisurely planter, his exquisitely painful wife, and that air of high birth which throws a romantic interest over the whole drama. Then there are the escape, pursuit, and rescue of Helen and her child, through which the reader rushes almost breathless. The curtain closes upon a sad scene ; Alice, the sister of Helen's husband, a young woman cherishing a hopeless love, consoling the frantic man beside the corpse of his beautiful wife, and uttering the doom of slavery. The plot is unique, original, unfolding finely, turning this way and that, leaving out nothing essential to completeness, gathering itself up in the last act for the death of the heroine ; leaving a sad, tragic impression upon you, as you think over all the rapidly shifting scenes, and how they are enacted in thousands of households to-day.

The faults of the tragedy are few and obvious. The author, in trying to raise her work in dignity, has made the darkies too genteel. They are all graduates of the "Spiegler." It is a fine idealization ; but tragedy must not run away from nature. The poets have much license in dealing with gods and men ; but is it quite fair to make the poor negroes talk as well as the whites ? Besides this, her work is too serious. It would not be so if the comic negro element was introduced even slightly ; but it is not. We believe Hamlet has a touch of humorous madness, and that nearly every play of Shakespeare has either a clown or a fool. This drama has neither. The author of the "New Priest" is a great tragic poet, yet his work is full of humor—sad and sweet—without ever descending to comedy. Nor did Shakespeare write a single comedy, though he wrote the "Comedy of Errors," whence, perhaps, the name "Tragedy of Errors." He used the comic element as a foil to the more tragic portions of his plays. So our author sets forth the sad and intensely tragic

with great success, but the shadows are a little too deep. You do not catch gleams of light through the cloud-rifts. Again, the slave characters are too numerous, and have no very marked identity. This is the weakest part of the play. Where Mrs. Stowe does admirably well, our author is not successful. Read the drama, and you will hardly remember the negroes, save two or three; while the members of the planter's household you remember distinctly. It is hard to enter completely into sympathy with negro-life. It is a common fault in negro novels; and all we mean to say is, that the same fault stands out here. Had there been fewer of this race, and had they been more sharply drawn, the play would have been more popular, more successful. But no work is perfect; and we must not blame a writer for not doing what is perhaps impossible. It is pleasanter to turn to what she has done exceedingly well.

In dramatic power, we think our author excels. That peculiar intensity of expression which tragedy requires, she is master of. That she should fail in the delineation of negro character is not to be wondered at. But the fine conception of the white characters, and finer clothing of that conception as the *personæ* stand out upon the stage, make you feel her peculiar power. The imagination is strong, but controlled. The touches of her pen are delicate; study alone will appreciate them. This drama is for the closet; and these fine pointings of thought give charm and grace, whenever the burstings of intense tragic feeling allow of them.

This brings us to another merit in this play — the style. It is among the best dramatic writing we know of, outside the old dramatists. It is simple, sweet, passionate poetry, as clear and sparkling as the beautiful river that glides and murmurs by our parsonage. The rhythm is easy and flowing. The words are nimble, well selected, and put precisely where they were needed most. The poetry has the ease of the best conversation, and yet is true poetry. Take a specimen. Hermann describes Helen's genius:

"These gifts are not the intellect's alone.
What we, for want of better name, call heart
Has a large share in genius — in hers.
Her soul perceives the latent harmonies

That ruder senses miss. She feels the accord
 Between the genius of a race, its language,
 Its history : thus each reveals the other.
 Through some mysterious power of sympathy,
 The acts, the thoughts of distant times and lands,
 To her are as the present and the near.
 All that is human is akin to her."

What grace and charm in the flow of the verse, while the
 thought is exquisite! How free from high-sounding words!
 How could this be better expressed?

"You cannot tell what grief it is to hold
 Your fondest thoughts imprisoned in your heart
 And never give them voice."

And then the old Greek chorus is imitated by the "swallow
 flights of song" which the minstrels sing at intervals. They
 have a sweet plaintive air, the echo of earlier, happier days.
 Here are a few verses taken from an intercalary song :

"O Christ! O King of Glory! thus homeless didst Thou go!
 Thou wast not too high for sorrow, as we are not too low!
 But Thou wast born of woman! Didst Thou bear Thy bitter part,
 And never know the failing of Thy mother's feeble heart?
 Oh, look on those who follow the path that once was Thine,
 Their earthly hearts imploring as then did the divine!
 Thou, faultless and reproachless, couldst seek the Father's face;
 We, full of sin and doubting, have no refuge but Thy grace."

Nor must we omit to quote the verses which preface the second
 part of the tragedy. Their delicate, pathetic allusion to
 one who is now no more is as true to a mother's heart as it is
 beautiful.

"Still hold them in thy tender fostering while
 The cool air of a wider world they brave,
 These household growths that rose beneath thy smile
 To be the earliest offering at thy grave.

"Nor fail me when upon the steepening slope,
 Viewing my future lonely road, I stand,
 With earnest purpose, though with humble hope:
 Be my strength still, true heart and faithful hand!"

As true poetry as ever breathed from poet's lips! Many such
 tender strains can you pick out of the work; but we will leave

the reader to find them. Only let us quote one passage more. It is charming, both for the thought, and its nervous, yet simple expression.

“ What after God is most divine is man.
That faculty which is the evidence
Of things unseen has not been given us
For solitary, seldom flights to heaven,
But to inform and elevate our lives.
Be truer to yourself. Guard not a shrine
For secret worship. So dispose your life
That what is purest, noblest in your heart
May rise to heaven from the household altar.”

Noble advice to those who are pining away in single life, using finely trained affections to no purpose ! The work abounds in thoughts which we have never seen better expressed. And in those intense passages where language is hardly equal to passion, our author uses it with fine effect. It tingles with sensibility. It glows and sparkles like heated iron. You feel all that those speaking feel ; and this is a very rare success for the dramatic writer. In few writings of this class, recently published, can you warm to more than cold admiration ; but our author thrills you with the very spirit of passion. She does this without ever declaiming, without ever introducing what is unnecessary. It is singular that a work should be so free from those faults of hurry and carelessness which we find in all books, in these times. But we are glad to welcome such works as these. We are proud of a work showing such fine taste, such dramatic power, such a true vein of poetry, such a confidence in the strength of simple, homely language when used with good taste and literary skill. No American writer has, on the whole, achieved greater success in the drama. Works on slavery are apt to be ephemeral ; it is an old and hackneyed subject ; it is in everybody's mouth ; but here is a writer who, for once, has written a work upon slavery which *may live* when American slavery shall be a matter of history. All this has been done by an American lady, who, till now, was comparatively unknown.

But we had almost forgotten the little volume, at once the preface and introduction to the tragedy. It is after the fashion

of "Friends in Council." It is very gracefully written. It has a style as pure, as simple, as impressionable as the tragedy. And its contents are so unexpected, the story is told with such an air of reality, the home of Edward Colvil is set forth so charmingly, that you wish the book was longer. It is the minute finish which tells in works like this. Here you have plenty of touches which betray the artist no less than the poet. The main object of the narrative is to show that the black race are not the worthless beings we so often see in "Dixie," but men of mark and influence often in their own country, and endowed with the same high faculties as the Caucasian race. It delicately, gracefully pleads what the tragedy also aims to prove — the superiority of those who have not been branded in soul and body with the stamp of slavery. Notice, in the "Record of an Obscure Man," the favorite tendency to make thoughtful, literary men consumptives — a convenient way of disposing of them. Notice, too, in all of these volumes, how many separate pictures are exceedingly well done. The parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus, in the drama, the conversation between Stanley and Hermann about Helen, the description of a thunder-storm by Mrs. Stanley, the death-bed of Stanley, the interview between Woodford and Dorcas, Woodford's soliloquy, the picture of a New England home, the parting of Herbert and Helen, the womanly carriage of Alice, and the songs interspersed between the scenes, are each perfect in their way. The repose, the absence of effort, of all desire to be sententious, is admirable. It is less affected by the prevailing school in literature than any recent work we are acquainted with.

What this work may do toward putting down Slavery in this country, we leave to an abler pen. But it cannot fail to do much good in many circles where books of a different character would be repulsive. It will win its way on its own intrinsic merits; but the theme is not less exciting than the treatment is skilful. Hence it will make an impression precisely where this impression is most needed. It is a hopeful sign of the times, when a work of high ability and of the purest character aims to set forth the evils of a system which the largest army in the world is indirectly engaged in destroying. It shows, in its way, how, in the providence of God, many things are com-

ing to an open issue at the present day. These volumes will do much in foreign literary circles also toward provoking jealousy of our high mental culture. It is a ripe, hearty production, and as such, must command attention from intelligent people everywhere.

ARTICLE V.

THE TWO CITIES.

On the dusky shores of evening, stretched in shining peace it lies,
City built of clouds and sunshine — wonder of the western skies !

While I watch, and long for pinions thitherward to take my flight,
Slowly the ærial city fades and vanishes from sight.

Ruby dome, and silver temple, circling wall of amethyst,
Fall in silence, leaving only purple ruin hung with mist.

Darkness gathers eastward, westward ; stronger waxeth my desire,
Reaching through celestial spaces, glittering as with rain of fire,

To the City set with jasper, having twelve foundations fair,
Flashing from their jewelled splendor every color soft and rare.

Twelve in number are its gateways — numbered by the Seer of old —
Every gate a pearl most lustrous ; and its streets are paved with gold.

In the midst, in dazzling whiteness, lightens the Eternal Throne ;
From it flows the Living Water — round it gleams an emerald zone.

Luscious fruits, and balmy odors, healing leaves, and cooling shade,
Either side the Life-tree sheddeth, by sweet storms of music swayed.

O thou grand, untempled City, seen by John in visions bright,
Glory-flooded, needing neither sun by day nor moon by night,

Filled forever and forever by the shining light of Him
Who redeemed the world, and sitteth throned between the Seraphim !

Through thy lovely gates the nations of the saved in triumph stream,
Chanting praise above all praises — love of love their holy theme !

They no more shall thirst, or hunger ; they no more with heat shall
faint ;
Christ for tears will give them gladness — blissful rest for sore com-
plaint.

Blessed they who do His bidding ! cries the Angel, day and night ;
They shall find abundant entrance — they shall walk with Him in
white !

ARTICLE VI.

THE SOUTHERN INSURRECTION: ITS ELEMENTS AND ASPECTS.

It is difficult for contemporary observers correctly to interpret important social changes. These require to be looked at through a more colorless light than the atmosphere which first surrounds them furnishes. The arena on which they are wrought out has too much of the dust and smoke of a battlefield, figuratively and perhaps literally, for steady and accurate vision. We were amused lately on reading an advertisement by a popular and prolific clerico-historical author, in one of our weekly papers, for material out of which to construct the record of our present conflict with southern rebellion. It would doubtless be easy to string together immeasurable columns of reëdited news-letters from more or less reliable sources, and, interspersing these with illustrative wood-cuts, call it a history of the North American Civil War. It might fulfil the bookseller's contract which produced it, and have a run if cleverly done. But we remember that only just now the stories of our own separation from the mother-country, and of the earlier Dutch

struggle for independence, are getting a relation in a way to satisfy careful and inquisitive readers. Fifty years hence, possibly the same service may be as intelligently rendered to the interior history of these two great years in our annals, which are not only drawing on us the close regard of the entire world, but (far more serious to think of) are turning the whole direction of our national life to other issues than any of us conjectured a very short time ago.

We say this, not to depreciate any thoughtful discussion of passing events; we purpose to essay this very thing as our limits shall allow. But we wish to record our confession at the outset, that the objects which we fain would accurately measure move through the mist rather as ill-proportioned human shadows than as well shapen and behaving men. So do we judge it is with those of the review-fraternity who have recently spread upon their pages their speculations and vaticinations upon this shifting, many-sided topic. We have read most of these deliverances with interest and instruction. Following in their train, we shall not probably agree entirely with any one of them. Yet, we are farthest from expecting to strike out any new idea on the much handled questions involved. Our ambition is modest. We shall accomplish its aim if succeeding to cull out and recompose such thoughts already put forth upon our public affairs as we deem to be true and timely.

Less than two years have converted us from a hard-working, money-making people into the most military nation of existing Christendom. Not far from a hundred battles have been fought between sections of the land which number on their muster-rolls a million and a half of men under arms. Our own force thus marshalled must be largely over one half that number. Our thoughts have learned to flow in a channel red with blood. Our literature has taken on the same sanguinary hue. The toga has given place to arms. We are settling down to the fact that our country, in almost any event, must put itself upon a military footing as a permanent status. The piping days of a palmy, industrial prosperity, we fear, are over for many years to come. We are fighting on a gigantic scale, at the cost of not far from a thousand and a half millions of dollars already

expended, a formidable fraction of which stands charged to the public account as a rapidly increasing debt. But no one is concerned about it, nor thinks a moment of staying the outlay, or stanching the stream of death. Quiet villagers come together in town-meeting, and without debate freely vote themselves into a loan of ten and twenty thousand dollars to pay the bounties of men who will volunteer into the army, and, when it is done, go home wondering what they would have said if some mad clairvoyant, a few years ago, had foretold any such looseness of the purse-strings. Nobody now would second the rhymers:

"I hate the drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round."

It is music to the dullest heart as it stirs our sons, and brothers, and husbands to the great consecration of the hour. These are the tokens and tide-marks of the revolution which is heaving the depths of thought, feeling, action, in this northern zone to the bottom. We see it, know it; but no one realizes it, or can, in any degree commensurate with its stupendous significance. A deluge is floating us, like another vessel of gopher-wood, on the surface of new seas, and above the tops of all the old mountains. And God, in a wonderfully solemn sense, has shut us in.

Our southern neighbors are yet more thoroughly and universally aroused. With thirty years the start of us in their purpose and plans of political revolt and national dismemberment, they have at length plunged into the torrent with no thought but of the other shore. They have disembarked upon the coast of secession, and burned their ships behind them. While we have put some vigor and devotion into the work of their subjugation, they have put all of their energy and heart into the assertion of their separate existence. While we have set our hand to the plough, and spent months of our time in looking back, they have forsaken houses and lands, wives and children, pleasures and profits, almost *en masse*, to do this one thing of sustaining, with the worst of spirit and measures, the worst cause for which civilized men ever girded on the sword. They have been no imitators of the doughty chiefs of "Sleepy

Hollow." Often, (says the legend,) in secluded and quiet parts of that valley, where the stream is overhung by dark woods and rocks, the ploughman, on some calm and sunny day, as he shouts to his oxen, is surprised at hearing faint shouts from the hill-sides in reply — being, it is said, the spell-bound warriors, who half start from their rocky couches and grasp their weapons, but sink to sleep again. Whoever may thus have held his post in this conflict, they can be charged with no such inactivity. They have shown a gospel self-abandonment to an absolutely anti-christian, anti-humane enterprise, all the while persuading themselves that they are doing God service as well as men. One of the hardest tasks which the future historian of this period is destined to encounter will be to philosophize in any satisfactory way upon this strange commingling of earnest conscientiousness with undeniable barbarism in eight millions of the American people of this nineteenth century of grace. We include in this reckoning the upholders of this rebellion at the South, and their more or less covert allies at the North.

The secret of this insurrection is not questionable. We care not much to adjust the point of precedence between these two forces of southern society — whether the slave institution or the aristocratic spirit lies farthest back in the line of causes which have precipitated this rupture. We hold them to be inseparable parts of the mischievous agency which has destroyed our peace. If slave-owning has intensified the aristocratic feeling of the South, the original demand for this species of personal property sprung from the indolent thriftlessness and hereditary self-conceit of the class of colonists which at first sought those milder regions as the home of an easy subsistence. The two are connatural to each other, as both are a violence to a true human and social growth. This violence has engendered innumerable others, until its last monstrous birth is stalking before us in the horrid front of civil war. It is a war with which pride has more to do than any other single motive. It is the old feudal self-assertion again arming itself to crush the thrifty, frugal commons whom it hates with a congenital hostility in which is more of envy than it chooses to acknowledge. Time has brought around one of its great cycles of political reaction.

The South has armed itself to maintain the same factitious, arbitrary interests which used, in darker ages, to hurl down from castellated cliffs the mail-clad baron and his serf retainers upon the free towns of the Baltic and the Rhine; which kept Europe in a blaze of battle for centuries, while old oppressive prerogative held its slackening grasp upon the throat of rising, strengthening, conquering liberty. It is this throe of nature in another terrible birth and death struggle, let partisans deny it as they may, which is renewing along the Mississippi and the Potomac the bloody spectacles of nascent France and Germany. The temper of a Carolinian or Virginian planter is essentially the same with that of those titled freebooters of the elder time; not necessarily less cruel, except as special, Christian influences have so modified it; certainly less chivalrously magnanimous; intensified in its baser attributes by the absolutism of the tenure which holds a score or a hundred dependants in abject bondage. We are writing with the last twelve months' commentary under our eye.

This has made the war which rends us asunder. For a full generation the conflict has been brewing and seething; now it has flooded us with its scalding wave. It is a war of class pretensions and demands, a war of antagonist social states, a war of ideas, a doctrinal warfare to its most central impulse. Pride and long-permitted power still claim indulgence to do what they will with what they call their own; more than this — to manage as it pleases them the joint concerns of the country; or, as the bold presumption has been sternly met, to sever the bond which held in uneasy alliance these contrary states of free and slave labor. But not only to sever this is the determination of our enemies. Even thus disjoined, they must secure a supremacy of power on the theatre of our former union, if they are to have a separate nationality equal to their ambition. None know this better than the men who are now expounding the dogmas of Calhoun and McDuffie, and the more recent creed of the southern church, through the hoarse tubes of British cannon smuggled into Confederate ports through our coast blockade. And this similarity of oligarchical interests helps us in part to an explanation of the sympathy of the English government and nobility with the seceding planters of the South.

It is strong enough to make even the countrymen of Wilberforce, and Clarkson, and Cowper forget their abhorrence of slavery, and do all which they dare to aid its mutiny against human liberty. Aristocratic lordliness built up on slave estates is battling for its own existence in contending for a distinct domain where it can multiply its feudal property without further hindrance to the end of time. We substantiate our position from the personal study of this subject by one of the fairest of recent foreign writers upon our affairs :

"I must acknowledge it to be my opinion that slavery, in its various bearings, has been the single and necessary cause of the war; that slavery being there in the South, this war was only to be avoided by a voluntary division — secession voluntary both on the part of North and South; that in the event of such voluntary secession being not asked for, or if asked for not conceded, revolution and civil war became necessary — were not to be avoided by any wisdom or care on the part of the North." *

"It is vain to say that slavery has not caused secession, and that slavery has not caused the war. That, and that only, has been the real cause of this conflict, though other small collateral issues may now be put forward to bear the blame. Those other issues have arisen from this question of slavery, and are incidental to it, and a part of it. . . . A slave country which has progressed far in slavery must be aristocratic in its nature — aristocratic and patriarchal. A large slave owner from Georgia may call himself a democrat, may think that he reveres republican institutions, and may talk with American horror of the thrones of Europe; but he must in his heart be an aristocrat." †

"The Southerners desire to be a people of themselves; to divide themselves by every possible mark of division from New England; to be as little akin to New York as they are to London, or, if possible, less so. . . . The bond that ties them to the North is to them a Mezentian marriage, and they hate their northern spouses with a Mezentian hatred. They would be anything sooner than citizens of the United States. They see to what Mexico has come, and the republics of Central America; but the prospect of even that degradation is less bitter to them than a share in the glory of the stars and stripes." ‡

Much eloquence has been expended in demonstrating the

* "North America;" by Anthony Trollope, (Harpers' edition,) p. 338.

† Ibid. pp. 351, 352.

‡ Ibid. p. 454. Vide, also, "Gasparin's America before Europe," Part Third, Chapter I.

pecuniary unthriftiness and generally deteriorating influence of the slave institution. Nothing is more easily done. But, in doing this, nothing has been done to open the blind eyes and unstop the deaf ears of the slave lord. Pride holds him to his idol, not profit. He knows that he is sacrificing gain to his self-esteem, and he is glad to do it. His negroes may impoverish him, *but they are his negroes* — the foundation of his social standing among his fellow-citizens. It is a class-affair, like a foreign patent of nobility. Will he relinquish it for a compensation in money? As much as a threadbare king would sell his lack-lustre crown for railway stock. Will he fight for it as for life itself? He is doing this with all of a martyr's consecration, unaccountable to us plain, every-day people as the stupendous folly may be.

This dissimilarity amounts to an unlikeness of the most radical kind, in views of life, verdicts of conscience, habits, education, beliefs, propensities, theories of religion, and results of civilization. We take their own testimony in the case. Of course, there are degrees of diverseness, and entire exceptions to the statement, in many whom circumstances, more than convictions, have thrown into the drift of southern currents. Our generalization has room for all such discounts without disturbing its truthfulness.

We have written these paragraphs not to widen the breach between us; unfortunately that has ceased to be possible; nor with any disposition to criticise unfavorably the conduct of the war, on our side, which has got on to this point as well as could perhaps have been expected; nor to suggest any special advice as to its further prosecution. But we wish thus to indicate somewhat sharply our sense of the radical character of the contest, and so inferentially intimate with what correspondent energy and unity of purpose the North must concentrate its whole strength to subdue the rebellious spirit thus intrenched in iniquity, and impelled to rankest treason against our common country, and our common humanity. This is the lesson of the hour, as it has been for the last eighteen months. Here has been and is our exposed point. Other things have hampered us, but this want of concentration in our counsels and conduct more than all others together. A consolidated and

persistent minority can always master a loose majority. 'Tis the old Greek folly acted over again —

“Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.”

We can never succeed in this contest until we copy our adversaries' decision and unanimity of action, and their unflagging ardor as well. If “we are underlings,”

“The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves.”

This is just another of those instances in which the difference between a whole-hearted and a half-hearted policy is precisely the difference between a splendid triumph and a shameful defeat. Our zeal has been spasmodic, intermittent. We must stop our quibblings and quarrellings about the minute details of this business, and make a business of saving our country from absolute and speedy ruin. If this be a slaveholders' revolt, then a slave-holding and a slave-supporting insurrection must be brought under. We care not to go outside this record. We are content with the Constitution of the republic honestly administered in the interests of freedom, which, as the South itself frankly at last concedes, was the clear intention of the framers of that instrument. We contend for authority against sedition, for union against secession. This demand must be pressed over and through all obstacles. If slavery has thrust itself between the upper and nether millstones, and if there it be ground to powder, let those look to it who have pleased to put it in so inconvenient a place.

Two methods of closing this present, sectional controversy offer themselves to our notice ; we can see no third deliverance. They are a partition of the country into two distinct nationalities, or a single free republic replacing the present and recent condition of affairs. The first of these adjustments, urged upon us particularly from abroad, is only the proclamation of a chronic state of hostilities between conterminous and rival dominions. It involves the odious certainty of a slave empire, established quite likely under a military despotism on the gulf coast — the “greatest permanent wrong that could be done to the southern people, as well as the greatest outrage to modern civilization.” If it be so ordered that thus this strife is to set-

tle down into a very chaos of confusion, we wish not to entertain the idea until the stern judgment of God forces it upon us. The second peradventure may seem to many impracticable. A single free republic covering our territory does look just now, notwithstanding recent proclamations, very like a hope adventured against all visible grounds of hope. It demands a purification of our land from evils which have eaten their way into the bone and marrow of our social existence, a restoration of the people to the spirit and purposes of the founders of the government, which is indeed possible, but many will say, not probable. Yet these considerations are in point: It is a solution in the line of an onward movement of Christian civilization, pressed forward by mighty agencies which are not at man's bidding to stay their progress. The other is a wholly retrogressive step, not to be anticipated, if we are to believe the social law that revolutions never go backward. Reasoning from general principles of historical philosophy we should say, that this very issue is the only one to be rationally expected, and that special local obstacles must and will give way to fundamental causes operating under the providence of God in the interests of human well-being. This is the most Christian view of the case, and we write as firm believers in the divine foreordination and development of national reconstructions. Let this be thought of, that everybody not pledged to a contrary faith is persuaded, that, sooner or later, the chief obstacle to such a free, national life on this continent will be removed. The idea of eternal servitude in a Christian commonwealth is not an article of the creed of unprejudiced, impartial, intelligent Christendom. If, then, that system of slavery is doomed to cease before Christ's dominion shall be consummated in the earth, it is pertinent to ask — why may it not be before another long age shall intervene? And is it altogether certain that the change will be so gradual, and well nigh imperceptible, as we have been wont to think?

The change is one of vastest proportions. It is the reorganization of society on a scale of unprecedented magnitude. It is puerile to disguise the truth. In this regeneration of a nation, the African race stands forward as the main, though not the sole, object of endless speculation and profound solicitude.

Except for it, this civil conflict would not have burst upon us. President Lincoln's remarks to the colored delegation in connection with Central American colonization are a plain-spoken declaration of a literal truth. "But for your race among us there could not be a war, although many men engaged on either side do not care for you one way or the other. Nevertheless, I repeat, without the institution of slavery and the colored race as a basis, the war could not have an existence." Negro ownership has stimulated and strengthened the aristocratic obstinacy of the South to the madness of rebellion. It is that for which the fight is waged. State-rights, tariff, nullification, have drawn their power to deluge the land in blood from the black breast of this mother of discords, so far as they have helped to embroil us. Such letters as Mr. Badger's of North Carolina to Mr. Ely can deceive nobody who is not seeking a cover to a deed which he likes not to confess even to himself. The alleged Federal usurpation which called out the first seventy-five thousand men to protect Washington from southern assault was nothing but a righteous act of self-preservation, when for three days already the guns of Charleston had been playing upon the walls of Sumter. The government would have deserved and received the contempt of Europe, and of the "Confederates," too, if it had done less than that. But the slave-power is in danger, and Mr. Badger, and such as he, must save this, even at the price of rebellion. No one can ignore the presence of this disturbing force in the land. It is the foremost difficulty to be met and removed in the restoration of our tranquillity.

What is to be the future of the Africans among us is a question which consequently is calling out a more and more animated discussion. It is an eminently Christian question. We have never doubted the capacities of that race for a high grade of improvement. Whether or not they are the equals of the Semetic or Japhetic families, they are undeniably equal to an elevated culture of mind and heart. Whether they can enjoy this culture upon our soil is another inquiry, the answer to which is not so clear. Concerning their eventual deportation to some other land where their progress in civilization might not encounter the obstacles which here impede it, we do not care to speculate. We are, and have been, the stanch friends

of Colonization as a benevolent method of sending to more congenial climes those of the Africans who wish such a change of abode. If this branch of philanthropy has been prosecuted anywhere (as it probably has been) to enhance the value and protect the tenure of slave property, we know that thousands of good people have given it their prayers and help for the sole consideration of its blessings to the emigrants so returning, and to the native populations who might there feel the ameliorating effects of their presence. That door must still be kept open to Africa and other tropical countries, as an outlet to as many colored colonists as may yet desire to try the experiment of planting new homes and altars under other skies than ours. But when all these have gone, the greater mass will doubtless be left behind, to occupy this land as their chosen home, as long as our children shall so possess it.

Regarding, then, the problem of that race among us as destined to be wrought out within our territory, we are free to say that there is room for the African among us without, on the one hand, dooming him to bondage, or, on the other hand, asserting for him any impracticable rights or privileges. He is naturally a more dependent being than the descendants of any of the European nations. He is constitutionally a worker with his hands rather than with his brain. Admitting that he was not so originally, yet he is so by force of the circumstances which for ages have determined his development and position. We take him as here we find him, and say that he is likely to constitute the laboring, in distinction from the inventing and managing, class, wherever he may live. This is as much for his benefit, under proper regulations, as for that of his employers. He is needed where he is. He loves the climate. It suits his wants. He cannot be spared. But because he may still cultivate the cotton-fields and gather the rice-crops of the South, it is an entirely false conclusion that he may not be a man, educated up to the requirements of his place in the community, brought to as good a stage of general culture as any population of this or any other country.

This resurrection of the blacks to their proper condition upon southern soil would be rapidly assisted, if the colonization of portions of that territory by whites, either native or foreign,

can be carried into effect, as now proposed by our government. Some months ago, we gave a few pages to this very scheme, as offering a solution of our present *imbroglio*. From the first, we have felt that some great organic change in the occupancy of that rebel region can alone insure a thorough settlement of these troubles. If, in answer to the overtures of the President, an immigration shall set in, towards the Gulf and along the Atlantic coast, which shall place extensive tracts of condemned territory in loyal hands, the negro population would readily adjust itself to this new order of things. It would find a safe home just where Providence has placed it. It would make itself indispensable to the new proprietors, as being already familiar with the culture of the crops there raised, and with the local peculiarities of the country. It could help to till the lands, and to defend them, if necessary. It might gradually come into a joint ownership of them. The emancipation act just issued is a natural step to this result. Without something of this kind of movement, it will be very difficult to give it any great efficacy. We confess, with thousands, a deep interest in these measures.

We do not care to go into the side issues which nervous and squeamish persons are so quick in raising at this point. The social relations will regulate themselves by their own laws of attraction and repulsion, without our assistance. They always have ; and they may be trusted. The black has never very generally desired to incorporate his domestic life with the white. The laws of race forbid it. The issues of such alliances are not prolific in their turn. There are barriers across this amalgamation which should quiet the fears of timid people. Freedom has always widened the separation between these races. Slavery shows the only extensive interbreeding which has ever taken place. A free colored population in the South would, in three generations, deepen its Ethiopian duskiness by many shades. Quadroon and octaroon tints would give place to the primitive darkness. Nor would the practical difficulty be much in regulating the political condition of that people. These are the bugbears of a southerly imagination. The negro will be well content with liberty, without caring to help govern the nation which protects him in that right. Mental force decides these

matters of governing and being governed. The sons of Africa do not need to be incapacitated by the statute-book for political elevation to keep them out of our political competitions. The possible exceptions to this rule need hardly disturb a sensible man's fears. If now and then an energetic and capable man of color looks with aspiring eye to office in the State, it is more the irritation and oppugnation which the oppression of his people creates in his mind, and a wish to strike hard in some direction against that crushing power, than any abstract desire to embark in political life. Give the black personal freedom, and then let him alone, and he will not trouble himself or others concerning a seat in Congress or in the gubernatorial chair. When he shall become able fairly to win either, the contemporary generation will doubtless be ready to admit his claims. Or if, in the course of a generation, he shall be dissatisfied with his situation, and shall choose to migrate to another land which he can govern as it pleases him, no one will wish to stay his departure.

We feel like apologizing for spending space in rebutting these imaginary apprehensions, which, nevertheless, like Richmond's shadow, strike a deal of terror into many of our Richards. Nor can we spare more than a word to those (if such there still be) who hold by the patriarchal and paradisiacal creed of the bond-servants' well enough well-being. If, in this condition, they have some pleasant experiences and kindly associations, God should be thanked, who has made the human soul too elastic to be always wretched; who has always loved, so far as is possible, to temper the wind to the shorn lamb, without respect of color. Mrs. Browning has a line or two which are worth pondering when one begins to talk about the blessings of slavery, and the light-hearted joyousness of its frolicsome moods:

"A holiday of miserable men
Is sadder than a burial-day of kings."

This war was not commenced for the extermination of the slave system. This has never been its object, nor is it politic or just to change its main issue. It is a war against rebellion, inside of constitutional provisions and guaranties. We abide in the strongholds of the statute-book, even though our enemies

have broken away so violently from its authority. Nevertheless, as a military necessity, we anticipate the fatal crippling of the slave power. This war, if carried through to the suppression of the present revolt, can leave nothing more than the dismantled hulk of the institution of negro bondage. This would be about all of its hold on life, if, as we devoutly wish, the seceding States should by any possibility lay down their arms and return to their allegiance by the first of January next, according to the President's Emancipation Proclamation. They would bring back but a dying, instead of a growing and aggressive slavocracy. But we look for no such submission. The war, we fear, must go on. We foresee some obstacles to the proper thoroughness of its prosecution, which, briefly, but distinctly, to state, lies in the direct path of our discussion.

One of these is the feeling of contempt for the negro which his abject condition has widely fostered in the free States of our republic, of which the "black codes" of several of these commonwealths are a flagrant standing proof. This spirit is already passing into the very natural consequence of a deep hatred of him, as sharp-sighted individuals begin to forecast how his liberation, through this revolution in our affairs, may perchance interfere with their interests. The idea has been started at the North, and there are enough to keep it rolling, that the "contraband" movement, if it spreads much further, will imperil the profits of common labor by the whites of the free States. It is diligently circulated that the colored people thus manumitted will flock to these northern sections, and will monopolize, at a very low rate of wages, the day-labor now done by others. This panic has already had sufficient power to check the zeal of our Irish population in enlisting in our regiments. Nothing could be more unfounded than this apprehension. The South is the natural home of the African. His presence in a colder latitude is the result simply of coercion. He has followed the polar star to escape servitude, and it only holds him by his fears. If personal rights could be secured to him in the South, he would stay there by a strong preference. If Carolina were as free as Canada, the refugees of that province and of all the North would soon make ready for a return, as gladly as the Hebrews sought their old haunts in Palestine

after the exile by the rivers of Babylon. It is worse than absurd to talk of African competition with any European race at the North. But designing men are doing it — for what ends, another shall tell us in language none too strong for the occasion :

“In all this we have an allusion, which no one can mistake, to that vile negrophobia, negro contempt, or, in other words, that contempt for a portion of our humanity, which is now becoming so rife among us. We say it is a worse thing than slavery, for it breathes a more infernal spirit, while it has none of its palliations, none of its pleas, none of its logical perplexities. It is not only *sin per se*, but a very vulgar sin ; it is the malignity of mean and vulgar spirits, without a moral or prudential reason of any kind to hide its naked deformity. That utterly depraved moral sense which would raise a political clamor, because some poor negro, in his extreme penury, and helpless ignorance, would ‘work for ten cents a day,’ how inexpressibly vile it is ! ‘This country was made for white people,’ says the heartless demagogue, appealing to the lowest feelings that ever held sway in the human breast ; ‘this country is made for white people, and he, if he is allowed to live and toil among us, will lower the rate of wages.’ Who that has a soul can help feeling that this is immeasurably meaner, immeasurably guiltier, than the southern servitude ? Grossly as that debases man, it does not debase him to so low a pitch as this. It was but a short time since we read, in one of our leading political newspapers, a grave article on this high branch of political economy. ‘White men’ were called upon to awake to the coming danger. So threatening was the peril, that a newspaper, entitled the ‘Caucasian,’ must be got up expressly to oppose it. The prompting spirit in all this was something lower than the animal antipathy which is ever found among the most animal of our whites. A prejudice may be stupid and sinful, but if unaffected, it is entitled to some consideration. A Christian man may have it, but, of course, he will make every effort, and ask the aid of grace to eject it from his breast. But in the case to which we refer, there was not even this poor plea. It was pure political calculation. The man who wrote this ‘ten-cents’ article, was not so nice in his sensibilities. He had once stood beside the negro on the Buffalo platform.

“Worthless as such a clamor may be in itself, it is to be noticed as one of the signs of the times. Slavery was falling ; as an outward institution having political power, it could no longer be relied upon ; the animal instinct of this white man perceives this, and he must go

down lower than before, to find the basis of a new political organization. What a moral spectacle for the eyes of Christendom ! What a pedestal for the column of the new Democracy ! How proudly it rises on the crushed head of the fallen negro ! " *

If this spirit is to have much more extension among us, its benumbing effect upon the conduct of the war now on our hands cannot be estimated. Its power is further seen in the persistent refusal to employ the "contrabands" upon the trenches and fortifications of the Peninsula, when they might have saved the lives of whole brigades of our soldiers who have been sacrificed by incessant digging under a Virginia sun. Not even to this extent has the government been willing until quite lately to recognize the existence of the negro as a man, or that this war has any benefits to confer on him. Deference to border-state sensitiveness has also influenced this policy. If we are afraid that the manly and common-sense conduct of this conflict will benefit the negro to the damaging of the whites, we shall terminate it much too soon for the demands of justice. If selfishness shall thus give law to us instead of a benevolent righteousness, we may as well expect that Providence will step in to defeat our miserable trafficking with the sorrows and the burdens of those millions of our colored population, whose prayers we would not hear, though we have seen the anguish of their souls when they thus vainly besought us. We quote again the same vigorous writer :

"It is our duty to be not only kind to the negro, but especially kind. We have wronged them, bitterly wronged them. We have wronged them in their long servitude, which has ever shown the falsehood of its humanitarian plea, by becoming more debasing, and the negro more debased, at every step of its continuance. We have wronged them still worse in that poor state which some of them have been permitted to enjoy, and which we have derisively styled their freedom. . . . How unutterably offensive must this be to the Great Being above, who made us 'all of one blood, to dwell on all the face of the earth !' To the Christian feeling there is nothing so sad, nothing so discouraging, nothing so fearful, in all this odious rebellion. We might better hear of defeats to our armies, than to read such paragraphs in our newspapers. The Bible everywhere teaches us how God hates pride,

* Prof. Tayler Lewis, of Union College; Evangelist, (New York,) July 21, 1862.

and the contempt of man for man. It is the insufferable sin. All the grave writings of antiquity express the thought; the solemn Greek tragedy everywhere abounds with it, as though it were the echo to some primeval revelation made to our fallen race, warning them that though God bear long with other sins, they must be very careful about this. Such a spirit seems to challenge the Almighty to take the side of our adversaries, as really less guilty in this respect, less man-despising, less heaven-defying than ourselves. We may well tremble for our northern cause, if this feeling is going to prevail, or even pass unrebuked among us."

This taint, which so deeply has vitiated the public sentiment concerning our African countrymen, has another manifestation, in the corruption of our political parties and leaders. Here is an additional obstacle of formidable proportions to the right termination of this struggle. We pray for a peace which shall be permanent, because based upon immutable morality. We remember that "the work of righteousness is peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever." We look, then, at the managers of this mighty movement, so far as men can manage an affair of these dimensions, and exclaim, with mingled feelings of sorrow and alarm, "Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean!" We shall severely check our pen from running into a whining or croaking vein upon this fruitful theme. But it challenges an honest handling. It is, then, simply and sadly true, that the administration of public affairs in this nation is, and for a quarter century past has been, systematically and unblushingly dishonest to a degree which would not for a day be tolerated in common business transactions. We expressly exempt the present Chief Magistrate of our republic from this stricture, whom we believe to be a man of sterling probity; and many other gentlemen in the government are above reproach in their official acts. But this leaves our statement where we have put it as an undeniable fact. It is not without sufficient cause that our national capital has won a name for recklessly abandoned viciousness during the sessions of Congress. The men, who thus put their manhood to shame, are they who sit in responsible seats of office, the chosen of the land to wield its authority. The patronage of the government has come to be regarded as the capital-stock of a trading spec-

ulation, the venality, voraciousness, vileness of which are a proverb. Distinguished functionaries do not keep their hands from the taking of bribes. Influential family connections avail to cover up utterly indefensible breaches of trust in the management of public funds. The embezzlement of such property is enormous. This has been bad enough in the times of peace. But the war has opened new sources of extortion and fraud, and supplied new stimulants to the use of them, of gigantic force. The cancer of dishonesty is in our blood, and in what loathsome tumors it swells forth to the surface, the unprincipled delinquencies of past administrations, and the Van Wyck Committee Report of this, give lamentable demonstration. We do not care to spread the details of these well-known "grand larcenies" upon our pages. Public treasuries, in war-times especially, are always exposed to depredation. The loss of a few millions of dollars is not the chief evil of the thing. But the public connivance at such sharp practice as the Welles-Morgan and the Senator Simmons affairs; the disposition to chuckle over them as shrewd operations; the eclat which they gain as smart, and not very reprehensible, transactions; the indifference or the powerlessness of the government to punish and to stop these trespasses; and the mass of petty peculation which is going on through the whole circuit and tissue of army contracts, and soldiers' payments, and even poor contrabands' pittance of wages, which are made to pay a large percentage into gentlemanly military men's pockets — all this reveals a corruptness in our body politic which constrains many an observer, who fears God and loves his fellows, well-nigh to conclude that there shall never more be any peace to such wickedness. If our Gallios care for none of these things, will divine justice and mercy care for our salvation?

The confession is humiliating because it is so true. We do not make it, as a concession to foreign nationalities, that we are their inferiors in general virtue. We are not aware that one of them is entitled to throw the stone of judgment at us in this regard. If our words shall be cited in any such service, it will but show the conceited self-ignorance of those who shall thus use them. The heart of our people, now struggling to prolong our national life, is yet responsive to the claims of conscience. But

we suffer from one great evil. The mass of our citizens has but a small and tardy power of arrest upon our public servants. Hence, a thousand things which are condemned by the better part of our communities must nevertheless be borne, because the means of their correction are not within the reach of those who would faithfully use them. This is our misfortune, as a republic, beyond the degree to which the same evil arises in less dilatory monarchical systems. Then, too, the head of the republic himself is too dependent upon the interest which elevated him to office to act with energetic free will in many things, even if he should desire to abate flagrant abuses of power and trust. So now we present to ourselves the unpleasant spectacle of a people attempting, not with clean hands, to cast out the demon of discord and sedition from our once common home. Certainly, we ought to be able to accomplish this. We have the physical resources of numbers and territorial strength abundantly equal to even this herculean task. If we shall find ourselves foiled, it will be for lack of a moral competency to complete so grand and good a work. This is the issue now on trial with our government and people. This is the aspect of our quarrel which arrests with mighty grasp the religious sense of the community; which takes the great argument into our churches, and pulpits, and prayer-meetings; which turns Christian men and women back to the chapters of Hebrew prophecy, and sets up those ancient Scriptures as measurements of our falling or rising fortunes. It is not irrelevant that the piety of the times has taken this whole momentous concern "to the law and to the testimony" for a higher than human adjudication. It is not strange that, as the scales of eternal right have been seen vibrating in the grasp of the Supreme Arbiter, sometimes the listening ear has almost felt that it was hearing the doom pronounced which smote Belshazzar's soul with mortal dread: "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting!"

We have had these apprehensions, as we have known that we richly deserved their sorest fulfilment. But they are lessening as the months go by. We are learning to stand in strengthening faith, and wait for the salvation of God. It seems as if, amidst these war clouds and desolations, he is saying to the chil-

dren of Pilgrim sires — “I will remember my covenant.” We are hopeful that the end of these overturnings will be greatly comforting to those who shall remain to witness and enjoy it. That end we do not consider to be synonymous with some cessation of hostilities which very likely may give breathing space to the contending powers, we know not how soon. A patched-up truce, or even treaty of peace, is not necessarily a conclusion of this conflict. It was born in wickedness, and it must die in the resurrection of righteousness. It is not for European kings or queens to dictate when or how it shall terminate. There is less and less likelihood that they will essay the experiment, but if they shall, it will be only a repetition of Canute’s disobeyed mandate to the ocean waves. He must move his royal chair, or be drowned. It took eighty years to finish the debate which was opened by the Spanish invasion of the free Netherlands. So long it demanded to settle the peace of Westphalia and insure the chartered rights of Protestant Europe. We may have to bequeath this struggle to our offspring before it shall be disposed of so as to remain at rest. National purgations are a slow labor. Probably the existing generation at the South will never outlive its implacable aversion to us at the North, even should the irritating thorn of slavery be extracted, which can hardly be entirely done in our day. But, who knows what eventual favors God may have laid up for both South and North through this consuming furnace-fire? Possibly the South may be regenerated, by its purgation, into a noble, Christian nationality, when the children’s children of these malignant rebels shall look back to the present age as to an Egyptian night which they have escaped, and which they remember only with fearful abhorrence. Those misguided men are showing capacities of heroism and high emprise which surely must have some better object to work at and suffer for, than this miserable crusade of fanaticism and revenge. We will trust the Christian life which is in the people’s heart, and the gracious interpositions of Heaven, to make this whole country, within a reasonable period, a dwelling-place of truth and righteousness and universal brotherhood. We will not doubt but also of us — “Thus saith the Lord ; as the new wine is found in the cluster, and one saith, destroy it not, for a blessing is in it : so will I do for my servants’ sake, that I may not destroy them all.”

ARTICLE VII.

SAWYER'S RECONSTRUCTION OF BIBLICAL SCIENCE.

Reconstruction of Biblical Theories; or Biblical Science Improved in its History, Chronology, and Interpretation, and relieved from Traditional Errors and Unwarrantable Hypotheses.
By LEICESTER AMBROSE SAWYER, Translator of the Scriptures. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. pp. 195. 12mo. 1862.

It pains us to see men make themselves famous by lifting up axes on the thick trees of God, and breaking down the carved work of the sanctuary. Doubtless we have among us Samsons in sacred erudition, but could they not show their strength in carrying away gates and removing pillars where only Philistines would suffer? Could there not be some gymnasium arranged and controlled by the republic of letters where intellectual athletes could enjoy practice and expend surplus force, without injury to any accredited and honored interest of the republic? We know that learning must have its play-ground. There must be a place for target-practice, and a field for knight-errantry, and a campus where it may mark off its diagrams and set up its hypotheses. We are only wishing that it would not seize on sacred inclosures for these exercises. Can we not have a substitute on which learned criticism may expend itself without injury to our most sacred interests? Could not the Vedas or the Iliad serve the purposes of this profound scholarship as well as the sacred oracles? The Sagas would furnish good material for those who love to revel in myths and allegories. Even a revival of the controversies about Ossian might give a wise employment to some of these literary polemarchs, and so create a diversion quite relieving to Moses, the prophets, evangelists, and apostles, leaving them free for their legitimate work.

We have no fears for the truth, nor would we, in mistaken tenderness, hold it back from manly and invigorating struggles, though it be but a repetition of victory on its old battle-field.

Probably each generation must see revealed truth hang up her fresh trophies on the old walls. Yet it would be well for the public crier to proclaim at each contest that this same battle has been fought over and over again, and that now the public are invited to its vigintal or semi-centennial repetition.

Mr. Sawyer, the writer of the work before us, is known as engaged in a new translation of the Scriptures. Of his theological and ecclesiastical antecedents we are ignorant. This volume, however, will serve for a definition and location of the author. It is characterized by great frankness of expression, and, we should add, boldness, did not the author so frequently allude to the need of it. He shows throughout the volume a consciousness and a wholesome uneasiness that he is departing from the old waymarks of the Christian church. To one familiar with the history of doctrines, the views here given will show no novelty. It would be easy to cite authorities for the most, if not all of them. But the names cited would not carry much weight in the American church. We suspect their omission was no oversight. German neology, English and French deism, and the latest popular reprint of the same in this country, Parkerism, have dealt very freely with the sacred canon and hermeneutics, and may be quoted as scholarly authority for the most extravagant opinions. It is a matter of policy whether an innovating author should affiliate himself with such. The book tempts strongly to references, and is singularly destitute of them. The works of Strauss, Norton, and Parker could have furnished them abundantly. As the author's translation of the Scriptures is being offered to the public in instalments, we are glad that he has turned aside for a little to give in his views on the canon, and on the principles that should hold in its interpretation.

In preparing the way for the "Reconstruction of Biblical Theories," it is a prominent labor with Mr. Sawyer to show, that the use of letters was unknown among the Hebrews till the times of Samuel and David. Then, of course, Moses did not write the Pentateuch, and, of course, he who did write it used traditions, myths, and any other drift-wood on the stream of time. Then we may treat the earlier portions of the Bible, including the Pentateuch and some other books, as we do the

earliest records of Greece, Rome, or any other nation. Our author thus states the case :

"It appears quite evident that letters were *first* introduced among the Hebrews in the times of David and Samuel ;" p. 7. "The covenants of God with Noah and Abraham were not written documents, nor does any written document appear in their times. Noah was not a man of letters, neither was Abraham." "Joseph sent no letters to his father from Egypt;" p. 180. "The ascription of the Pentateuch to Moses is a Jewish fiction, analogous to that of attributing to him the unwritten traditions recorded in the Talmud, and there is as good reason to believe that he is the author of the latter as of the former. . . . I infer that on their return to Canaan the Hebrews adopted purposely the language of Canaan, and that when letters were invented by the Tyrians, . . . the Hebrews, being in friendly relations with them, immediately adopted this improvement, and set themselves about committing their oral traditions, those of history, allegory, and poetry, to writing. This would, of course, be done imperfectly at first, and subsequently improved, and *centuries* be required for the perfection of the new medium to such a degree as to have any chance of being handed down to all coming ages. . . . No indications of letters appear in the Book of Judges. . . . From this time [the entrance into Canaan, 1451] to the establishment of the monarchy under Saul, 1095, according to the common computation, is three hundred and fifty-six years, during which there is not a reliable trace of a letter." — pp. 8–10.

But writing is referred to in the Pentateuch and in Joshua, and Mr. Sawyer must account for the allusions. This he does in an easy way. As to the writing of the Law, "the literal writing by the finger of God must be rejected ; and that being rejected, the other part of the description becomes uncertain." "The writing of the Ten Commandments on the tablets of stone is fictitious." In short, all allusions to writing in the Pentateuch are simply fictions of the allegorists or recorders. "The account of Joshua's writing is fictitious, and furnishes no evidence of the existence of letters," in the case where we are told that he made a covenant with the people and "wrote these words in the book of the law of God ;" Joshua xxiv. 26. "The crossing of Jordan was commemorated by a stone heap. The altar of witness, erected by the sons of Reuben, Gad, and Manasseh was a commemorative monument that could not have

been necessary if letters had existed in those times ;" p. 9. That is, the erection of Bunker Hill Monument is proof that letters were not in use in New England at that time, and the oration of Webster, said to have been pronounced at the laying of its corner-stone, was the composition of some allegorist in a later age.

In all this ignoring of great facts in profane history, and in the blunt denial, or special pleading against those in sacred history, we see in our author the victim of a theory and a purpose. He uses vast assumption and but little proof. Three great facts stand in his way, yet he hardly recognizes them. (1.) The books within themselves give evidence that letters were in use in the times of Moses. He "wrote all the words of the law," and he wrote "in a book" the overthrow of Amalek. He "wrote the goings out of the people of Israel according to their journeys." He "took the book of the covenant, and read it in the audience of the people." He commanded the Levites to "take that book of the law and put it in the side of the ark of the covenant of the Lord." The charge of allegory and fiction by recorders of later ages will not avail against such *prima facie* evidence of the use of letters in those times. (2.) Unanimous tradition, and the biblical worthies of twenty-five centuries, have assigned to Moses the authorship of the Pentateuch, and it is neither scholarly nor conclusive to meet it all with a simple denial. It is true De Wette and Gesenius maintained, at one time, that the Hebrews knew nothing of letters before the times of the Judges, but they afterwards found reason for changing their opinion, and did change it. (3.) Ancient history and monuments attest the existence of writings in the times and country of Moses. Modern discoveries show that hieroglyphical writing on stone was known in Egypt as early as the fourth dynasty, that is B. C. 2450.

"The period when hieroglyphics, the oldest Egyptian characters, were first used, is uncertain. They are found in the great pyramid, of the time of the fourth dynasty, and had evidently been invented long before, having already assumed a cursive form. . . . Hieroglyphics and the use of the papyrus, with the usual reed pen, are shown to have been common when the pyramids were built ; and their style in the sculptures proves that they were then a very old invention." — *Rawlinson's Herodotus*, London edition, 1858, Vol. II. p. 311.

This was a thousand years before the death of Moses, and writing on Babylonian bricks was common eight hundred years before Moses died.

"Among the earliest, if not actually the earliest of the royal line of Chaldæa, are two kings, father and son, whose names are doubtfully read as Urukh and Ilgi. The former would seem to have been the founder of several of the great Chaldæan capitals; for the basement platforms of all the most ancient buildings at Mugheir, at Warka, at Senkereh and at Niffer, are composed of bricks stamped with his name, while the upper stories, built or repaired in later times, exhibit for the most part legends of other monarchs." — *Id.* Vol. I. pp. 435, 440.

But Urukh and Ilgi reigned about B. C. 2200.

And writing in both the hieroglyphic and sacred characters was common in Egypt in the days of Moses. For the Madame d'Orbiney papyrus, recently purchased by the British Museum, contains a romance of the Nineteenth Dynasty, about B. C. 1300. The Museum has also a collection of thirteen papyri comprising the following matter:

"A portion of an historical poem of which the subject is an exploit of Ramases Second; a small fragment of history relating to the Hyksos period; several collections of the miscellaneous correspondence of the Pharaonic scribes; a kind of biographical memoir of a scribe; the advice of King Amenem-ha to his son; the precepts of a certain high functionary addressed to his son; a hymn to the Nile; and a calendar of lucky and unlucky days and festivals throughout the year. The whole of these compositions belong to the Nineteenth Dynasty," B. C. 1300. — *Cambridge Essays*, 1858, pp. 229–30.

Here we find a familiar use of writing in Egypt on various topics only about a century and a half after the death of Moses. From the use of the sacred characters in writing many centuries before, we may fairly presume that in the times of Moses, letters were common in Egypt. And as Stephen informs us that "Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," we may safely conclude that he was able to write, and did write as much as the Pentateuch ascribes to him. So the statement will seem strong and conclusive when we consider who makes it, that "there is every reason to suppose that writing was familiar to the Jews when they quitted Egypt." — *Rawlinson's Bampton Lectures*, American edition, p. 53.

Having thus ruled out Moses as incompetent to write, and having shown that the ascription of the Pentateuch to him is "a Jewish fiction," Mr. Sawyer is left to a wide range, in fixing the authorship and date of the earlier books of the Bible. This liberty he uses quite freely.

"Abraham seems to have had these early traditions, and to have given them to Isaac, his favorite son; Isaac to Jacob; Jacob to all his sons. . . . But like other streams, the stream of tradition enlarged with the ages down whose slopes it came. To the previous traditions were added, after Abraham, the Abrahamic; after Isaac and Jacob, the Isaachic and Jacobic; after Moses, the Mosaic; and so on, till we come to the times of Samuel. . . . In Samuel and David's time we are allowed to suppose they may have been first committed to such imperfect writing as the period immediately succeeding the Aramæan invention of letters allowed. Of this, however, we have no certain evidence, nor is it necessary we should have." — p. 27.

"Imperfect writing" in the days of "David the sweet Psalmist of Israel!" And how can the beautiful composition of the psalms of David accord with this declaration! "The language of these books gives the *lie* to the traditionary doctrine of their early antiquity, and needs only be heard to show that none of them can date back beyond the Babylonian exile." "The earliest psalms belong to an indefinite past, and the latest to the time of the Asmonean princes, which commences 166 B. C." — Sawyer's *Hebrew Poets*, pp. 295, 6.

Denying the early origin and use of letters among the Hebrews, our author is compelled to slide the authorships and dates of the sacred writings far down the ages, leaving both authors and times of writing in uncertainty. As thus: "All the books of the Hebrew Bible are anonymous, not excepting the later prophets, which are memoirs or memorials of the prophets, professing to represent their labors, and not authentic documents given under their hands, and certified from their pens." — *Id.* p. 293.

And so David never wrote one of "the psalms of David," and no prophet, so far as we know, wrote a chapter in the book bearing his name! We follow on in the scholarly line of our author:

"Probably long before the invention of letters the Hebrews had lost the true interpretation of some of their most ancient traditions. But it was no matter if they had. Their traditions were for ages to come, when the race should attain a maturity and intellectuality sufficient to enable it to profit by them ;" p. 28. "The first part of the Bible, from Genesis to the end of second Kings, is a single work of the time of Ezra, and perhaps from his pen, but transcribes portions of many earlier works, all of which have perished." — p. 19.

So it seems that no part of the Pentateuch, Joshua, Judges, first and second Samuel, and first and second Kings, was written in its present form till about the year B. C. 500. This defers the writing of the books of Moses, so called, till he who "wrote the goings-out of the people of Israel according to their journeys, by the commandment of the Lord," and "made an end of writing the words of the law in a book, until they were finished," had been dead about one thousand years.

Three hundred and fifty years after the Pentateuch had been completed, according to the common opinion, Mr. Sawyer concedes that in a rough, apprentice way, its materials, and the six books following, began to assume a written form. These rude efforts at composition were pruned and polished and recast by the scholars of successive generations, till Ezra or some one else wrote out the whole in their present form. Hence the significance of his remark concerning the first record of the creation, as it now stands : "It has a perfection and finish which indicate that successive ages did their work upon it, and is the monument of considerable study." — p. 31. There is no intimation that this unknown compiler had the aids of inspiration in his difficult and important work. The word inspiration, or its equivalent, or common import is, we think, nowhere used in this volume. The compiler acted on his own discretion, "selecting from the then existing literature of the Hebrews whatever was deemed valuable, either in history or allegory. Its author is the Jewish Herodotus." — p. 19.

All these positions are presented as mere assumptions, *dicta*, of the author. No authority of biblicists is cited for them, if we except Bunsen on a single point in chronology, and there is but the faintest show of fragmentary argument. The records

of those holy men of old, who spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, being thus denied to papyrus, parchment or stone, and left lying about loose for one, two, or three thousand years for the fancy of any one to embellish, enlarge, or alter, and "whatever was deemed valuable," being at length by an uninspired and unknown man collected, there is of course a good foundation laid for the "reconstruction of biblical theories." In view of what our author has done, as thus far examined, we are profoundly impressed with these, his remarks :

"To interpret the Bible correctly, its different works and documents must be carefully discriminated, and their age and character determined. Any negligence or inadvertence in this department of our inquiries is sure to vitiate our conclusions, and lead to interminable errors ;" p. 20. "We do not receive the Hebrew sacred books from the authors, but from the Jewish sacred scribes. Whence they obtained them we are not informed. Their works are sent forth like those of a tract or book publication society, which adopts everything it publishes as its own. Such societies, however, generally give their own names, and the dates, to their publications ; but the Jewish scribes carefully withheld these. It would be something to know under whose supervision each work passed, what body decided on the question of its adoption or rejection, and whether the books were adopted with revision or without change. But no document is allowed to bear a mark which shall tell any tales on these subjects. Profound mystery covers all with her ebon wing, and makes them a sanctuary into which curious eyes may never gaze."— *Hebrew Poets*, p. 293.

With such views of their origin and composition, what character can Mr. Sawyer give to these elder oracles of the Christian world ? Can they speak to him with a divine authority ? Can they bind his conscience ? Has he not a right, on his theories, to become a second Ezra, and recompile them, 'selecting from them whatever he may deem valuable in their history or allegory ?' So far as the binding of his religious faith and life is concerned, may he not look on them as he does on the myths, allegories, fables, and semi-historic documents, that lie in the nebulous beginnings of Grecian, and Roman, and Scandinavian history ? But he shall answer for himself.

Of the first narrative of the creation he makes these declarations :

"This document has no authentication which entitles it to credit as a narrative of facts. . . . It is a moral and philosophical allegory designed to make the doctrine of the architectural creation of the world easily conceivable according to the analogy of human labors, and to commend the Sabbath. . . . It is probably of Egyptian, and certainly of post-Abrahamic origin. Its position as the first of the Hebrew documents is not in conformity with its age. The tradition narrated in the next document appears to be vastly older — older by thousands of years." — pp. 40, 44, 45.

In this summary way the first chapter of the "lively oracles" is thrown in among the legends of the gray dawn of universal history. The corner-stone being thus violently loosened, the whole edifice of revealed truth, on which patriarchs, prophets, evangelists, and apostles wrought for so many centuries, is made to tremble, and the doors of its august halls are set ajar. A few miscellaneous and random quotations will abundantly substantiate this painful statement. In commenting on the call of Abraham, Mr. Sawyer says :

"Is it a credible fact? Certainly not. It has not a single element of credibility as a fact, and must be challenged by honest and thorough interpretation, and discarded as a fact." We add, as a specimen, his reasoning on the point: "There are two evidences that it is a fiction. (1.) It is not God's known method to appear to men with such messages, nor to make such presents unconditionally. . . (2.) God has not done as he is related to have promised. . . I conclude, therefore, that this supposed absolute gift of Canaan to the Abrahamites, was a mistake; it is in contradiction to God's universal laws; and such a gift would be wrong." — pp. 123-4. Of the offering of Isaac: "This, like the rest, has been usually taken as a literal fact. Its absurdity is apparent at a glance." — p. 138. The vision of Jacob (Gen. 31,) was only a dream, and "implies nothing supernatural." The story of Joseph is "a blending of fact and fiction." "The literal theory of this appearance [the angel of the Lord to Moses in the burning bush], is inconsistent with the known nature of God, and misrepresents him. . . No particle of evidence is adduced, or was possible to be adduced to show its reality. . . The narrative furnishes no evidence of anything extraordinary. . . Every missionary is a Moses, and if not sent by fires they are apt to be sent through them.' Moses had originally no intention of leading Israel as far as Canaan. "It was ultimately the suggestion and adopted child of expediency,

but that it ever had the favor or approbation of God may be doubted. God is not the patron of robbery and plunder." . . "The story of the miracle with the rod is too nearly allied to the tricks of the ancient Magi to have the least probability as a fact." So of the leprous hand, and of the water changed to blood. "It is not necessary to assume a miracle as denoted by any of the ten plagues." — pp. 153–61. The account of the giving of the law is allegorical. The account of manna is a mere story. "The real bread of gods would have agreed better with the nation's health." For he says that during their journeys in the wilderness their number decreased sixty thousand. "The account of the brazen serpent has every mark of fiction. God practices no such spells." In so curt, unreasoning, and dogmatic a manner does Mr. Sawyer dispose of this interposition of God, hallowed by the use our Saviour made of it. The falling of Jericho's walls was some panic in the city by which the Hebrews got possession of it. The case of Achan is an allegory to deter men from theft. "Bringing water from a rock at Massa was probably digging a well into a rock, or in a rocky soil, and obtaining timely supplies. God still gives us water from the rock at the touch of chisels and rods;" p. 163. "The pillar of cloud by day and fire by night, signifies God's direction and care day and night, but implies nothing miraculous." — p. 163.

But why multiply quotations? Our author allows nothing purely historical till we come to the times of Samuel. Then "history becomes sober, literal, exact, and full." — p. 10. Up to the same era all miracles are discarded. These interpretations, with which the book abounds, are mostly frivolous. Some of them rise to the dignity of being ingenious. Though strongly tempted to say some severe things at this stage of our review, we forbear, for the author seems to be governed by good motives, and generally a kind spirit. We could not, if we would, write words so condemning as his own, of his views and theories. For did sceptic ever more thoroughly strip the Sacred Scriptures of their divinity? Was it ever done with more assumption or rapidity? We are not delayed from the terrible conclusion by a tedious line of argument, or the citation of authorities in various languages. There is no jury trial of the patriarchs. It is martial law. Without any pause for the formulas of ordinary and civil processes, our author tries cases and executes as he rides along victorious over the fields

of Eden, Ur, Egypt, Arabia, and Canaan. Those old and well known friends of the church of God — Abel, Enoch and Noah, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, Joseph, Moses and Aaron, as well as most other ancient notables, worthy and unworthy, till we come to Samuel — are charged with “allegory” and at once executed. And Samuel would have been fortunate had he died under the accusation of “allegory” or “symbols” rather than live to take the character our author gives him. “His hatred of foreigners was intense. His murder of Agag is an act in character for a savage, and unbecoming a man of God; his general maxims of war were cruel and merciless.” — p. 189. So many must be sacrificed among the ancient of the world, and the honorable of the church, that we may reconstruct our biblical theories.

The Christian world, as well as the world of letters and of jurisprudence, has been accustomed to connect Moses very intimately with the Mosaic code, and to feel grateful to the Hebrew legislator, and to his divine teacher. But we must revise these views. A thousand years is a wide margin for variations and interpolations, as well as omissions in a traditional transmission of authoritative documents. It must be exceedingly doubtful what the Sinaitic code was, specially as the compiler, ten centuries later, had no divine aid in making his digest. “The direction in Deut. xxxi. 26, is to put the book of the law by the side of the chest, and not in it. The next appearance of the book of the law is under Josiah, (641 B. C.) after a lapse of eight hundred and ten years, when it turns up as a novelty. . . . We have no evidence that this is the same book which Moses commanded the Levites to put by the side of the chest of the law.” — p. 188. Indeed, Mr. Sawyer has a great knack at doubting old theories as well as making and believing new ones.

Yet with his views of the Mosaic code we can easily see why he should wish to separate it as widely as possible from Moses and the God of Sinai :

It has “an extensive system of sacrifices. This was complicated, burdensome, and unprofitable. . . . The annual feasts were a severe tax on the time and industry of the nation. . . . Priests are not a natural demand of human society, and a hereditary priesthood has always

been a curse to the family to which it is given, and to the nation which supports it." — pp. 167, 168.

For reasons to us inexplicable Mr. Sawyer shows a peculiar hostility to the priestly order and office. Elsewhere he says :

"They do not appear to be an Aramæan invention, still less a divine institution. . . . They never did anything for the advancement of religion among the Hebrews. . . . Had Moses never instituted a priesthood, as far as appears, it would have been better for the Hebrew nation and its religion." — p. 128.

Had our author been with Israel in camp Hazeroth we fear that some one else would have been smitten with leprosy as well as Miriam. Mr. Sawyer ignores the whole sacrificial system, extending back among God's people from the sacrifices of Moses to the acceptable one that Abel offered in faith. He nowhere speaks of Christ and his relations, as the Lamb of God, to this ancient sacrificial and expiatory system. Should he ever write a commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews, it must be a singular book. But we continue to give his views of the laws of Moses :

"Many of them are excellent, some are frivolous, and several of them are monstrous, showing clearly that all of them did not emanate from God, and probably not from Moses. . . . Many of the Hebrew laws are frivolous and puerile, and probably originated in the dark ages after Moses, before letters got abroad. . . . More ridiculous enactments never found their place among the laws of barbarians." — p. 170.

And so the Mosaic Institutes are the residuum of concretions and abrasions going on under traditional processes for a thousand years. We have here no laments for what may have been lost, and many complaints over much that is saved. For aught that appears, the decalogue may originally have had more or less than ten commandments. The account of its delivery is allegorical ; and allegories delight in round numbers, and flowing, misty statements. What infallible rule of faith and practice can such a system of moral laws furnish ? Taking any clause in it, who knows whether it is fictitious, apocryphal, interpolated, allegorical, frivolous, or divine ? Were ever the

reins laid more loosely on the neck of desire than by this author in such a presentation of the law of God ?

It fares no better with the prophets than with Moses. The later books of prophecy, Isaiah and Daniel among them, are gross impostures, made up after the events and times of which they speak, and palmed off as the living words of the Lord, at the lips of those whose forged names they bear. Those honored men, "of whom the world was not worthy," are but *nomina umbræ*. Their identity and personality, as authors, are lost in that universal solvent — an allegory.

"The authors of the later prophets carry out the allegoric method of the earlier Hebrew books, by making their *supposed* authors predict supernaturally many events after they had transpired ; that is, by antedating their works, giving them to illustrious men of a past age, and using facts that were to be, for the enforcement of moral and religious duties. The book of Isaiah is a composition of this kind, as is also the book of Daniel." — p. 190.

Indeed, a single paragraph in the hurried conclusion of this volume, places the New Testament in a similar category with Moses and the prophets :

Philo "treats the early Hebrew traditions as allegories, but adopts a loose and unsatisfactory method of resolving them that cannot be accepted. The New Testament method is of the *same loose kind*. . . . Such modes of interpretation are not admissible ; they violate the most sacred laws of language, and make it an instrument of confusion and not of information and instruction. The same loose method is pursued throughout the Gospel of Matthew, and, to some extent, in the other gospels ; and it also appears in the Epistle of Paul to the Galatians, and the anonymous Epistle to the Hebrews, where it is applied to the entire Jewish system of religious services and to Melchizedec." — p. 192.

This getting new creeds and theories is an expensive work, and that new one must be exceedingly radical that requires so total a reconstruction of the entire framework of the Bible. Would it not be easier to write a new Bible, a second Koran ?

We have been interested to see with what ease Mr. Sawyer peoples the earth. It is by no slow process from a single pair, and tedious emigrations. He has divers Adams and Eves in

divers places, just as it seems convenient. Paul appears to have been mistaken when he told the Athenians that God "hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." Probably "allegories" were not studied in the school of Gamaliel, and inspiration did not help the great apostle of the Gentiles to facts as now revealed by a more profound interpretation. We quote a few passages :

"It does not appear that he [Adam] was the father of all the human races. History finds him alone, without a wife, living like a beast of the forest on forest fruits. Eve is not yet created, and her creation is not reached for an indefinite period. This implies that marriage was not yet instituted, and that the race was without permanent connections. Such is the natural meaning of this part of the allegory ; and this is confirmed by an Arabic tradition that he was alone two hundred years. The real period was vastly longer ;" * p. 51. "The negroes are not the descendants of Ham, nor of the Noachic stock. They are independent branches of the human family, cradled in another continent, trained in other forests, and not yet fully brought out of their forest homes ;" p. 103. "Noah is the father of Shemites, Hamites, and Japhethites only, leaving the various negro races of Africa, the Indian races of America, and some of the northern European races, with independent origins ;" p. 108. "The Adam of the Adamic traditions comprehends many Adams, the Noah many Noahs, and the Abraham appears to comprehend several Abrahams." — p. 132.

This is a simple, clear statement that there were several created pairs of the human race. We like it as a naked assertion. The author does not vex or weary us with attempts at proof. He reads us no prolix essays on osteology, craniology, comparative anatomy, ethnography, and ethnology. Pritchard's and Müller's charts and tables of the languages of the whole world

* Not so. The tradition says that Adam and Eve dwelt together in Paradise till the apostasy, when they were thrust out separately, Adam to Ceylon, and Eve to Joddah, the port of Mecca. After two hundred years Adam repented, and was reunited by Gabriel to Eve. There is yet an additional fact, quite as serviceable for argument as the former, that Eve was of so enormous a size that when her head lay on one hill, near Mecca, her knees rested on two others in the plain about two musket-shots asunder. — Sale's Koran, chap. ii. p. 5, notes.

It would be quite as logical and historical to affirm that one Eve would be enough to people the whole earth, and then have the assumption "confirmed by an Arabic tradition" of the immense size of Eve, as shown by a measurement between the three hills near Mecca on which her head and knees rested when she was lying down.

are not spread out before us. We like this curt, authoritative way of setting forth strange views much better than the tedious process by which similar views are propounded in the "development theory." Stated without argument, they call for no reply except denial.

There is a profounder depth to the criticism of our author. Those ancient worthies, from Adam to Abraham, and probably later, were not real persons. They were only "stock men," or names for classes, and families, and tribes, as are Moab, Plantaganet, Smith, and so forth.

"May not Cain and Abel be stock men representing two leading divisions of the Adamic race in their times; Cain the agriculturists, and Abel a shepherd or nomadic tribe?" — p. 75. "It is quite obvious that Noah is a stock man, and not an individual. He represents the last three hundred years of the Adamic decade before the deluge. This is fifteen generations, and quite too long an interval to be filled by an individual. He probably represents a sect in India," etc. — p. 107. "It is possible that Hagar and Sarah represent cities and homes of different Abrahamic families, and that the stock man, after founding his Isaachic family, neglected his Hagarite one, and that this is represented in the allegory" of Abraham's dismissing Hagar. — p. 140. "Jacob and Esau have very much the appearance of stock men, [particularly Jacob to his father-in-law, Laban, when driving off his cattle,] and may have been such. . . . Both appear to be fictitious." — p. 142. "But who is Eve? She, like Adam, is a representative person; she represents the wives of the race when they emerged from the forest, and for an indefinite period before. So that Cain cannot signify a first-born son, nor an only son. *She had borne sons for ages.*" — p. 72.

Our author does not give to our first parents a very good moral character, even before what is called the apostasy; for it seems they both had children, and many of them, long before their marriage. We cannot suppress here the question, whether, if "guilty of Adam's sin" in the apostasy, we are also guilty of the irregular life he and Eve lived before they were married. Our new theologian says, "that this part of the story is highly colored and enigmatical, as if the traditionists were ashamed of the naked facts, and wished to cover them up." — p. 53. But he has discovered them, and seems determined, like

an undutiful child, to expose them. This is both unfilial and ungallant, though probably all necessary for the "reconstruction of biblical theories." It is some comfort, however, to think that Adam was only a "stock man," and Eve only a "stock woman." Sarah is made to suffer in the same unchivalric way. The story of Abraham's denying her as his wife is thus discredited: "A man might deem it prudent to deny a beautiful wife of thirty, or even fifty; but a wife ninety years old is a little too far advanced to have exposed her husband to any danger on her account." — p. 139. So Abraham's truthfulness and Sarah's fair looks are sacrificed to an improved theology. Sarah is the only woman whose age is recorded in the Scriptures. If it was made known through her agency, she suffers deeply for her communicativeness, even at this late day, and her fate may well excuse female silence on this delicate point.

We have spoken of the apostasy. The new views presented on this cardinal fact in human and scriptural history are among the choicest criticisms of the volume. We condense the new theory.

Adam was at first but an animal of the upper class, without reason or moral sense — an elevated gorilla. "Adam is a forest animal, living on the fruits of trees, . . . without marriage, without agriculture, without horticulture." After an unknown period of centuries this "stock man for the first time understands that he wants a wife; that his animal mode of life is not the best, and does not meet his necessities, or those of his children." God gives Adam a wife, but the account of the creation of Eve is "puerile and ridiculous." "It cannot be admitted as a fact." All this biblical account of her creation is an oriental and allegorical way of saying that the Adamic race, having lived promiscuously as animals for unknown centuries, now adopted the marriage institution. By the creation of Eve is only meant that God providentially led the race upward to this better mode of life. Now we approach the "fall." As in all low stages of civilization, the labor of providing food is put on Eve. Only perishable fruits had thus far been used. Eve feels the inconvenience of such uncertain supplies, and wishes something more abiding. In her search she finds the cereals — the bread-stuffs. But she is afraid of this

new food ; so the allegorist introduces the serpent as trying it for her, and showing that it not only is not poisonous, but is wholesome and nutritious. " Animals still talk in reason's ear, and teach us many valuable lessons." " Eve, perhaps, had a pet of this kind, on which she may purposely have tried the new food." She was satisfied with the experiment, and so " added it to her stores, set it on her tables, and ate it, and gave it to her husband." " The *soul* as well as the body thrived on it." " The divine gift of reason comes, and moral agency is attained ; and this is conditioned, as it ought to be, on food, the first demand of the race." Thus our first parents came to be as gods, knowing good and evil. As gods — Alohims — deified heroes, or demigods, and not Jehovah the Divine.

The race were but animals while they lived on fruits only. Eating the cereals developed in them reason and the moral sense. Leaving the forest for an agricultural life Adam finds to be a tax on him. Farming and raising the grain is harder than foraging for wild fruits ; while " in the improved modes of living Eve is more prolific than before, and has a hard task with her children." This is the " punishment " — the " sweat " of Adam, and the " sorrow " of Eve. So have we the new view of what has been called the apostasy. The old view " has done immense harm to Christianity and to the human race. The grandest step of progress in the history of the race has been stigmatized as its foulest blot, and the source of all subsequent evils ; coming up with labor and iron determination from the condition of a beast has been regarded as an ignominious and disastrous fall from the happy state of the gods." " The leaving of the forest [Eden] is a grand old picture, and hangs with few rivals in the chambers of art among the productions of the old masters." " We are not a fallen race under the wrath of the Creator, but a rising and climbing race under his fostering care, and making our way to His own happy and blessed immortality."

This is indeed " reconstruction." The apostasy is a question not in morals, but in dietetics, and the " fall " was a rising from an animal to a man. This is, indeed, a discovery, that feeding animals on wheat, and rye, and maize, and oats, is liable to develop in them reason and conscience, and turn them into men.

Probably Balaam's ass had had extra provender. We are at liberty now to have our suspicions that some men have been confined too rigidly to a fruit diet. We would suggest the cereals as the exclusive food for our institutions of learning, and propose to our government to put some politicians on a strict bread-and-water diet, as an experiment on Mr. Sawyer's theory, and see if it will not develop in them a moral sense.

It seems that other families of animals may overtake us in this progress from the forest heavenward. "Man leaves the beast, and by one step more puts himself at an infinite distance from the whole brute creation. Can they overtake him? Not unless they follow in his step of progressive improvement; his elevation has been gained by many steps of progress. But in the ages of eternity some of them may pursue after him."—pp. 52–69. Is there not danger that the asses may overtake some of us this side of Eternity?

If the views we have been presenting are to be found in the old Hebrew, we indeed think it time to have a new translation of the Scriptures. Sure we are that such a "reconstruction of biblical theories" cannot be made out of the plain English of King James's translation.

But what of the New Testament. Under the principles laid down by our author how can it escape the general ruin that he has brought on the Old Testament? He tells us that the New has adopted a loose method of interpreting the Old that is not admissible. He says the Septuagint made a mistake in interpreting the sacrifices of Cain and Abel as acts of divine worship, and that this mistake was adopted into the Epistle to the Hebrews. Moreover, the New Testament is constantly assuming as historic fact in the Old what Mr. Sawyer denies to be fact. The New Testament derives the human race from "one blood"; he from many Adams. The New Testament traces the fallen state of the race to the disobedience of one man, while he pretends that there were many heads. He denies that we are a fallen race, while the New Testament declares the fact, and specifies the time and mode of falling. He denies that there was any sin in that act in Eden, while the New Testament calls it a "transgression" by which sin entered the world. He says that at first, for centuries, man and woman

took and left whom they would as companions, like the brutes, while the New Testament says that "from the beginning it was not so." Marriage was from the first, and divorce was not tolerated. All the leading men, till we pass Esau and Jacob, he regards as not persons, but stock men — mere names to indicate families, tribes, races, pursuits or cities, while the New Testament makes them as truly persons as Solomon or Isaiah. But we need not multiply instances to make the point. While, therefore, the New so generally assumes as true and real in the Old what Mr. Sawyer denies, how can he save the New as a book prepared under plenary inspiration and free from errors and mistakes? If, having destroyed the Old, he saves the New, he will do what no man has done before him. But he has promised us a volume on the New Testament, and we wait.

We marvel at the assumption, the audacity of this man. No one, it would seem, has paid any proper attention to biblical studies before. Sacred antiquities, and hermeneutics, and comparative philology, as auxiliary to an understanding of the Scriptures, all appear to have been trifled with or ignored by the long list of worthies running back from Robinson, Bunsen, and the Alexanders, to Philo, and him who wrote the Epistle to the Hebrews. No one receives the personal compliment of even being mistaken. Neither preface, note, nor body of this work, gives any one credit or discredit. Our author walks under the arches and along the galleries and alcoves of the Astor Library, our own and the English Cambridge, the Vatican, the Petersburg Imperial, the Munich and the Bibliothèque Royal, and the dusty and ponderous tomes — to stir which stirs the condensed theological thought of thirty centuries — are to him but primers for the juvenile days of the race. He writes over the shelves of the fathers, "absurd," "ridiculous," "puerile," and then changes Adam from an animal to a man, and develops in him reason and conscience by a simple change of diet.

Of course we confess to some difficulties in the old theories of biblical science. These, undoubtedly, Mr. Sawyer escapes; but he does it like avoiding Scylla and Charybdis in a trip to Constantinople, by doubling Cape Good Hope, and then making an overland route by the head-waters of the Euphrates.

In the preface to this volume, the author informs us that he

has reconstructed the theories of the New Testament, and will publish them as soon as may be. "But he deems the points embraced in the discussions of the present volume quite sufficient for a first lesson." We fully concur in this judgment. The principles here promulgated, and the changes here proposed, will be quite enough for the present. We cannot now make up our minds to leave any more of revealed religion behind than he proposes to throw out by his first lesson. It may not seem to be much to a man so profound and wide-sweeping in his views, and so progressive in his movements, to abandon at one step the continent of the ancients for his floating Delos of yesterday. Before embarking fully, however, we crave time, like the sailors of Columbus, to attend divine service once more in the church of our fathers, make our confessions and our wills.

ARTICLE VIII.

SHORT SERMONS.

"And they feared as they entered into the cloud." — *Luke ix. 34.*

MAN loves the sunshine. It gives him a clearer vision, and a gladder heart. It is full of blessings and benedictions for him, and the more he sees of it the richer is his heart. So he dreads to have the sky overcast, and its deep, clear blue shut out. Cloud and storm and darkness are not welcome to him.

So it is with him in the moral and religious world. No cloud is welcome, no shadow. In view of it, man is often the sport of his ignorance, the slave of his fear, and the victim of his unbelief. The three favored disciples had ungrounded and sinful fears. They did not know what a heavenly tabernacle and tent of glory that cloud was about to form for them. They had no eye of faith to foresee the light and brightness for the world that would soon burst out of it, and so they feared to enter it. They resembled in this several classes of men :

1. Those whose ill-boding fancy fills the future with trials and sorrows. True, things are well enough now with them. They stand in the sunshine, but can see only clouds and shadows ahead. So they

expect trouble, and make all their arrangements to weep and be melancholy.

2. Those whose faith trusts God only so far as they can understand him. They are as sailors who trust chart and compass only in clear weather, and while in sight of known headlands. They overlook the fact that often God rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm.

3. Those who forget that we have but little knowledge as to what is for our good. God has been wont to use clouds and mountain-tops as coverings and receptacles for great mercies. He has been wont to extend his choicest favors with a disguised or covered hand.

“Let us be patient ; these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

“We see but dimly through the mists and vapors ;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but dim, funereal tapers
May be heaven’s distant lamps.”

“Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.” — *Heb.* xii. 14.

HERE is one absolute condition of salvation, “holiness.” The statement of the condition is as simple as it is important, and needs no exegesis. It asks, rather, for reflection, self-examination, and prayer. The text demands no habit, observance, or ceremony as a condition of seeing God in peace. Nor yet does it ask for certain beliefs or disbeliefs, or for any solitary Christian virtue. It makes demand for the blended, the complex, the aggregate of Christian excellences. All these united constitute holiness, and nothing will answer as a substitute.

Habits of prayer will avail nothing for acceptance except as they have increased one’s personal holiness. The habits of prayer that make one better in domestic, social, civil, and business life, will aid in filling the condition of the text.

A profession of religion will avail nothing in itself. For the text does not say that without a profession of religion no man shall see the Lord. It says quite another thing.

Morality will avail nothing, since that is but conformity to human customs, while holiness is conformity to a divine law.

A good creed will not avail, except as it has shaped the heart and controlled the life. To agree in faith with Paul and Calvin gives no assurance of loving and being in their society hereafter.

It is through the heart, and not the intellect, that one becomes savingly related to Christ and affiliated to God.

We have too many plans of salvation, too many theories, too many conditions. There is but one absolute condition — holiness. Let us free ourselves from the obscurities, ambiguities, and perplexities that man's folly or wickedness may have devised, and go back to the simple truth and requisition of God. Let us walk heavenward in the way of "holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord."

ARTICLE IX.

LITERARY NOTICES.

An Introduction to the Old Testament, Critical, Historical, and Theological, containing a Discussion of the most Important Questions belonging to the Several Books. By SAMUEL DAVIDSON, D.D. and L.L.D. 8vo. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

THIS new publication exhibits a marked advance upon the former conclusions of this author concerning the sacred canon.

Its characteristically pretentious title-page is justified by what follows it, so far as an attempt to cover the extensive ground thus mapped out is regarded. But we should much belie our convictions to say that the attempt is successful. The author is considered by his sympathizers as the most learned biblicist among the British Dissenters. He certainly is erudite; but we are sorry for Non-conformist scholarship if this assumption is correct. In all his handling of the sacred writings he has showed but little of the modest self-distrust of the best learning. He speculates with a singularly confident positiveness about matters which we have yet to learn that he and his school have received any special revelation finally to settle.

We have the old controversy of the Elohist and Jehovistic documents of the Pentateuch revived, although no sufficient answer is supplied why these titles of Deity are interchanged through these independent, antecedent memoirs, thus assumed as the material of the Mosaic

writings. The point, however, is of small comparative importance how these books were brought together. It would not damage the divine authority of the Pentateuch, if one should concede that Moses gathered up his facts from previously existing records to some extent, provided it is held that he did this under an inspiration of God which made the result a divinely authenticated history of the events narrated. But this were a very contrary theory to that of our author's plump denial of the historical reliability of these earliest Scriptures. He contends that these Deuteronomists and others, whose works (he supposes) go under the editorial pseudonyme of Moses, were the legend-writers of their times and people, collectors of the heroic myths of their ancestors to a large degree; thus our history of the world's creation and early occupation passes over to the domain of romantic poetry, and we have a philosophical, speculative, or historical fable where we thought we had a Bible-fact. In this way the critic gets rid of the literalness of most of the patriarchal narrative, as of much of the subsequent Old Testament records.

But this is not all. The denial of the literal sense is only a step to another conclusion — the rejection of the supernatural character of the narrations to which the church has from the beginning given the name and honors of the miraculous. Thrown out of the sphere of fact into that of fiction, of course this quality can no longer be affirmed of them. If Moses, or some one, has not reported to us what actually took place as so reported, then God had nothing to do with these affairs in any directly controlling and disposing way. And here we come upon the "Theological" drift and purport of this author. He will expel a false theology so long deduced from the Pentateuch by dissolving this ancient monument of God's being and interventions into thin air. Verily it is not worth while to expend all this hermeneutical toil upon a merely "critical" argument. But when a theology is to be the birth of this labor, that has a practical look which is worth considering. Many like-minded biblicists have really worked in the same doctrinal vein who did not so frankly avow their object. Dr. Davidson is less reticent. He will reconstruct our Old Testament science, critically and historically, that he may reconstruct our religious faith theologically. He begins at the beginning. We doubt if he reaches the end which he so ambitiously announces.

This work will come as a timely ally to the Oxford Essayists, who, it would seem from the latest intelligence, are licensed by the proper authorities to go on as they have begun without fear of parliamentary or ecclesiastical hinderance. The Word of God is adjudged to be fair game for the sharp-shooters of the "Neo-christianity" skirmishers

henceforth to the end of the dispensation, provided they are careful not to riddle with their rifle-practice the words of Queen Elizabeth and her Privy Council.

John Albert Bengel's Gnomon of the New Testament. Pointing out, from the Natural Force of the Words, the Simplicity, Depth, Harmony, and Saving Power of its Divine Thoughts. A new Translation. By CHARLTON T. LEWIS, M.A., and MARVIN R. VINCENT, M.A., Professors in Troy University. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 925, 980. Philadelphia: Perkinpine & Higgins; New York: Sheldon & Co. 1862.

JOHANN ALBRECHT BENDEL was a minister of the German Lutheran Church, who died in 1752. An eminent theological writer, he fortunately did not confine himself to that department of literature, but turned his superior Greek scholarship to the careful exposition of the Gospels and Epistles. The Gnomon was published in 1734. "It produced a sensation in the theological world, and was one of the most valuable contributions to sacred literature which the century afforded." No writer of his times in Christian science stirred the public mind more deeply than Bengel. Besides his thorough erudition, he threw an enthusiasm into his work which kindled like interest in others. He was the Moses Stuart of his day—a fearless, chivalrous leader of the vanguard of New Testament exegesis; but though stirring up powerful adversaries, always bearing himself as a Christian scholar should, who knows that he is working for times to come as well as those then present. He kept his scholarly ardor unexhausted to the last, dying "almost with his proof-sheets in his hands."

The vitality in his writings, which impressed his contemporaries so strongly, has saved from the flood of oblivion this master-piece of his labors. In these almost two thousand pages of generous octavo, we have this genial, sharp-eyed, veteran commentator reproduced with elaborate and careful editing to place him in position with a hundred years' advance of this branch of scholarship. The result is a very unique and instructive work. A running accompaniment of bracketed interpolations supplements the curt, crisp, pithy criticism of the original, making a biblical mosaic of rare value, not, indeed, without a flaw, here and there; as in Vol. II., pp. 617-619, on Heb. vi. 4-8. Bengel has something of Matthew Henry's quaint vein, at times. You can see a witty smile lurking at the corner of his mouth even when his eye is moist with the dew of devotion. His sententiousness is admirable. He is not a preaching expositor, though it is manifest

that he is full of the best of sermons. In the Latin version, he has always kept his place on the shelf of some English and American students. But no one need now forego the pleasure and profit of his acquaintance, at the almost fabulously low price at which these two plethoric volumes are offered. We strongly counsel our ministerial brethren to afford themselves the luxury of the "Gnomon."

The Works of Washington Irving. Sunnyside Edition; in Twenty-one Volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1861.

THE disproportion is almost absurd between this noble library of graceful and genial literature, and the paragraph or two with which we, nevertheless, must do ourselves the favor of welcoming its arrival upon our shelves. Glancing along its well-filled volumes, we feel a new admiration for the quiet industry and kindly genius which have enriched our American letters with this affluent contribution. Fortunate in the love of his countrymen beyond most authors, and rewarded by a popularity from first to last which was remarkably, though not entirely, free from rivalry and detraction, Irving had the additional good fortune to revise his entire life-work for posterity in the ripeness of his autumnal age, and to leave the treasured wealth of mind and heart in charge of a personal friend as well as worthy publisher, whom it is a pleasure to thank for the luxury of tinted paper, wide margins, and clean typography. The gatherers of anecdote about the quarrels, wrongs, and miseries of authors must forever give a wide berth to the peaceful, placid annals of the prosperous possessor of Sunnyside.

We prize this writer for just the traits which made him hesitate to prepare a full edition of his works for this intenser generation. They refresh us by their contrast to the hot-pressed literature of these times. There is no more of the sensation-style in them than in a page of Goldsmith. We are fatigued by no extravagance, are annoyed by no distasteful impertinence; while the sly humor and the generous sensibility everywhere oozing through allure us along with a delightful satisfaction. It might be too much to expect that a return to these earlier volumes would revive the exquisite relish which they excited thirty years ago, when we were juvenile readers of the "Sketch Book" and "Bracebridge Hall." But their fascination lingers yet, like a spring morning transmuted into the softer glow of an Indian summer. If our young people must have something more piquant than these healthful writings furnish, which we sincerely hope is not the general fact, we are sure our elder people, who have retained a more simple and natural taste, will renew their acquaintance with this old favorite

as a charming companion for the afternoon of life. We are proud of our countryman, who has so honorably immortalized himself by giving the world the stores of innocent entertainment and substantial instruction with which this shelf-full of attractive duodecimos is freighted.

Country Living and Country Thinking. By GAIL HAMILTON.
pp. 461. Boston : Ticknor & Fields.

THIS book is a medley of essays by a new and eager candidate for the honors of the hour. We have read them with considerable interest, as they evince vigor, earnestness, and a certain extent of mental resources beyond the ordinary run of the books published every day. And yet, as a whole, the performance is displeasing. It has too much of the flavor of unripe fruit ; it is sharp and positive, but it sets the teeth on edge. Even the very vigor of its style is carried to a fault ; it is like the crackling fire of brushwood, rather than the steady glow of anthracite, and the very intensity of the flames soon wearies and repels. As a book of essays, the work is a failure, for it utterly lacks the calm geniality of the ripened essay. The spirit of the whole is caustic instead of winning ; the authoress is much nearer Fanny Fern than Leigh Hunt, and has more of Hazlitt than of Boyd. At times she seems to rise to a certain degree of moral earnestness, but as a general thing she appears to be hunting paradoxes, or, what is quite as unworthy, developing mere conceits. Her style is hopelessly faulty ; hopelessly so, we say, because there is manifested an arrogance which will doubtless preclude docility. In one passage she tells us she is a Calvinist, and represents all the sense and sparkle there is among them. If such passages as the following are specimens of her " Calvinism," we might pray to be delivered from our friends. Its absurdity equals its impiety. From the essay on " My Birds," we quote these lines :

" A Calvinist I was born, and a Calvinist I remain. It does occur to me, sometimes, that I should like to know what Calvinism is ; but that is not essential. Whatever it is, I believe in it. I accept its points, all five of them ; and if there were five thousand of them I should accept them all the same. Original sin, total depravity, human inability — nothing is too hard for me. I follow wherever Calvin leads. If he could stand it, I can. Servetus does not stagger me. I could swallow a good deal larger camel than he is, and not make faces. I don't believe, in the first place, that Calvin burned Servetus ; and, if he did, I dare say Servetus richly deserved it. Why could he not keep still ? "

Now we do not know what our readers think of such writing, but it is our opinion, since this paper was written for the " Atlantic Monthly,"

that our authoress takes this way of laughing in her sleeve at the faith in which she was cradled, and thinks that we are so blind as not to see that she is trying to make fools of us, and keep herself right with both sides.

The passage quoted is the only "religious" passage in the work ; although there is an abundance of Scripture quotations ; but they are always jarry, because cited to give emphasis to humor and sarcasm. So, too, with the frequent hallelujas, alleluias, and amens ; they are always in bad taste, because so out of place. The writer of this volume has been, for a year or two, well known among the Orthodox people of New England, as a contributor to one of the most largely read of our religious newspapers ; and in that place her articles were not always ill-timed ; their crudeness, the rank thrift of their style, the copious slang, the unparalled diffusiveness, all made them well suited for the hasty weekly press. But in a volume like this, printed and bound in the most exquisite style of Ticknor and Fields, these qualities are not pleasing. It does not seem to need eight pages of tinted paper to describe a ride from Boston to Melrose in the cars ; nor seven to tell of failures in making a coal-fire. Those essays of this volume which were printed in the "Atlantic," we could hastily lay down with a pish at their strained exaggeration ; but when they come before us in all the beauty of the typographic art, we feel that we are imposed upon ; that it is a new case of making clean the outside of the platter with no regard to what is within.

Jubilee Essays : A Plea for The Unselfish Life. 12mo. pp. 247.
Boston : Crosby & Nichols. 1862.

EARNESTNESS in a good cause is in itself a letter of commendation. This anonymous writer is in great earnest to exorcise the church of the spirit of Mammon. He begins by showing the deep intrenchment of Covetousness in the natural man — then, how it is, or, rather, should be, but is not, expelled by regenerating and sanctifying grace, from the Christian heart and brotherhood. The book is a spirited effort to cast up the highway for the Millennial chariots. And the stones are tossed out of the track, and the spades and picks are plied, with a will.

The author is evidently young in this business. His commonplace book must be better stored than most of these, or he cannot afford this exuberance of illustrative anecdote and reference, if he purposes to write many volumes. Some of his pages are almost painfully laden with "instances in point." They tumble out as if from an upturned cart. It fatigues one to be thus flirted all around creation in less than

a minute. It is too much of a good thing. His style is epigrammatic, scintillating, nervous, beyond what seems to us quite natural. It snaps like a coachman's whip, all along the road. It is brittle, and flies about in a shower of corruscating bits of glass. Then, it takes up a sententious sort of wisdom, and we almost think we are reading a chapter of "Proverbial Philosophy." We give a specimen or two of what seems a tendency to a strained antithesis :

"The movement of the smallest of God's muscles sends our hugest plans to the mad-house." — p. 34.

"The greatness of dust piled up in the coffer looks mean when its owner's dust is about to be piled up in the coffin." — p. 39.

"The fire king cracks his stinging whip full in our mad faces, and drives off brick blocks and their weight of gold, and, tumbling them into his treasury, draws out a few ashes by way of return." — p. 34.

"It were better to be clothed in sackcloth than in silks, while the world is shivering." — p. 82.

The art of putting things is valuable, but there is danger of over-doing it. Many things here are, however, exceedingly well put ; as of money-loving :

"It is like grasping snow in the hand : the harder it is pressed, the sooner it melts." — p. 35.

"Gehazi, begging gold, begs the leprosy. Hezekiah, showing his wealth, shows his poverty to an enemy." — p. 34.

We accept it as a proof of our national besetting sin that —

"The Statesman whom we kept longest in the Senate was called 'Old Bullion'"; p. 17 :

But the next is a better "Life Thought," if not filed to quite so sharp a point :

"A lady does not hesitate to delve in the mud to find a lost jewel ; so she should not fear to lay off her jewels, and delve in low places to find souls as her best jewels. If she seek the one, and not the other, she cannot claim to be counted as one of the ornaments of God and of the church." — p. 114.

These essays exhibit fertility and capacity of mind for much useful work. But we must advise the author against a sort of clap-trap in the headings of his pages, to catch the eye, where there is nothing answerable to the *pointer* ; as, at the top of page 67, "GLOVES !" A page, also, of the chapter on "Church Discipline," bears the odd heading — "WHIP AND TOOTH." We have invoiced the stock in vain to find out the appositeness of the sign-board. There is very much of this fashion throughout the volume. We give the Introduc-

tion entire as a decided curiosity, the good taste of which, however, as opening a discussion of practical religious duty, we cannot endorse. It is rather *too fast*.

"The late gunpowder missionary movements in the United States have been so noisy and interesting, that, though ready to fire this Jubilee Salute eighteen months ago, I resolutely spiked my battery. I now clear the vent and let loose these Dogs of War, hoping that Selfishness, the great Rebellion against God, the curse of the earth, may soon be smashed by THUNDER ALL ROUND. Knowing that it will take many campaigns and many volunteers, I dare not longer delay. To 'make sure of one,' here I bolt. SPRIGGS."

An air of levity is thus, at the threshold, thrown over a book the purpose of which is eminently serious. Many just views are scattered through its concluding sections, concerning doing business for God, and the missionary work of the next fifty years. We certainly wish the author success in endeavoring to replace the 'luxurious,' by the 'unselfish,' life; 'the 'barbaric,' by the 'heroic' Christian, age.

Harpers' Hand-Book for Travellers in Europe and the East; being a Guide through France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, Sicily, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Spain, Russia, Denmark, Sweden, Great Britain, and Ireland. By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE. With a Map embracing colored routes of travel in the above countries. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 450. Price, \$2.75.

GUIDE-BOOKS abroad are as indispensable as a passport. How elaborate they should be depends much upon the length and leisure of one's travelling. We have not found a "Murray" too copious for a good sit-down in a European city, which we designed to *do* in a thorough way; though its atrocious *mis*-information has more than once made us almost as angry as the prophet of the withered gourd. But now that two months are considered long enough for the British Isles and the Continent, it is time to put it all between two covers. The carpet-bag is the present touring emblem and *quantum-suf.*: and this neat, full, loquacious volume will just fit its last vacancy. It furnishes the essential knowledge in the smallest compass. It is the pemmican of travelling lore, the boiled-down and snugly canned pabulum for daily consumption. We look up at our wayworn, red-covered *compagnons du voyage*, with the stains of mule-back sweat upon them, quietly shelved just under the ceiling, and almost sigh to think how unceremoniously this pert youngster will soon jostle the like of them off the track. This book is a suggestive index of "the progress of the age," if not of "the march of mind."

The Koran, commonly called the Alcoran of Mohammed. Translated by GEORGE SALE, Gent. To which is prefixed a Life of Mohammed. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham. 12mo. pp. 472. 1862.

THIS is the seventh translation of a wonderful work. The first was made into Latin by Robertus Retenensis, in 1148. From this a translation was made into Italian by Andrea Arrivabene, near the close of the fifteenth century. Johannes Andreas, a Valencian, made a third translation. In the seventeenth century a French scholar, Andrew du Ryer, produced a copy in his own tongue. Ross made a poor translation into English from du Ryer's. In 1698, Lewis Marrocci, Confessor to Pope Innocent XI., furnished a Latin translation, which was published together with the original Arabic, and explanatory notes, and a refutation of Mohammedanism. The seventh translation was made a little before the middle of the last century by Mr. Sale. It is said to be very faithful to the original, and its value is greatly enhanced by his numerous notes and a "Preliminary Discourse on the Life and Times of Mohammed." This discourse, and the notes, give us a view of Eastern habits, laws, manners, and traditions, without which much of the Koran is wholly unintelligible to the American reader. To the deep regret of all scholars, these valuable additions are omitted in the present edition, and so the book is of but little value. The readers of the Koran extend from Morocco and Timbuctû, on the west, to Calcutta and beyond, on the east, and number a hundred and twenty millions. As the Koran had never been printed, it was supposed that the Arabs regarded the printing of it a profanation, because it was a sacred book. This is a mistake. The very critical literary taste of the Arabs could not be satisfied with the old Arabic type. Since the missionaries of the American Board have prepared a font of type, cut after the best specimens of Arabic handwriting, and printed the Scriptures in these, their prejudice against the printing of the sacred book has ceased. This volume, with proper aids, is greatly worthy of study, as a power that controls one sixth of the entire globe.

Waymarks of the Pilgrimage; or Teachings by Trials. By G. B. CHEEVER, D. D., &c., &c. 18mo. pp. 164. Boston: American Tract Society.

WE never can regard Dr. Cheever as one individual. He is to us the "Man of Two Lives," far more than the ideal hero thus described

in the German fiction. When he is on the platform of the Music Hall, hurling fire and wrath at the head of our national Moloch, he is one man — and a magnificently detonating one — a very mortar-boat of tremendous projectile force, albeit the markmanship is often of the wildest range. We turn to his “Wanderings of a Pilgrim”; his “Wanderings of the River of Life”; his “Lectures on the Pilgrim’s Progress”; and his other life gleams mildly, richly forth, like the evening sun through the paths of the forest. How these diverse individualities can dwell in the same nature we have no reconciling theory. But they are there; and in these directly contrary lines they do their work with marked efficiency.

We suppose that some of these sweet tonings of his gentler mood have discoursed their music to his people from the pulpit of the church at Union Square. How wide their key-note from the hoarse thunder of his organ when all the anti-slavery stops are out! His hearers should have well-strung nerves to bear the transition without a twinge of spiritual neuralgia. Honestly, we like the minor melodies the best. We never tire of his meditations among Swiss mountains, nor along the sacred river of Christian experience and divine grace, nor as he follows the muse of Bunyan up the heavenward path. And here he writes, under the same inspiration, of God’s Method of Discipline; Contrast and Variety of Spiritual Experiences; The Trials of Faith; The Creed of Doubt; The Creed of Faith; The Reproof of Mercy; The Hope of Glory. The titles of these chapters are enough to show what honey out of the rock is here gathered for the use of the church. It does not very greatly trouble us, in reading these pages, to remember the pamphlet-war of the New York ‘Puritans’, although it can hardly help suggesting the truth — how much easier it is to preach than to practise; but we learned that long ago from other sources. We confess that we cannot feel that all of our author’s pages, thus put before the public, are equally Christian. Those now before us, however, in this neat little volume, breathe the true spirit of the gospel.

The Testimony of Christ to Christianity. By PETER BAYNE, A. M.
Author of the “Christian Life,” &c., &c. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 200. 1862.

MR. BAYNE gives us his quota of the debate now going on over the “Readjustment of Christianity” in this brief but cogent argument. It is a new “Short Method with the Deists” — pithy, pointed, effective. Fixing the historic truth of our Lord’s earthly mission and works by classic, heathen authority, he demonstrates that Christ’s tes-

timony to his own religion, as recorded in the Gospels, was not false, nor mistaken; his moral excellence precluding the first, and his intellectual superiority preventing the second. The conclusion is irresistible that, strange as his miraculous acts undeniably were, they were literal facts attesting his superhuman commission to preach glad tidings to the world. The style of the writer is eloquent and forcible. His volume is much better adapted to counteract the scepticism of the day, than some much larger ones which have undertaken the work, particularly in connection with the popular mind. We hoped to have presented this subject of Christ's witness-bearing to his own faith, in a more elaborate way, in our present number. We shall return to the topic, in a somewhat different method to that here employed, in our next issue.

Essays Historical and Critical. By HUGH MILLER. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black. 1862.

THIS writer's name, if not so often mentioned as once, is still almost a household word with us; at home it is this, with a fervency of love which hardly another of his countrymen has secured. The last years of his life brought him into close contact with the popular mind through the columns of the "Witness" newspaper, the organ of the Free Presbyterian Church of Scotland, which he edited from 1840. These years also produced the remarkable series of scientific works upon which his fame as a naturalist rests. The present volume is a reprint of editorials from the "Witness." They furnish a surprising illustration of the versatility, strength, beauty of the mind which originated them, and of the noble, heroic heart which was its worthy ally. Hugh Miller was of the race of the giants. His splendid physical stature was a fair index of his stalwart, manly soul. A true vein of poetry runs through the whole amplitude of his rich nature. His Christianity was alike conscientious, magnanimous, and self-sacrificing. He was master of a style every way fitted to set forth his grand conceptions of truth and life. These papers do not, in one sense, do justice to his powers; for, written as they were, under the pressure of a weekly editorship, they have not the finish of a more leisurely composition. Yet, no amount of polishing could have made some of them more perfect; and, thrown off as they were, they exhibit the ready resources and force of his genius. For genius he had of a high grade. His country's scroll of gifted men is proverbially studded with brilliant names. But few of them will hold their brightness more purely and permanently than the stone-mason of Cromarty.

Stanley's Lectures on the Modern Church; Clough's Poems; Edward Irving's Life; Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*, among other books, are on our table for further notice. A large variety of pamphlets, also, have been received, for which the authors have our thanks.

ARTICLE X.

THE ROUND TABLE.

"And if it comes three times, I thought,
I take it for a sign."

WE have seen two indications that fill us with joy. May the third soon appear, and "we take it for a sign" in the right quarter of the heavens. In the opening sermon of the General Association of New York, by Dr. Palmer, a good omen arose in the ecclesiastical sky. His subject was, "An Increase of Moral Power the great need of Modern Christendom." In the development of this subject, his first head is reported to have been as follows: "There is demanded a return to apostolic faith. A distrustful, dubious, half-believing spirit, is manifest in the church, and almost a Sadducean spirit outside of it. The faith of the present day is wavering." What could be truer or more important to be said? How could it have found a more fitting occasion, or an able and more influential advocate? Just what we are contending for, and what we feel to be worth every sacrifice to obtain. It has lately been said that the one great need of the Andover Seminary is an earnest, denominational policy. A new dress, or the old one renewed, is a good thing; we advocate it. But it is not of such vital importance as to lead us to send a constitutionally-sick man to the tailor rather than to the doctor. We would rather say, with Dr. Palmer: An increase of moral power is the great need of modern Christendom (Andover included); and that in order to an increase of moral power there must be a return to apostolic faith, and an abandonment of the distrustful, dubious, half-believing spirit in the churches. Henceforth we shall reckon the Albany seat as more than ever a co-laborer.

A second token, almost as important, because of its appearance nearer to the hub of the universe, arose like a new star over Milford, September 4, when Professor Park, in his ordination sermon,

"showed, in a forcible manner, how a minister of the gospel may hold the attention of his people from Sabbath to Sabbath by *doctrinal*, diversified, cheerful, appropriate, and authoritative preaching, and thus make the pulpit the grand conservator and bulwark of the truth both in peace and war." No doubt it was an able and valuable sermon, and the great ability and wide influence of the preacher lead us to expect that many will turn their attention anew to this important topic. We have no fears for the result when regenerated men will look for fundamental principles, and look for them in the Bible. Such are the indications, and "if it comes three times," we shall confidently expect a large increase of subscribers to our Review.

AUTHORSHIP.—We have a picture of Charles Lamb which represents him sitting at his study-table with two tall candles burning brightly on one side of it, and a decanter of something stronger than water on the other. The midnight lamp has been dear to scholarly persons from the immemorial times; the strong potations, too, have had an equal devotion among the gifted ones. Poor "Elia" sought not only inspiration, but rest from indescribable wretchedness, in the ruby cup. Others have sacrificed to the same mad god with but a small part of his not good-enough extenuation. Blackstone steeped his law-learning in old port; while Lord Byron admitted that "Don Juan" (and we fancy some others of his poems, as well) was fished up from a tumbler of gin-and-water, quite as much as from his inkstand and imagination. Pope was as fond of good living as Porson was of the bottle, or Thomson of lying abed. The author of "The Castle of Indolence" was so lazy that once he was found eating fruit from a tree with both hands thrust into his pockets. Such habits are a strange contrast to the power and brilliancy of genius which often have accompanied them. We wonder at a rich and charming writer of devotional poetry and prose making out his daily bill of luxurious fare before getting up every morning. But we smile and relish another good man's sacred meditations all the more, who, engaged upon a biblical study, was waited on by a business agent, to whom he sent (as he supposed) a card with his name, and an hour appointed for an interview; but when the visitor read the card, its only inscription (so absorbed was the student in his work) was "Acts ii. 2."

The harmless eccentricities of clever writers always please us. It touches the chord of our common humanity.

The pearl concreting slowly in the diseased oyster is the type of more of the intellectual successes which we enjoy than most readers suspect. We do not wonder, nor care, for a man's sickness who, like

one Sir John Hill, brought it on by trying to compose seven different works at the same time. But the pains of exquisite taste and culture, under the pressure of overwrought and unappreciated authorship, are among the saddest of mortal stories. Names rush along here in memory with a troubled sound — Cervantes, Collins, Otway, Chatterton, Logan, and a hundred others, victims of their own imprudence, but not of this only. There is no end to this chapter of authorial misfortune. With all of one's commiseration, however, it is hard to help laughing at the trials of the worthy lexicographer, Castell, a martyr to linguistic erudition, who, in an appeal for patronage to Charles II. says, that for seventeen years he had consumed at least sixteen daily hours upon his "Heptaglotton," had spent all his property, £12,000, ruined his health, made himself blind, and so utterly lost his native speech that he could scarcely spell a word of English. To cap the climax of his sorrows (but the poor scholar was dead then) the rats ate up nearly every copy of his book which remained unbought, some five hundred in all, the ruins of which — a pile of mumbled paper — were sold for about seven pounds. One would hope that the sad student found somewhere a better friend than the *roué* Stuart king.

We once measured with the eye the fifteen feet thickness of the prison-wall within which Sir Walter Raleigh wrote his 'History of the World.' Bunyan's immortalized cell we have only seen in fancy. Literature owes a great debt to dungeon-bolts, greater than, we trust, it ever will again. Here is one of the sweet things crushed out of a captive's heart — a heart, one would believe, made purer, than in earlier womanhood, by its intense sufferings. It is attributed, and with probable correctness, to Mary of Scotland, during her last imprisonment. Its simple pathos hardly needs or permits a translation :

" Oh ! Domine Deus

Speravi in te —

Oh ! care mi Jesu,

Nunc libera me.

In durâ catenâ

In miserâ penâ

Desidero te.

Languendo, gemendo,

- Et genuflectendo,

Adoro, imploro

Ut liberes me ! "

A DIFFERENCE AND NO DIFFERENCE. — It is one of the signs of the times in theological New England that there is no essential difference of faith among the Orthodox churches. At convenient times a perfect agreement is claimed and proclaimed. When some express fears that Arminianism is preached instead of Calvinism, and that frequent and significant changes of church confessions mark a departure from the faith of the fathers, it is declared to be only a natural vari-

ation of language and the adoption of modern phraseology. If one attempt to show the difference between ancient and modern symbols and writers in our church, he is said to be splitting hairs. No difference is conceded between the theories of sinful acts and sinful natures. Whether God or man regenerates a heart is claimed to be all the same for substance of doctrine. Foreknowing and foreordaining may be regarded as about the same thing, unless one is over-nice in his distinctions. It is said to amount to the same whether we make the atonement an appearance man-ward, as in the governmental theory, or a reality God-ward, as in the satisfaction theory. We are all of one mind, all like the standard fathers, and all safe. This is a convenient assurance and proclamation, and has some of its designed effect. To claim to be sound, to be a unionist, and to affect a holy horror of disturbing the peace and fraternity of the churches, has a good appearance, and is politic.

It is another of the signs of the times that a body of preachers and writers, no matter now how large, are said to be very old-fashioned in their theological views, and in their ways of expressing them. They are said to be unprogressive, and quite unwilling to adopt any improvements in theology. When these men preach a sermon or read an essay showing that we now have two theologies in one church, they are said to be fighting only a man of straw, that we are all agreed; and then the essay or sermon is belabored as setting forth an antique, fossil, unscriptural, and very dangerous theology.

These peace and unity men are constantly saying there is no difference, yet always attacking somebody who differs from them. It is rare that an ecclesiastical council passes without their showing the new and the old landmarks. They love dearly the old Catechism, but do not think it fit to be used, and want to change its *phraseology*. They are Edwards's great admirers, but it turns out to be Edwards the Younger, if closely examined. They are Calvinists, but moderate, and do not agree with him on the little matters of the nature of sin, depravity, decrees, election, atonement, regeneration, and so forth.

And so it is another of the signs of the times that the same men are saying there is no difference and there is a difference. Who shall decide when a doctor differs from himself?

A FRIEND of ours has an artist's eye for the changing glories of our matchless sky-scenery. We take a couple of off-hand pictures from private correspondence. This is a night-scene, well worth preserving:

"Such great majestic clouds marching on in silent grandeur across the blue vault, just stirring their wings as a token of recognition to us who watch

them; then the paler and thinner ones come floating onward to drape the moon as with a bridal veil; and then such glancings of rainbow-light, such soft, dim shadows — 'twas enough to make one stand still and worship !."

Its companion-sketch has many a gorgeous reproduction every year, in our latitude :

"'Twas a real summer-day. The purpling ether poured down floods of brightness upon the distant hill-tops, while shadows came and went along their sides, like pensive memories through the human heart."

At the end of another year's labors, we must so far vary our anonymous rule, as to inscribe on our page the name of a lady to whom we are indebted for several beautiful favors in verse. We do this to gratify our own desire to introduce to our readers one who has proved herself unusually accomplished in the difficult art of sacred, and particularly, devotional poetry. The poems which we have given from her pen, under the titles of "After the Storm," "Trust," "The Last Appeal," "A Hymn," "Jesus, Take my Sins Away," "The Two Cities," — will amply sustain our opinion of their excellence. We have pleasure in saying that the same favorable criticism has privately come to us from high literary sources. The author of these poems is Miss HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL, of Portsmouth, N. H. — already known to the readers of the "Transcript," and "The Atlantic Monthly."

. WE close our Second Volume of the BOSTON REVIEW in comfort and hope. During the year we have enlarged our circle of contributors and subscribers. This, for war times, we confidently mark as success.

The times were not auspicious when we first gave this REVIEW to the public. Aside from the ordinary difficulties of starting a substantial literary and theological periodical, the war cloud, that had been muttering, burst over the land soon after the issue of our first number.

It was a time to pause in any new business operations. But we remembered that the Pauline and Calvinistic theology was announced in the midst of social and civil and religious struggles, and is in itself somewhat polemic and troublesome. It has not been wont to strike sail to a storm, and we were not inclined to furnish the precedent.

We have made good gain in writers and subscribers and confidence. We are gladdened to find so many, near and afar off, who ask for the "old paths." We would remind the friends of the REVIEW that they can aid us in finding these paths and in walking firmly in them, and in showing them unto others.



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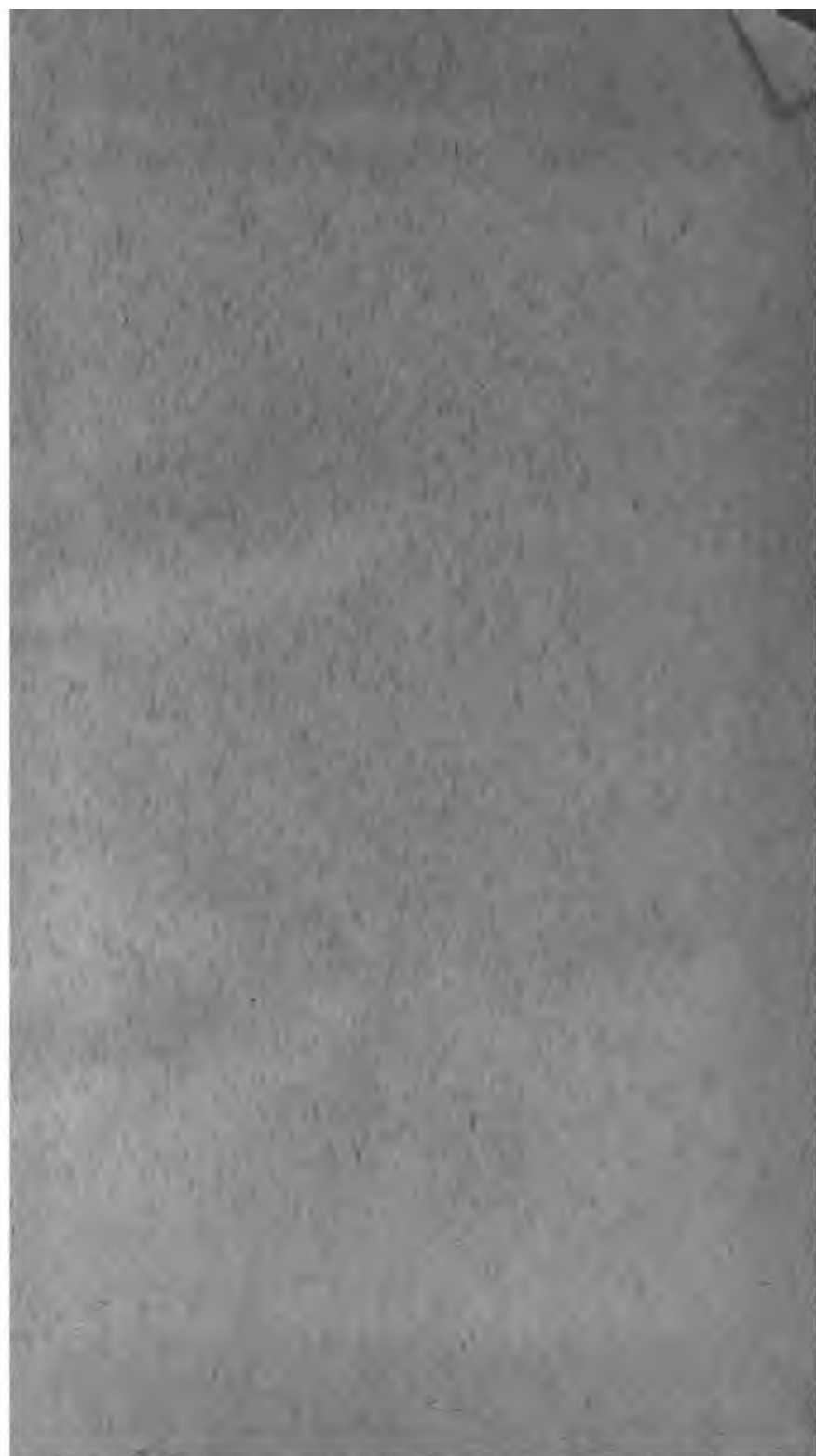
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W. G.





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